This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

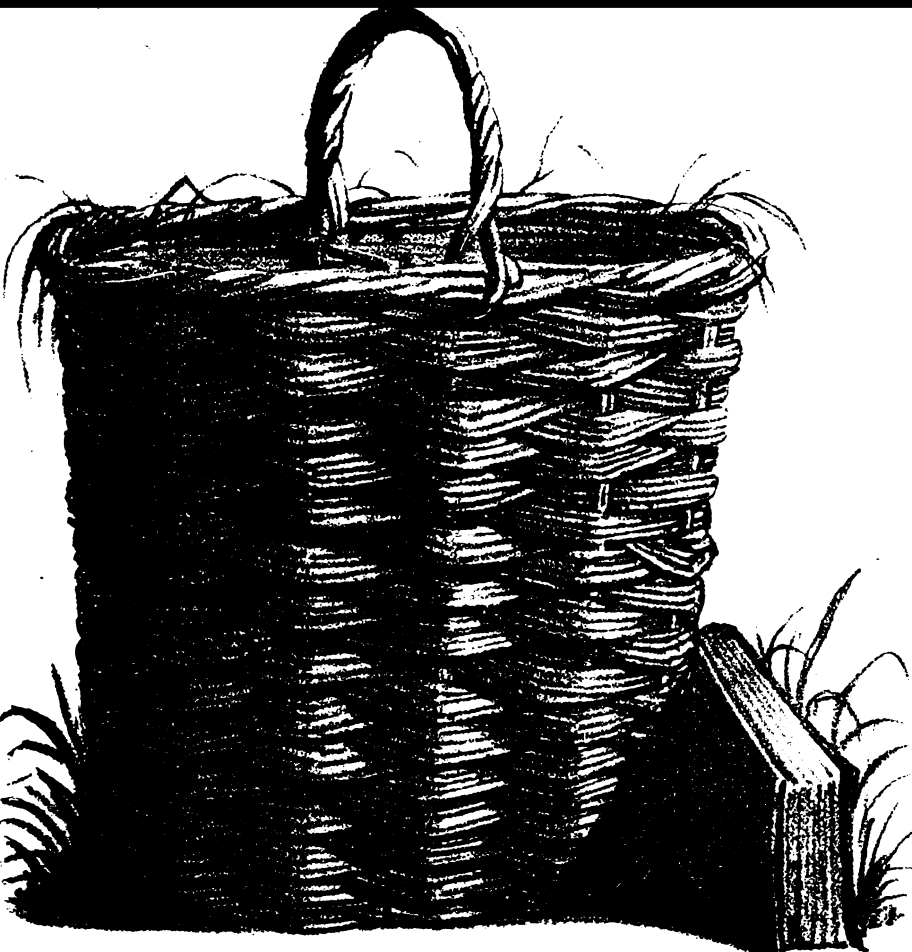
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Life of Captain Nathan Hale

Isaac William Stuart, Edward Everett Hale

Digitized by Google

KD 56754

c417 c454

Digitized by Google

850

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

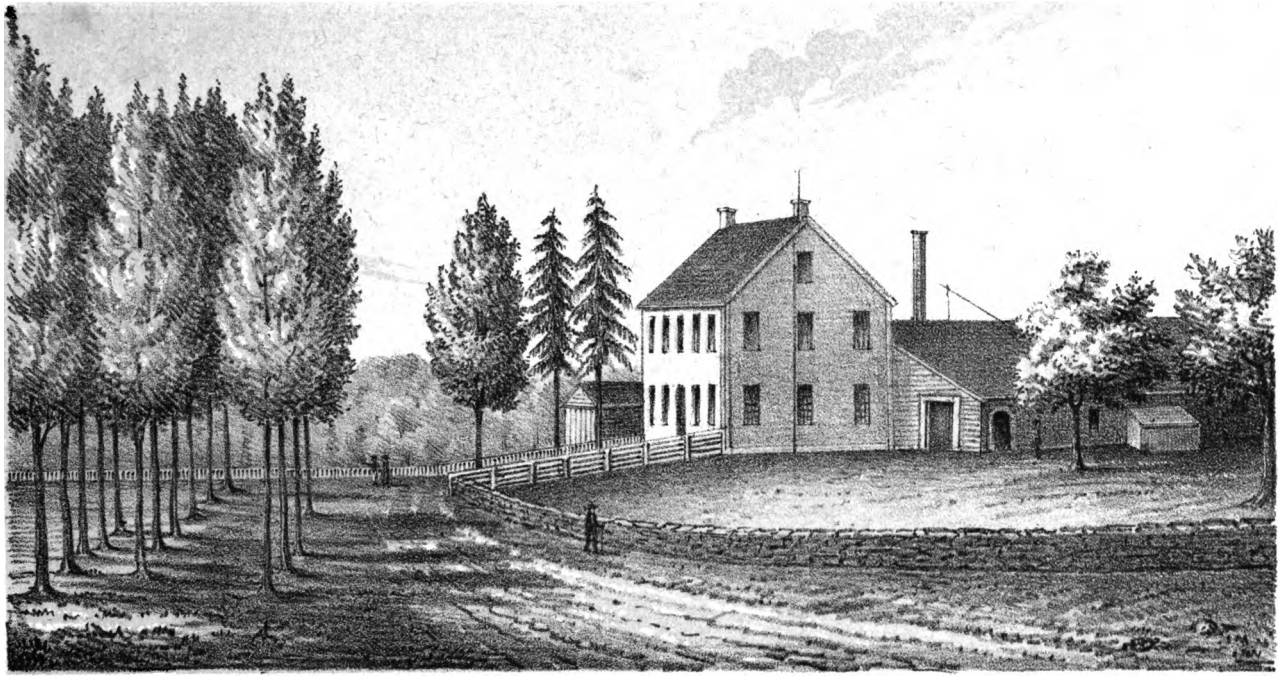
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



LITH. OF E. & A. E. C. KELLOGG, HARTFORD, CONN.

HALE'S BIRTHPLACE. COVENTRY, CONN. *NORTH VIEW.*

Digitized by Google

LIFE

OF

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE

THE

[illegible] of the [illegible] Revolution.

By [illegible]

[illegible]

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

[illegible]

HARTFORD:

PUBLISHED BY F. A. BROWN.

NEW YORK, D. APPLETON & CO: D. BURGESS & CO

BOSTON, MANSON, CARTER & BAZIN.

[illegible]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LIFE

OF

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE

THE

Martyr-Spy of the American Revolution.

By I. W. STUART.

"Thus, while fond Virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave;
With Genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And Science lured him to her sweet abode;
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of Peace, the rising hope of War;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even—
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven.
How short his course, the prize how early won,
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite gone."

PRES. DWIGHT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY F. A. BROWN.
NEW YORK, D. APPLETON & CO: D. BURGESS & CO.
BOSTON, SANBORN, CARTER & BAZIN.
1856.

Digitized by Google

KD 56754

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
OCT 13 1954

53X61

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
F. A. BROWN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

STEREOTYPED BY
RICHARD H. HOBBS,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Digitized by Google

DEDICATED

TO

COLONEL CHARLES J. RUSS

IN MARK OF REGARD

FOR

HIS VALUABLE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE WORK

AND IN TOKEN

OF

PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

"I DO think it hard," wrote Stephen Hempstead, the friend and companion of the subject of the following Memoir, "that HALE, who was equally brave, young, accomplished, learned and honorable—should be forgotten on the very threshold of his fame, even by his countrymen; that while our own historians have done honor to the memory of Andre, Hale should be unknown; that while the remains of the former have been honored even by our own countrymen, those of the latter should rest among the clods of the valley, undistinguished, unsought, and unknown."

Most fully do we accord in sentiment with the patriotic remonstrant just quoted. It is indeed 'hard,' that a spirit exalted as was that of Captain Nathan Hale—that a life and conduct like his own, so pure, so heroic, so disinterested, and so crowned by an act of martyrdom one of the most galling and valiant on record—should not have been fitly commemorated, hitherto, either by the pen of history or of biography. His 'remains'—the dust and ashes of his body—of these no one can tell the place of interment. For aught that any exploration can reveal, they may be now

> "imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence about
> The pendent world—"

Digitized by Google

though, it is certain, they were first deposited somewhere within the circuit of the Empire-City of the Union—and thousands of gay-hearted mortals, at the present moment, daily and hourly walk probably over the spot, 'not knowing where they tread'—and none can ever know until the Grave gives up its dead.

But this fact by no means excuses the silence of history about the youthful hero. Marshall, Ramsay, Gordon, Butler, Botta—not one word have they to say concerning him. Bancroft has not yet reached him. Hannah Adams just mentions him. Popular school histories merely allude to his fate. A brief sketch of him by the late J. S. Babcock, an author of Hale's native town, which is beauteous for the spirit in which it is written, but is comparatively barren of facts—meagre notices of him in Allen's Biographical Dictionary, in Pease and Niles' Gazeteer, and in Holmes' Annals—an Address before the Hale Monument Association by the late Hon. A. T. Judson, which embodies touching comment on Hale's character, and the closing acts of his career, but which does not assume to give the details of his life—short, but valuable references to him by H. Onderdonk Jr., and B. J. Lossing Esquire, in their respective works—these, and a succinct tale which appeared in the New York Sunday Times several years ago, together with a few paragraphs in Sparks' Life of Andre, and a few more in Thompson's History of Long Island—constitute, so far as we can ascertain, all that has been done in the way of biographical contribution to his memory. And as for notices of him, of any importance, the other side of the Atlantic—such of course we should hardly expect—nor are there any, we think it may be safely affirmed.

Digitized by Google

In this dearth of memoir with regard to Hale—feeling that his life signally deserved an effort for its exhibition—we began to look for materials for the purpose. We consulted documents of every kind, within our reach, that might by possibility contain them—and jotted down, one after another, each item that we thought relevant and true. Fortunately we procured Hale's own Camp-Book—in which, for some time, he kept a diary. We succeeded in obtaining some of his correspondence—a few letters from his own pen, and quite a number addressed to him by others. We garnered the statements concerning him made by his own faithful attendant in camp, Asher Wright—and those also of Stephen Hempstead, that confidential soldier in his company to whom we have already referred, and who was Hale's companion, for a portion of the time, on his last fatal expedition. We consulted also many aged persons, in different places—several who were personally acquainted with Hale—and among these last, particularly, the lady to whom Hale was betrothed, and the venerable Colonel Samuel Green, who, at New London, was a pupil of Hale's, and remembered him, and many interesting facts concerning him, perfectly. We made many inquiries of Hale's relatives, near and remote, and among these, particularly, of two of his grand-nephews, Chauncey Howard Esquire of Hartford, Connecticut, and Rev. Edward E. Hale of Worcester, Massachusetts, to each of whom we are indebted for much and valuable information. J. W. Boynton Esquire, also of Coventry, the Secretary of the Hale Monument Association—Hon. Henry C. Deming, and George Brinley Jr., Esquire, of Hartford—Hon. H. E. Peck,

Digitized by Google

of New Haven—the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, of Albany, New York—Hon. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, of New York City—the late venerable Gen. JEREMIAH JOHNSON, of Brooklyn, Long Island—and especially HENRY ONDERDONK, Jr., Esquire, of Jamaica, Long Island, author of the "Revolutionary Sketches of Queens County"—most politely added to our stores.

We procured also affidavits or well-authenticated statements, from various persons upon Long Island, who were cotemporaries of Hale, and conversant with his fate—as from Robert Townsend, a farmer of Oyster Bay, who heard the details of his capture from the British officer who seized him, Captain Quarme—from Solomon Wooden, a shipbuilder, in 1776, near the place of Hale's capture, and familiar with its incidents—from the families of Jesse Fleet and Samuel Johnson, who lived at Huntington, East Neck, upon the very spot where he was made a prisoner—and particularly from Andrew Hegeman, and Tunis Bogart, honest farmers, who during the Revolution were impressed from Long Island as wagoners in the British service, and who themselves saw Hale executed. We had besides in our possession the report made to General Hull by an officer of the British Commissariat Department, who also saw Hale hung, and was "deeply moved by the conduct and fate of the unfortunate victim."

Thus furnished with materials—and more abundantly than at first we expected—we began to prepare the present volume. Yet at best—considering how much really there must have been in the life and character of Hale, attractive to a laudable curiosity, that like the dust into which his manly frame has been dissipated,

Digitized by Google

must lie hidden forever from our knowledge—we were but poorly equipped. Many things, to be written down, it is true, were plain—were easy of arrangement, and caused no embarrassment to our pen. But other things again, worthy of record, were wrapt in gloom. There were points, hitherto in dispute, to be settled. There were points, unknown when we commenced our labor, to be developed in the progress, and by the process of examination. Side by side then, or stretched out in links seemingly incapable of connection, we placed our various materials—many of them scraps merely of information, atomic, insulated, and wholly unpromising of results. Comparison and contrast gradually shed light upon them. They grew related. They knit together. Little family groups of affiliated facts and conclusions started up from their midst, and ever and anon, as new and pleasant merchandise, aided to load up the train of our biography.

So we proceeded, on to our journey's end—slowly—but surely, we would fain believe—with all the certainty that could attend our steps, and where it did not, certain of our uncertainty. We have at last, consequently, cut a road for all who wish to travel over the life of Hale—not a long one to those who may pursue it—nor tedious, we fain would trust. We have not, it will be observed, set up thickly along in its course the posts of authorities, but content ourselves with erecting one large and general one at our point of departure—here in this Preface—in the paragraphs just above. Therewith will not every traveller in our track be satisfied? We trust that he will.

Some notes he will find by the way, but they are made, chiefly,

Digitized by Google

to illustrate the text—seldom for the purpose of proving its genuineness.

A *Genealogy of the Family of Nathan Hale*, will also be found. It is from the pen of a gentleman, to whom we have already alluded as one of the grand-nephews of the subject of this Memoir—the Rev. EDWARD E. HALE, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Prepared, as it has been, with great labor of research, with scrupulous judgment, and skill of arrangement, it forms a most valuable addition to the present volume, and can not prove otherwise than acceptable, to all especially of *the Hale blood.* Our own obligations to its worthy author for the pains he has taken in its execution, and for its gratuitous use in our pages, are deep and abiding.

Pictorial illustrations also the Reader will find—views, first of Hale's Birth-Place—second, of Hale and his brothers playing the forbidden game of Morris—third of his entering New York with his Prize Sloop—fourth, of his passing in disguise within the Camp of the Enemy—fifth, of his Capture—sixth, of his march to Execution—seventh, of his Camp Basket, and Camp Book—eighth, of his Monument—and ninth, of Andre. Save the first view, which, chiefly, is copied from one by J. W. Barber Esquire, in his "Historical Collections of Connecticut," and that of the Monument, procured originally by the Secretary of the "Hale Association," and that of Andre, from a copy of the one in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven—they have all been designed under the eye of the author of this work—in the first instance for his own gratification simply—as an ornament for his parlor—and without

Digitized by Google

reference to publication. The second owes its origin to the skillful pencil of Henry Bryant, artist, of Hartford. The third is from the quick and ingenious hand of W. M. B. Hartley Esquire, of New York. The rest were designed by Joseph Ropes, a highly accomplished artist, also of Hartford, Connecticut. They have all been copied and impressed, with most praiseworthy care, at the excellent Lithographic Establishment of E. B., and E. C. Kellogg, also of Hartford.

That his labor may prove grateful, and instruct the patriotism of the Reader, and move his noblest sensibilities in behalf of one,

"The pride of Peace, the rising hope of War,"

who, in a crisis of danger the most appalling, gave up youth, hope, ambition, love, life, all, for his native land, is the fervent wish of the author of the following pages. Through these, NATHAN HALE, the illustrious MARTYR-SPY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, asks to be remembered by his countrymen.

I. W. STUART.

CHARTER OAK PLACE,
Nov. 30th, 1855.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

PAGE.

HALE'S birth, family, and birth place. His early training. He prepares for College. He enters Yale. His career in College. He graduates, and takes a school in East Haddam, Conn. His occupations there. He removes to New London, and continues to teach. His feelings and ability as an instructor. The manner in which he spent his time. His correspondence. His personal appearance. His great activity. The rich promise of his youth. 13

CHAP. II.

The Lexington Alarm. Hale gives up his school, and joins the army as a volunteer. His motives in doing so. Is stationed for a-while at New London. Leaves for Boston. The prospect before him. Joins the brigade of Gen. Sullivan. His life for six months in the Camp around Boston. His skill in military discipline—his studies—his amusements—with extracts from his Diary. 43

CHAP. III.

Hale leaves the vicinity of Boston for New York. His gallant capture of a British sloop in the East River. His

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

station, occupation, patriotism, attachments, and characteristic modesty, illustrated by letters from his own pen. . . 70

CHAP. IV.

Circumstances of the American and British armies when Hale undertook his fatal mission. The office of a spy—its danger—its ignominy. Col. Knowlton commissioned by Gen. Washington to procure some one to undertake it. He appeals to American officers, and to a French serjeant in the army. They all refuse, save Hale, who readily volunteers for the duty. His fellow-officers warmly remonstrate—but in vain. Hale nobly persists in his purpose. . 82

CHAP. V.

After receiving instructions from General Washington, he starts upon his expedition, accompanied by Stephen Hempstead, a confidential soldier of his own company. They reach Norwalk, Connecticut. Hale here assumes a disguise, parts with his companion, and leaves for Long Island in the sloop Huntington, Captain Pond. Safe passage across the Sound. His journey to New York, and its risks. 97

CHAP. VI.

He starts on his return to the American Camp. Reaches the "Cedars," East Neck, Huntington, L. I., where he is captured. His behaviour on the occasion. Is carried to

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

New York. The great fire in the city at the time. Is immediately taken before Gen. Howe. The head-quarters, appearance, and character of the British Commander-in-chief. Hale's heroic conduct upon his examination. Is condemned as a spy, and is to be hung "*at daybreak the next morning.*" 108

CHAP. VII.

A reflection. Hale unappalled. His confinement after sentence. His jailer and executioner, William Cunningham, Provost-Marshal of the British army. Cruel treatment of Hale. His gloomy situation. His noble endurance. Writes letters to his friends, and prepares himself, sublimely, for the catastrophe. Is taken out to die. The brutal Provost-Marshal tauntingly demands from him a dying speech. That speech! The fatal swing. 123

CHAP. VIII.

Effect of Hale's death—upon Gen. Washington—upon the American army—upon his relatives and friends elsewhere—upon his camp attendant, Asher Wright. Deep and general mourning. The Hale Monument Association. The Monument. Extracts from poetry in memory of Hale. An epitaph by a friend. Comparison between Hale and Andre. Conclusion. 144

Digitized by Google

APPENDIX.

PAGE.

A. Genealogy of the Family of Nathan Hale, ... 189

B. Of Hale's father, ... 211

C. Hale's Linonian Society Speech, ... 213

D. List of Hale's classmates, ... 216

E. Sketch of Hale's friend, Benjamin Tallmadge, . . . 217

F. Sketch of the lady to whom Hale was betrothed, . . . 223

G. Hale's Diary, ... 226

H. Sketch of Hale's companion, Stephen Hempstead, . . 251

I. Of Hale's supposed betrayal by a relative, ... 257

J. Remarks on Hale by Hon. H. J. Raymond of New York, 268

Digitized by Google

NATHAN HALE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER I.

Hale's birth, family, and birthplace. His early training. He prepares for College. He enters Yale. His career in College. He graduates, and takes a school in East Haddam, Conn. His occupations there. He removes to New London, and continues to teach. His feelings and ability as an instructor. The manner in which he spent his time. His correspondence. His personal appearance. His great activity. The rich promise of his youth.

NATHAN HALE was born in Coventry, Connecticut, June sixth, 1755. He was the sixth of twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, offspring of Richard and Elizabeth Hale, and was the third in descent from John Hale, the first minister of Beverly, Massachusetts.* His father, a man of sterling integrity, piety and industry, had emigrated early in life from Newbury in Massachusetts to Coventry, where, as farmer,

*See Appendix A.

Digitized by Google

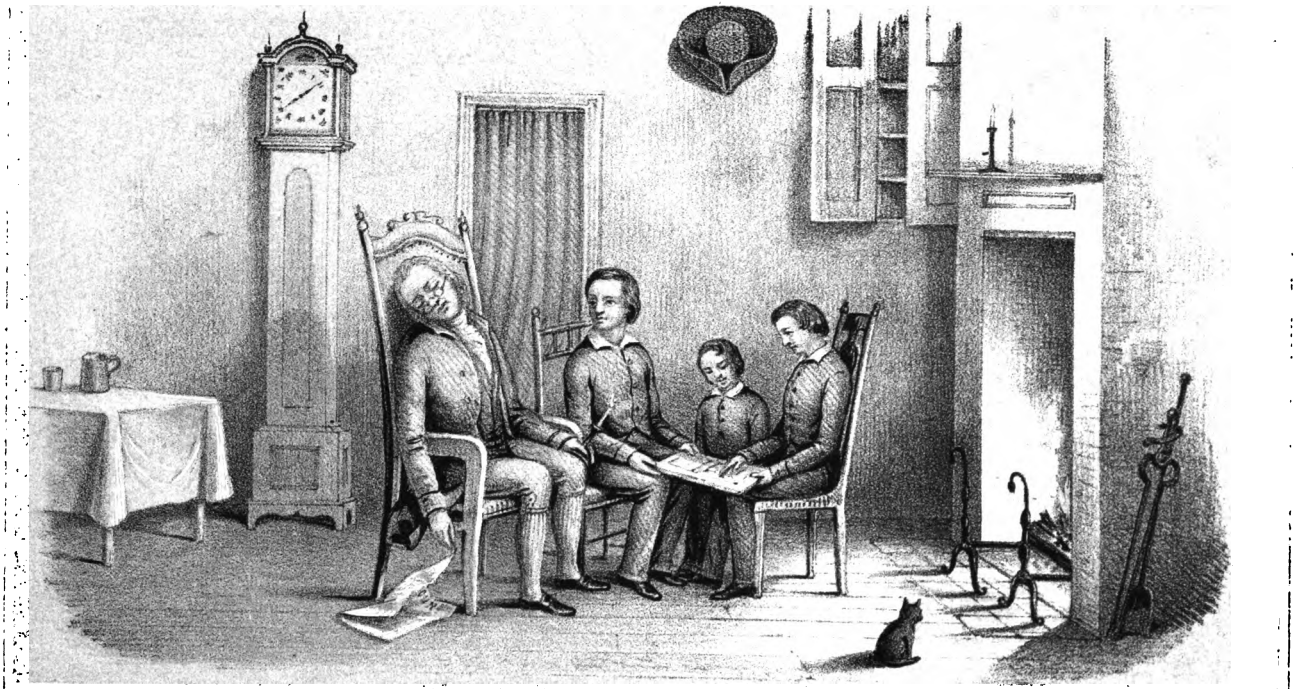
magistrate, deacon in the church, and representative several times in the General Assembly, he passed a long, laborious and useful life, and died on the first of June, 1802, much lamented.* His mother, the daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Strong, of Coventry, was a lady of high moral and domestic worth, strongly attached to her children, and careful of their culture. The family was eminently Puritan in its faith, tastes, and manners—a quiet, strict, godly household, where the Bible ruled, and family prayers never failed, nor was grace ever omitted at meals, nor work done after sundown on a Saturday night.

The nature of Nathan Hale's early training may hence be understood. He must have been brought up scrupulously "in the fear of God." His after life proves that he was, though when a stripling his lively instincts led him at times to rebel a little, with some of his brothers, but never rudely, against parental strictness. An incident is preserved, illustrating this last remark. His father forbade his children to use the morris-board,

* See Appendix B.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



BRYANT DEL.

LITH. OF E. B. & E. C. KELLOGG.

HALE AND HIS BROTHERS PLAYING THE FORBIDDEN GAME OF MORRIS.

Digitized by Google

[illegible] to

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] attempt to

[illegible] almost

[illegible] Na-

[illegible]

[illegible] and play out their games on the

[illegible]oard, while the [illegible] uncon-

[illegible] the time—

[illegible]

Let no flame was[illegible]

[illegible] which

[illegible] ends

[illegible] prospect west-

[illegible] time of which [illegible]

[illegible] of copious [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] re set

Digitized by Google

thinking the diversion might lead to evil, and to restrain them, would allow at times but one light in the room. This he was accustomed to hold in his own hand, while he sat in a large arm-chair, and read till he sank to sleep. The attempt to remove the candlestick from his grasp was almost sure to result in waking him. So the boys, Nathan among them—thoughtless for the moment of the wrong of disobedience—used to cluster around his chair, and play out their games on the morris-board, while the sleeping father, unconsciously at the time—

> "Holding the tallow candle till its close,
> Let no flame waste o'er his repose."

The old-fashioned, two-storied house in which scenes like this just described took place, stands upon elevated ground, with a fine prospect westward, and had, at the time of which we speak, the appendages of copious yards, and outbuildings, and trees,* while the town around, the gift of the

* See Frontispiece. The three rows of maples in front of the Hale mansion were not there in the time of Nathan, but were set

Digitized by Google

Mohegan sachem Joseph to its first proprietors, was much varied by hill and dale, forest and meadow, and beautified with a large lake and numerous streams.

Nathan early exhibited a fondness for those rural sports to which such a birthplace and scenery naturally invited him. He loved the gun and fishing-rod, and exhibited great ingenuity in fashioning juvenile implements of every sort. He was fond of running, leaping, wrestling, firing at a mark, throwing, lifting, playing ball. In consequence, his infancy, at first feeble, soon hardened by simple diet and exercise into a firm boyhood. And with the growth of his body, his mind, naturally bright and active, developed rapidly. He mastered his books with ease, was fond of reading out of school, and was constantly applying his information. His mother, and particularly his grandmother Strong, nourished his thirst for knowledge, and to their influence it was owing that his father at last consented, contrary to his original purpose,

---

out many years subsequently, by order and at the expense of the late David Hale Esquire of New York.

Digitized by Google

to fit him for college. He was to be educated for the ministry, as were also two of his brothers, and was placed as a pupil under the care of Doctor Joseph Huntington, the pastor of the parish in which he was born.

Classical academies were then rare out of the county towns of New England, and the country boy who aspired to a liberal education was generally compelled to learn his Latin and Greek from the clergyman. And in most cases he was thus well taught. In Hale's instance there is no doubt of the fact. His instructor, as his various controversial and other writings show, was very competent. He "was considered, in the churches, a pattern of learning," was laborious, assiduous, and mild,* and when, in 1770, young Nathan, then

* The following epitaph on his grave-stone gives a just summary of his character:—

"Rev. Joseph Huntington, D. D., ordained June 29th, 1763; died Dec. 25th, 1794, in the 60th year of his age, and 32d of his ministry. He was an eminent divine, and laborious minister; an affectionate parent and friend. He was considered in the churches a pattern of learning, an illustrious example of extensive charity, and was much improved as a councillor and peace-maker. Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

He was the brother of Samuel Huntington L. L. D., who was

Digitized by Google

in his sixteenth year, presented himself for admission to the halls of Yale, we have reason to believe that he passed the ordeal of examination with more than usual credit in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a very reputable acquaintance with Sallust, Cicero, and the Greek Testament.

Of his career in college but little is known. That it was distinguished by good scholarship, good behaviour, and industry, is however certain. That it was marked by great popularity among his fellows, and with the Faculty, is equally certain. Doctor Dwight, his tutor, entertained a very high idea of his capacity. He has beautifully eulogized him in verse. He was wonted, down to the close of his life, frequently to recur to him, and always in terms of admiration of his course in college, and of deep regret for his untimely fate.* By

President, in 1779 and 1780, of the old Continental Congress, and afterwards, for nine years, the Chief Magistrate of Connecticut. He left two children—one of whom became the wife of Edward Dorr Griffin, D. D., President of William's College, and the other, a son, Samuel Huntington, emigrated to Ohio, of which State he became Chief Justice and Governor.

* In the *American Historical Magazine* for January, 1836, is

Digitized by Google

him, as also from relatives of the pupil, we are assured that Hale was peculiarly fond of scientific pursuits, and that in these he stood at the head of his class. "And Science lured him to her sweet abode," is the language of Doctor Dwight—a fact proved also by the preponderance of books in this department in Hale's own little library—among which, particularly, was a new and complete Dictionary, in four large octavo volumes, of the arts and sciences—comprehending all the branches of useful knowledge, with accurate descriptions as well of various machines and instruments as of the classes, kinds, preparations and uses of natural productions, and illustrated with

---

a communication, signed *M.*, and written, we are assured by the Editor, by a "gentleman who was connected with the medical staff of the Revolutionary army," and who was "an early acquaintance and friend of Hale." In this the writer says: "*Nathan Hale* I was acquainted with, from his frequent visits at my father's house, while an academical student. His own remarks, and the remarks of my father, left at that period an indelible impression on my mind."—"His urbanity and general deportment were peculiarly attracting, and for solid acquirements I am sure he would lose nothing in comparison with Andre."

Digitized by Google

above three hundred copper-plate engravings. In the languages also he was a proficient. He stood, as the Commencement Exercises show, among the first thirteen in a class of thirty-six.

That he was anxious for mental improvement, and labored diligently to secure it, is proved by other facts. While at Yale, he took a most active and leading part as a member of the Linonian Society in this Institution—a Society which was established for the purpose of furnishing, aside from the regular course of academical study, literary stimulus and rhetorical improvement to the undergraduates, and of promoting in their midst feelings of harmony and friendship. Hale was the first of his own class to be chosen as its *Chancellor*, or presiding officer.* With Timothy Dwight, afterwards the distinguished President of Yale

* The Linonian Society was founded in 1753—and is the oldest organization of its kind, it is believed, to be found in the country. Its presiding officer was called *Chancellor* down to 1789—after which time he was called *President*. Of Hale's class, twenty-one were members—of whom, after Hale, Thomas Mead, William Robinson, Ebenezer Williams, and Roger Alden, were also Chancellors.

Digitized by Google

College—and James Hillhouse, afterwards the celebrated civilian and Senator in Congress from Connecticut—he coöperated in founding its Library. The Spectator, Addison's Evidences, Paradise Lost, Young's Night Thoughts, Priors Poems, the Travels of Cyrus, and the Elements of Criticism, in two volumes—works which indicate the soundness of his own literary taste—were among the books bestowed by himself for this purpose—to a Society which now counts its volumes to a number exceeding thirteen thousand, and which, with just pride and pleasure, looks back to Hale as one of the strong pillars of its infancy.

But besides his agency in founding its Library, the records of the Society in question, show Hale's praiseworthy diligence in other respects. His name, in his own day, occurs in the reports of almost every meeting—at one time, as having delivered "a very interesting narration"—at another, "an eloquent extemporaneous address"—at another, as taking part in some one of the plays which were frequently acted at that period—and upon still other occasions, as proposing questions for

Digitized by Google

discussion.* At the close of the academical year in 1772, it devolved upon him specially—in his capacity as in-coming Chancellor—to respond, in behalf of the fraternity, to a Valedictory Address from one of the members of the graduating class—doubtless the retiring Chancellor of the Society. This duty he performed with propriety and with affectionate zeal—as his Speech upon the occasion, now fortunately in our hands, abundantly shows.†

At thought of separating from those, Hale pro-

---

* Many of the reports of the Society for the year 1771 were written by Hale himself as scribe, and are signed by his name in full. Here, for example, is an entry made by him, which contains a question for discussion, proposed by himself: —

"Feb. 27th, 1771.—This venerable Society met at Hayes' Room. The meeting was opened by a Narration, spoken by Williams, and after some questions the meeting was dismissed. Question brought in by myself. Q. How are the parts of life divided? Answer. Into three: the vegetative, the sensitive, and the rational.

Test, NATHAN HALE."

† We are indebted to Chauncey M. Depew Esq., the President at this time of the Linonian Society, for this Speech, and for other valuable items illustrating Hale's connection with the said Society. He carefully scrutinized the records in our behalf, and for this

Digitized by Google

ceeded to say, who had "been rendered dear" to the Society, "not only by a long and intimate acquaintance, but by the strictest bonds of unity and friendship"—by their "ability"—and by the "regard" they had ever expressed for "Linonia and her sons"—the countenances of those present were "bedimmed with an unusual kind of sadness." The departure of these gentlemen, he remarked, was deeply to be regretted—whether they were viewed as "patrons," whose "utmost care and vigilance" the Society had shared—or as "benefactors," whose liberality had been manifested "in rich and valuable donations" to the Association—or as "friends and brothers," whose "amiable company and conversation," and whose "cordial affection" had been the source of "inexpressible happiness." Under their wise management of affairs, he continued—the members of the Society had not only "been entertained with all the pleasures of familiar conversation," but improved "in

---

attention will please receive our special thanks. To the prompt courtesy also of E. K. Foster Esq., of New Haven, we are in this connection much indebted.

Digitized by Google

useful knowledge and literature." They had taken "unwearied pains," he affirmed, at a time when the Society was warmly attacked, to "suppress its opposers,"* and increasing its "dignity and power," had caused it to rise, "step by step," to its "ancient splendor." For all these services, as well as for the judicious instructions in regard to the management of the Society which they had just communicated through their Valedictorian, Hale returned the sincere thanks of the members who were to remain, and pledged their future "spirited" exertions "in Linonia's cause." "With steadiness and resolution," he affirmed, they would "strive to make her shine with unparalled lustre"—and giving assurance that the memory of their parting friends would "always be very dear" to the fraternity, he invoked for them all, the propitious smiles of Heaven.†

In still farther demonstration of his thirst for intellectual improvement, it is to be mentioned, that, in addition to an active participation in the regular

* He refers here to a rival society, then not long formed.

† See Appendix C.

Digitized by Google

exercises of the Linonian Society, and of the College, Hale was in the habit of epistolary correspondence with some of his classmates upon literary subjects—on themes of taste and criticism, and of grammar and philology.

He would correct carefully, and in writing, the compositions of some of his fellows, and receive the same friendly office in return. A letter from Benjamin Tallmadge, his classmate, still preserved, is of this character, in which the latter vindicates his own use of the comparative degree against a previous criticism by Hale.*

* "In my delightsome retirement from the fruitless bustle of the noisy"—writes Tallmadge to Hale, in this connection, in a few passages which we here extract—"with my usual delight, and perhaps with more than common attention, I perused your epistle. Replete as it was with sentiments worthy to be contemplated, let me assure you, with the confidence of an affectionate friend, that with nothing was my pleasure so greatly heightened as with your various remarks upon my preceding performance; which, so far from carrying the appearance of a censuring critic's empty amusement, seemed to me to be wholly the result of unspotted regard, and (as I may say) fraternal esteem.

"This method of writing is not wholly destitute of every advantage. [Such an allegation had been made.] For in the first

Digitized by Google

Nor did Hale while in college forget his athletic sports. The marks of a prodigious leap which he made upon the Green in New Haven, were long preserved, and pointed out. His intercourse with his mates was always affable. He formed many college friendships, and they lasted till his death—with James Hillhouse, Benjamin Tallmadge, Roger Alden, John P. Wyllys, Thomas Mead, Elihu Marvin, and others his classmates, with whom he kept up an intimate correspondence as long as he lived.* He was assigned, on graduating, a part with Tallmadge,† and Wil-

---

place, it affords an opportunity, as well as gives a person a disposition, carefully to scrutinize all manner of writing, while it will be a monitor to himself to avoid defects manifest in the same, and secondly, it may be of advantage to us in causing us carefully to consider what we assert, that so we may be able to defend the same against the captious wills, and the insidious words of our adversaries. To obtain advantage myself, and to be contributory, as much as I am able, to your improvement, was certainly my whole design in undertaking this exercise; and I doubt not but that the same reasons were your greatest inducements."

* See Appendix D, for a list of all Hale's classmates.

† See Appendix E, for a sketch of *Tallmadge.*

Digitized by Google

liam Robinson,* and Ezra Samson,† in a Latin Syllogistic Dispute, followed by a Forensic Debate, on the question, "Whether the Education of Daughters be not, without any just reason, more

* *William Robinson*—a direct descendant from the famous John Robinson of Leyden—was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, August 15th, 1754. After leaving College, he studied for the ministry. In 1780 he was ordained pastor of the church at Southington, Connecticut. It is a remarkable fact concerning him, that in the winter of this year—one of the coldest and most severe upon record—he walked the whole distance from Windsor to Southington, about thirty miles, on snow-shoes, to be settled. He continued in this station forty-one years—discharging its duties with exemplary fidelity, meekness, and ability. Like his classmate Hale, he was eminently patriotic, and his coöperation in the Revolution was constant and powerful. He died August 15th, 1845, on his birth-day, aged seventy-one years. He was the father of Rev. Edward Robinson L. L. D., the distinguished Professor in the University of New York, of George Robinson Esq., of Hartford, and of William Robinson Esq., of New Haven—both worthy citizens of Connecticut.

† *Ezra Samson*, after graduating, was settled for awhile as a clergyman—but his health failing him, he became editor first of the *Balance*, published at Hudson, New York, and then of the *Courant*, at Hartford, Connecticut. He was a very worthy man, and distinguished as a fine writer.

Digitized by Google

neglected than that of Sons"—a curious theme, as implying in that early day an inattention to the mental cultivation of the gentler sex which cannot be charged on our own age. How Hale managed with the subject we are not informed, but an especial favorite as he always was with the ladies, we doubt not that his nature urged him upon this occasion to vindicate their claims to educational advantages.

Soon after graduating, which was in September, 1773, he commenced keeping school. His first engagement in this way was at East Haddam, where he spent the winter of 1773–4; in what kind of school precisely we are not informed, but probably in some select one where he was required to instruct both in English and in the Classical Tongues. East Haddam was at this time a place of much wealth and business activity, but if we are to judge from Hale's own description, rather secluded from the rest of the world.

"I was at the receipt of your letter," he writes his friend Mead, May second, 1774, from New London, "in East Haddam (alias Moodus,) a place

Digitized by Google

which I at first, for a long time, concluded inaccessable either by friends, acquaintance, or letters. Nor was I convinced of the contrary until I received yours, and at the same time two others from Alden* and Wyllys.† It was equally, or more difficult, to convey anything from Moodus."

**Roger Alden*—of whom as a friend, classmate, and correspondent of Hale, the Reader, we think, will be pleased to know that, like Hale, from purely patriotic motives, he joined the army of the Revolution, and distinguished himself as a brave and efficient officer. In 1777, he was appointed by the Council of Safety of Connecticut, Adjutant in Colonel Bradley's regiment. Governor Jonathan Trumbull the first—in recommending him after the war to the post of Deputy Secretary to Congress, speaks of him, in a letter now before us, dated April 11th, 1785, in the following complimentary terms: "Born in my neighborhood, and educated in a manner under my eye, I have had an opportunity of knowing him from his youth to the present time, and can therefore say that I look upon him as a young gentleman possessed of natural good abilities, enlarged by a liberal education, and improved by several years knowledge of mankind in the public service of his country, in which he acquitted himself with honor and reputation."—He died at West Point, N. Y., Nov. 5th, 1836, aged eighty-eight.

† *John Palsgrove Wyllys*—born in 1754, and the son of Hon. George Wyllys, of Hartford, Connecticut, that distinguished Worthy, who for sixty-one years in succession filled the office of Sec-

Digitized by Google

But though thus secluded, it is the testimony of a highly intelligent old lady,* who knew Hale well when he resided at East Haddam, that he was happy, faithful and successful in his office of teacher. "Everybody loved him," she said, "he

---

retary for his native State, and as such signed the Declaration of Independence. This son, like his classmates Hale and Alden, also entered the service of his country when the war broke out—and he became a Major in the Revolutionary Army. He was subsequently with Gen. Harmar in the famous expedition of this officer, in 1790, against the western Indians, and in the battle at Miami Village was unfortunately slain. Upon this occasion he was in command of a detachment of about sixty men, and at day-break in the morning, was cut off by a large party of the foe which "came in his rear through some hazels." Though mortally wounded, he yet earnestly begged to be placed on his horse again, that he might give the enemy another charge. His loss was deeply deplored both by Gen. Harmar, and by Gov. St. Clair, each of whom spoke of him as a brave and valuable officer. The latter made special and honorable mention of him at the time, in a communication to the Secretary of War, and the President of the Cincinnati of the State of New York, upon the news of his death, instructed the members of the Society, "in testimony of the high respect" they entertained for his memory, to "wear crape for the space of twenty-one days."

* The late Mrs. Hannah Pierson.

Digitized by Google

was so sprightly, intelligent, and kind"—and, she added withal, "*so* handsome!" The rich scenery of the town, its rocky and uneven face, the phenomena from which it derives its Indian name, its numerous legends of Indian Pawaws, its Mount Tom and Salmon River, were all sources of great delight to the young instructor, as habitually, the cares of school being over, he wandered around for air and exercise, for pleasure and the sports of the chase—there

> "where the little country girls
> Still stop to whisper, and listen, and look,
> And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
> Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook."

His happy combination of amiability, vivacity, and intelligence, soon attracted attention elsewhere, and in the winter of 1773–4, we find him negotiating with the Proprietors of the Union Grammar School in New London for the charge of that institution. This school was a select one, where none were accepted as teachers but those "whose characters bore the strictest scrutiny," and where Latin, English, writing, and arithmetic were

Digitized by Google

taught, and where the salary was seventy pounds a year, with the privilege of teaching, out of the regular school hours, private classes. In the spring of 1774 Hale took this situation, and in a letter to his friend Roger Alden, dated New London, May second, 1774, thus describes it:

"I am at present in a school in New London. I think my situation somewhat preferable to what it was last winter. My school is by no means difficult to take care of—it consists of about thirty scholars, ten of whom are Latiners, and all but one of the rest are writers. I have a very convenient school-house, and the people are kind and sociable. I promise myself some more satisfaction in writing and receiving letters from you than I have as yet had. I know of no stated communication, but without any doubt opportunities will be much more frequent than while I was at Moodus."

In a letter to his uncle Samuel Hale, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire—a most estimable and excellent man, who, for a long series of years prior to the Revolution, was at the head of the best

Digitized by Google

academy in that province—* he gives, five months later, a further history of his school-keeping.†

"My own employment," he says, "is at present the same that you have spent your days in. I have a school of 32 boys, about half Latin, the rest English. The salary allowed me is £70 per annum. In addition to this I have kept, during the summer, a morning school, between the hours of five and seven, of about 20 young ladies; for which I have received 6s. a scholar, by the quarter. The people with whom I live are free and generous; many of them are gentlemen of sense and merit. They are desirous that I would continue and settle in the school, and propose a considerable increase of wages. I am much at a loss whether to accept their proposals. Your advice in this matter, coming from an uncle and from a man who has spent his life in the business, would, I think, be the best I could possibly receive. A few

* "He was the teacher," says a manuscript in our possession, "of Langdon, and Pickering, and others of the shining lights of Revolutionary days in New Hampshire. His life was a life of usefulness." See Appendix, Hale Geneal., Nos. 15.

† The letter is dated, New London, Sept. 24th, 1774.

Digitized by Google

lines on this subject, and also to acquaint me with the welfare of your family, if your leisure will permit, will be much to the satisfaction of your most dutiful nephew, NATHAN HALE."

This letter shows that Hale's services as a teacher at New London were highly appreciated by his employers—a fact which we learn also abundantly from other sources, and particularly from his pupils—who, in after years, all spoke in strong terms both of his skill in instruction, and of his excellence as a man.*

* One of these pupils, Colonel Samuel Green, now of Hartford, Connecticut, still survives—and the following is his testimony: "Hale," he informs us, "was a man peculiarly engaging in his manners—these were mild and genteel. The scholars, old and young, were attached to him. They loved him for his tact and amiability. He was wholly without severity, and had a wonderful control over boys. He was sprightly, ardent and steady—bore a fine moral character, and was respected highly by all his acquaintances. The school in which he taught was owned by the first gentlemen in New London, all of whom were exceedingly gratified by Hale's skill and assiduity." With this agrees the testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth Poole, of New London, long an inmate of the same family with Hale, who says that "his capacity as a

Digitized by Google

His time at New London, out of school, was spent, a portion in social pleasures, but much of it in self-culture. The letters addressed to him which remain, as well as some letters of his own, show that he cultivated the intimacies he contracted in college, as well as those which grew up elsewhere, with great assiduity, and that he wrote as well to improve his understanding as to pour out his friendship.* The labors and duties of a teacher were a frequent theme in his letters to his classmates engaged in the same vocation. Nor were the ladies forgotten by his pen. He

teacher, and the mildness of his mode of instruction, were highly appreciated both by parents and pupils"—that "he was peculiarly free from the shadow of guile"—and that "his simple, unostentatious manner of imparting right views and feelings to less cultivated understandings" was unsurpassed by that of any individual, who, at the period of her acquaintance with him, or after, had fallen under her observation. To the same effect Miss Caulkins, in her History of New London, remarks, that "as a teacher, Capt. Hale is said to have been a firm disciplinarian, but happy in his mode of conveying instruction, and highly respected by his pupils."

* Besides many of his classmates, John Hallam, Edward Hallam, Timothy Green, and Thomas Fosdick, of New London, Connecticut, were among his principal correspondents.

Digitized by Google

had many female correspondents, and among these, one to his fancy "a bright, particular star" he "thought to wed"—a young lady of his native town with whom, in his father's family, he passed several years of intimacy, and to whom while in college he was betrothed.* Sometimes, though

* It is to her that William Robinson, his classmate in college, refers in the following passage in a letter dated Windsor, [Conn.,] January twentieth, 1773, and addressed to Hale at East Haddam.

"My school is not large; my neighbors are kind and clever, and (summatim) my distance from a house on your side the river which contains an object worthy the esteem of every one, and, as I conclude, *has yours in an especial manner*, is not great."

Her maiden name was Alice Adams, and she was born in Canterbury, Connecticut. Her mother was the second wife of Captain Hale's father. She was distinguished both for her intelligence and her beauty. [See Appendix F.]

At the time of Hale's first engagement to her, the parties—in the judgment of mutual friends—were altogether too young and inexperienced to become affianced. Besides, there were objections to the connection on the ground of Hale's father having already married, for his second wife, the mother of Alice, and of Hale's brother John having married Sarah, the sister of Alice. The engagement, therefore, through the intervention of their friends, was terminated—and Alice, February 8th, 1773, married, for her first husband, Mr. Elijah Ripley, merchant, of Coventry, Con-

Digitized by Google

without 'a poet's just pretence,' with no attempt at the graces

"which methods teach,
And which a master hand can only reach,"

he threw his thoughts into rhyme—but not often, unless provoked by some poetical epistle which

---

necticut. Mr. Ripley died December 26th, 1774, in the twenty-eighth year of his age—twenty-two months and twenty-one days after his marriage—leaving his wife a widow in her eighteenth year, and leaving one child, a son named Elijah, who died October 17th, 1775, in the second year of his age. After the decease of Mr. Ripley, the match was renewed between Nathan and Alice—the latter at the time having been adopted into the family of Hale's father—and remained unbroken until Hale's death. Subsequently to this event, Mrs. Ripley married William Lawrence Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut—where she lived highly esteemed, to a ripe old age. She died September 4th, 1845, aged eighty-eight—deceasing in the same month, and having been born in the same month with Hale. She possessed for many years a miniature of Hale, besides numerous letters from him, and one of his Camp-Books. The miniature, most unfortunately, has disappeared. So also have the letters; but the Camp-Book we have seen and examined. It is now in the possession of one of the lady's grand-daughters, to whose polite and careful noting of her grandmother's statements we are indebted for several very interesting facts about Hale.

Shakspeare makes "the idolatrous fancy" of a surviving lover

Digitized by Google

he received—as once by one from his friend Tallmadge at Wethersfield, Connecticut, to whom, in reply to an apology by the latter for his Muse, Hale writes,

> "You're wrong to blame
> Your generous Muse, and call her lame;
> For when arrived, no mark was found
> Of weakness, lameness, sprain, or wound"—

and bestriding her himself, he describes her as tripping, "without or spur or whip," back "along the way she lately trod"—giving

> "no fear or pain,
> Unless at times to hold the rein"—

until at last, arrived at Wethersfield, Tallmadge is invited, from the appearance of his Pegasus, to judge,

> "unless entirely sound,
> If she could bear [Hale] such a round."

"sanctify the relics" of a lover lost, and the strongest memories of old age, it is well known, fasten upon the years and events of youth. It is a striking circumstance in illustration, that the lady in question, just as her pulse of life was ebbing to its stop, murmured as her last words on earth, "*Write to Nathan!*"

Digitized by Google

It is the testimony of all who knew Hale, both at New London and elsewhere, that he was ever busy. "A man ought never to lose a moment's time," he enters in his Diary—"if he put off a thing from one minute to the next, his reluctance is but increased"—and his own life fully conformed to the injunction which he thus formally notes down. "Always employed about something," testifies Mrs. Lawrence, "he was ingenious and persevering." When his head was not at work, his hands were. Here, for example, is a large and beautiful Powder-horn, still remaining,

which he fashioned during one of his college vacations.* Mrs. Lawrence, when a girl and a

* It is now in possession of a grandson of the Mrs. Lawrence mentioned in the text, William Roderick Lawrence Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut—who received it from his father, to whom it

Digitized by Google

member of his father's family, frequently saw him at work upon it, and remembered to her dying day the peculiar concentrativeness of attention, and the zest with which upon this, as upon everything else in the way of construction that he undertook, he labored to bestow shape and comeliness.

He used to say that he "could do anything but spin," as he laughed with the girls over the spinning-wheel at Coventry.

In height he was about five feet and ten inches, and was exceedingly well proportioned. His figure was elegant and commanding. He had a full, broad chest, full face, light blue eyes, light rosy complexion, and hair of a medium brown. The elasticity of his frame is well attested by feats which he used frequently to perform in New London. He not only, says Colonel Green, would put his hand upon a fence high as his head and clear it easily at a bound, but would jump from

---

was given by Deacon Richard Hale, the father of Nathan. We are much indebted to Mr. Lawrence for the beautiful delineation of it by his own hands.

Digitized by Google

the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second, and from the bottom of the second over and down into a third, and from the third over and out, like a cat. "His face," adds Col. Green, "was full of intelligence and benevolence, of good sense and good feeling."—"Every new emotion," says Mrs. Poole, "lighted it with a brilliancy perceptible to even common observers."—"He had marks on his forehead," says Asher Wright, "so that every body would know him who had ever seen him, having once had powder flashed in his face. He had also a large hair mole on his neck, just where the knot came. In his boyhood his companions sometimes twitted him about it, saying he would be hanged."

Thus, genial in his nature—of refined address—of remarkable personal beauty—neat, unusually so both in his habits and dress—serious or gay with the nature of the occasion or subject—quick to discern and to relish a joke—of a disposition exceedingly affectionate—constant in his friendships—always ready to lend a helping hand—it is the uniform testimony of those who knew him,

Digitized by Google

that no person more than Hale was the idol of his acquaintances, and that no young man of his day commenced life under more flattering auspices. His school, the church, society, books, and pleasure, each by turns received his attention—each fitly—and time at New London rolled along with him, its sands noted as they fell, and glittering with promise.*

* "Possessing genius, taste, and ardor," says Sparks of Hale, "he became distinguished as a scholar; and, endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits, were joined gentleness of manners, an ingenuous disposition, and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates, or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

The Lexington Alarm. Hale gives up his school, and joins the army as a volunteer. His motives in doing so. Is stationed for awhile at New London. Leaves for Boston. The prospect before him. Joins the brigade of General Sullivan. His life for six months in the camp around Boston. His skill in military discipline—his studies—his amusements—with extracts from his Diary.

SUCH was Nathan Hale—and so engaged, when the Lexington Alarm, April nineteenth, 1775, summoned the country to arms. Upon the arrival of the express with the news from Boston, the citizens of New London at once assembled in town-meeting*—breathed forth in speeches and resolutions their spirit of patriotic resistance—and determined that Captain Coit's Independent Company, the only uniformed company in the place,

* Hon. Richard Law, District Judge of Connecticut, and Chief Justice of the Superior Court, in the chair.

Digitized by Google

should march to the scene of hostilities the next morning. Hale was among the speakers on this occasion. "I was struck," says Captain Richard Law, of New London, from whom the fact is derived, "with his noble demeanor, and the emphasis with which he addressed the assembly."—"*Let us march immediately*," said he, "*and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence!*"* And

* Capt. Richard Law, afterwards in the naval service of the Revolution, was at this time a pupil of Hale—and attracted by the extraordinary bustle in the town—"partaking," as in his testimony now before us he says, "of the general excitement on the arrival of the Express," he accompanied his father, the Judge, to the Meeting—which was held, according to his belief, "in Miner's tavern—in the evening"—and was "numerously attended." So unfamiliar at this time to his youthful ears—as in fact also to the ear of the country at large—was the word *Independence*, in its application to the relations between England and her American Colonies—and so profoundly impressed was he by the eloquent stress with which Hale uttered it, in the connection above stated in the text—that, seizing the first moment he could, he most earnestly inquired of his father *what it meant!*—Brave, ardent, and patriotic, he entered the naval service of his country at the early age of fifteen, and was a midshipman on board the frigate Trumbull in her desperate and most remarkable action, June 2d, 1780, with the

Digitized by Google

enrolling at once as a volunteer, he assembled his school the next morning—made his pupils an affectionate address—"gave them earnest counsel—prayed with them—and shaking each by the hand," took his leave.

It is probable that he soon returned to New London—but only to discharge his duties in the school temporarily, until he could arrange for a permanent connection with the army. This connection would interrupt his father's cherished project of educating him for the ministry. He wrote, therefore, to his parent—stated that "a sense of duty urged him to sacrifice everything for his country"—and promised, soon as the war was ended, to comply with his wishes in regard to a profession. The old gentleman was eminently patriotic. Many a time thereafter, during the war, did he forbid his family to use the wool raised upon his farm, that it might be woven into blankets

---

British letter-of-marque Watt. He was the third Collector of the port of New London, which office he held for eight years. He died Dec. 19th, 1845—the last survivor of the crew of the Trumbull.

Digitized by Google

for the army. Many a time did he sit upon his 'stoop,' and watch for weary soldiers as they passed his house, that he might take them within, and if necessary, feed, and clothe, and lodge them. He assented readily to his son's design, and July sixth, Hale enlisted as Lieutenant in the third company of the seventh Connecticut regiment commanded by Colonel Charles Webb.* On the succeeding morning he addressed to the Proprietors of the Union School the following note:

"Gentlemen. Having received information that a place is allotted me in the army, and being inclined, as I hope, for good reasons, to accept it, I am constrained to ask as a favor that which scarce anything else would have induced me to, which is, to be excused from keeping your school any longer. For the purpose of conversing upon this, and of procuring another master, some of your number think it best there should be a general meeting of the proprietors. The time talked of for holding it is 6 o'clock this afternoon, at the school-house. The year for which I engaged will expire within

* Of Stamford, Connecticut.

Digitized by Google

a fortnight, so that my quitting a few days sooner, I hope, will subject you to no great inconvenience.

"School keeping is a business of which I was always fond, but since my residence in this town, everything has conspired to render it more agreeable. I have thought much of never quitting it but with life, but at present there seems an opportunity for more extended public service.

"The kindness expressed to me by the people of the place, but especially the proprietors of the school, will always be very gratefully remembered by, gentlemen, with respect, your humble servant.

NATHAN HALE.

"Friday, July 7, 1775. To John Winthrop Esq., Richard Law Esq., &c., &c".

The simple modesty and sincerity with which Hale speaks of himself, and his purpose, in the preceding letter, are worthy of remark. No bursts of patriotic sentiment—no vision of plumes and epaulettes—no self-satisfied allusion to that brave kinsman of his own, whose name he bore in full, and who, in the battle band of the old French

Digitized by Google

War, gallantly gave his life before the bastions of Louisburgh*—not even one little bravado about himself, his own motives, or his country—though these might all have been pardoned to an ardent, ambitious youth of twenty-one summers. But "being inclined for good reasons," as he hopes, to accept a place allotted him in the army—perceiving an opportunity, as it seems to him, "for more extended public service"—he asks to be excused from "keeping school any longer." Were all solicitations modestly preferred as this of Hale's—were all the paths of military glory entered upon in a manner as unassuming, and with motives as sincere, as those which actuate the youthful hero we commemorate, now as he asks to step out on the bloody platform of the American Revolution—what a world of grandiloquent tongues would be hushed to repose, and how surely those wars

* This kinsman, named *Nathan Hale*, says the American Historical Magazine for February, 1836, "was slain by the bursting of a cannon at the capture of Louisburgh, in the 'old French war,' as it is called by aged people. He is noted in the account of the battle, as a gallant officer in the Connecticut Line."

Digitized by Google

only would occur which league the soldier with law, liberty, and truth!

The company to which Hale was attached, was under the immediate command of Major John Latimer. It constituted part of a regiment which was raised by order of the General Assembly, in 1775, both for home defence, and for the protection of the country at large—and, until placed under the General in chief of the Continental Army, remained subject to the orders of the Connecticut Council of Safety. Here now—of interest to be inserted in this place—are the names of its members when Hale first took charge of it—as appears from a Pay Roll at present in the office of the Comptroller of State at Hartford.

John Latimer, Major.
NATHAN HALE, Capt. after 1st Sept. till then Lieut.
John Belcher, Lieutenant.
Joseph Hilliard, Lieutenant.
Joseph Hillard, Lieutenant after 1st September.
Alpheus Chapman, Ensign after "
George Hurlburt, Serjeant.
Joseph Page, "
Reuben Hewitt, "

Digitized by Google

Ezra Bushnell, Serjeant.
Stephen Prentice, Corporal till Sept. 1st, then Sergeant.
Joshua Raymond, Corporal.
Abraham Avery, "
Henry Hillard, "
Zebulon Cheeseborough, "
Rammerton Sears, Drummer.
Robert Latimore, Fifer.
Robert Latimore, Jr., "

William Bacon,
Christopher Beebe,
Amos Butler,
Richard Booge,
Charles Brown,
Jonathan Bowers,
Asa Baldwine,
Guy Beckwith,
William Carver,
James Comstock,
Benjamin Comstock, Jun.,
Simeon Cobb,
Fairbanks Church,
John Chappell,
Benjamin Cheeseborough,
Caleb Couts,
Reuben Sheamks,
George Chunks,
Isaac Hammon,
William Hatch,
Samuel Hix,
Peter Holt,
Thomas Hicox,
Elisha Hancock,
Elisha Johnson,
Joseph Lovatt,
David McDowell,
Abel Minard,
Jabez Minard,
Lawrence Martin,
Enos Nero,
Jared Stephens,
Daniel Talbott,
Amos Shaw,
Sias Pawhig,
John Patton,

Digitized by Google

Peter Cheeseborough,	Christopher Woodbridge,
Edward Clark,	James Ward,
James Dennis,	Samuel Woodkind,
John Dean,	Ichabod Young,
John Dennis,	John Holmes,
Christopher Dean,	Joseph Brown,
Enos Greenfield,	Joseph Peters,
David Hilhouse,	Jeremiah Dodge,
George Hakes,	David Baldwine.*

August third, Hale's Company, together with that of Captain Shipman, was stationed, by order of the Council, at New London, where danger was apprehended from British men of war then hovering on the adjacent coasts.

August seventeenth, its commander received orders from the Council to "keep regular watches

* Of the above Company, seventy-one, including the officers, enlisted in July, and three in August. Three died before the third day of December, 1775, viz., Corporal Stephen Prentice, November twenty-second—William Hatch, November twenty-seventh—and Jonathan Bowers, December second. Hale's company, when at New York, was augmented to ninety men—its full complement. Of those who first engaged under him, according to the testimony of Asher Wright, "several were from Windham, New London, New Haven, and some from Long Island."

Digitized by Google

and guards about his camp, and see that his soldiers were properly exercised, instructed, and kept clean, and free from idleness and bad practices."

September fourth, the Company was ordered by the Council, with other troops, "to make such intrenchments and works of defence as should be directed by the civil authority and field officers" in New London.

September fourteenth, in consequence of a letter from General Washington "requiring peremptorily" that all the troops last raised in Connecticut should be sent to him, Major Latimer's Company, with other troops, was "immediately ordered to march to the camp near Boston."

September twenty-fourth, at Rehoboth, Massachusetts, one Eliphalet Slack signs a receipt written by *Hale's own hand*, and in *Hale's own Camp-Book*, for five shillings and tenpence lawful money for the use of his house by Major Latimer's Company.

Hale then has been for two months and a half attached to the army—has been for about fifty days stationed with his Company at New London,

Digitized by Google

and is now, September twenty-fourth, in full march for the "Camp at Boston."

He has had a brief experience of military drill, and watches, and intrenchments. He has exchanged the comfortable sleeping chamber for the tent—the schoolmaster's satchel for the knapsack—the dishes of the quiet house table for the iron pot, tin pail, quart runlet, and wooden bowl of the camp—the unstinted fare of domestic life for the soldier's measured pound of beef, or bit of pork and pound of flour—and a salary of seventy pounds a year and six shillings a quarter additional for teaching girls, for forty-eight pounds a year wages as Lieutenant, fifty-two shillings of enlistment bounty, and "sixpence a day as billeting money until provided for by the Colony stores." He is a soldier of the Continental Line! A usurping king, thousands of miles away, was threatening to clutch the hard earnings of three millions of Colonists, who worshipped God, toiled with honesty, and liked some liberty to think and act for themselves, and gather a little treasure for their old age, and for their biers—and Hale was bent

Digitized by Google

on struggling for this liberty. Thrice already, for the same glorious purpose—destined in its career of accomplishment to splinter thrones and rock the world—thrice had his countrymen met the shock of battle, and poured their blood—at Lexington—Concord—and when they made

> "That silent, moonlight march to Bunker Hill,
> With spades, and swords, bold hearts and ready hands—
> That Spartan step without their flutes!"

Hale knew well these themes. An intelligent student of his country's history, he was familiar with its 'traces of blood and prayer' from Plymouth down to Bunker Hill. A patriot, he felt

> "the thrill
> That thoughts of well-loved homes, and streams, and lands
> Awaken—"

and he is "going into the fight!"

September twenty-eighth, he reached his station at the foot of Winter Hill near Medford, where he remained steadily encamped, in the brigade of General Sullivan, till the twenty-third of Decem-

Digitized by Google

ber succeeding, on which day he started on foot with Lieutenant Sage, through snow 'ancle deep,' on a visit to his friends in Connecticut. January twenty-seventh, he returned to camp, having in the interim, January first, 1776, received a commission from Congress appointing him Captain in the nineteenth Regiment of Foot commanded by Colonel Charles Webb.* January thirtieth, he removed from Winter Hill to Roxbury, and was attached to the brigade of General Spencer, where he remained until the April succeeding, when with the troops under General Heath, he removed, by way of Norwich, Connecticut, to New York.

* It is probable that on his visit to Connecticut he went to New Haven—since that Officer of the medical staff in the army quoted on page eighteen of this volume, thus pleasantly testifies respecting him: "Hale remarked to my father, that he was offered a commission in the service of his country, and exclaimed, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*' These were some of the last expressions I ever heard fall from his lips. The remarks of my father, after Hale left the house, were, 'That man is a diamond of the first water, calculated to excel in any station he assumes. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and last, though not least of his qualifications, a Christian!"

Digitized by Google

His history during this period of about six months, from the last of September 1775, to April 1776, in the 'Camp around Boston,' is marked by no highly conspicuous event. We have no military successes, of dazzling splendor, in which he acted a part, to record. The American army, as is well known, during this time was not drawn out in battle array. There was no combination of hosts upon the field. All was siege and counterplot—one army in a city, shut in from every direction but the sea, another around that city building intrenchments, mounting batteries, and striving by means of storming parties, by distant cannonading, and by straitening supplies, to drive off the invader.

Hale's post, however, was one frequently of much peril, and his labors at times were very arduous. "I see you are stationed," writes one of his friends* to him, October ninth, "in the mouth

* Gilbert Saltonstall—a grandson of Gov. Gurdon Saltonstall of Connecticut—a graduate in 1770, of Harvard College—and a patriot of high intelligence, ardor and virtue. He became a Captain of Marines in the service of his country, and in this capacity

Digitized by Google

of danger. I look upon your situation as more perilous than any other in the camp." The enemy were constantly making sorties—and in the direction, particularly, in which Hale was encamped—for cattle, for provisions, and to weaken the American lines. They hurled shot and shells almost daily—from the Boston Common, from Copp's Hill, from Bunker's Hill, and from their floating batteries—upon the American force. The strictest watch was therefore necessary against surprise, and in this duty Hale participated actively. "Mounted picket guard—mounted main guard—slept little or none"—such are frequent entries in a Diary which he kept during most of this period, and which is fortunately preserved.*

served in the famous engagement between the Trumbull and the Watt—in which he was wounded. At the period now under consideration, his correspondence with Hale was particularly active, well-informed, and genial. He kept Hale accurately acquainted with everything of importance that transpired in New London, whether civil, military, or social—and communicated much also respecting public affairs in Connecticut, and elsewhere North and South of this State. How do we miss here Hale's replies!

*We give it entire in the Appendix to this Volume. See App. G.

Digitized by Google

In charge often of an advance station, he was sometimes so near the enemy that he could hear them at work with their pickaxes, and his men could distinguish their countersign* as it echoed from their Grand Rounds faintly through the midnight. Once, probably, exposed to a hot fire from a ship in the bay and a floating battery, he marched down to repulse the British from a landing at Lechmere's Point. The following is his own account of the affair, November ninth, Thursday.

"1 o'cl. P. M. An alarm. The Regulars landed at Lechmere's Point, to take off cattle. Our works were immediately all manned, and a detachment sent to receive them, who were obliged, it being high water, to wade through water near waist high. While the enemy were landing, we gave them a constant cannonade from Prospect Hill. Our party having got on to the point, marched in two columns, one on each side of the hill, with a view to surround the enemy, but upon the first appearance of them, they made their boats

* e. g. "*Hamilton.*"

Digitized by Google

as fast as possible. While our men were marching on to the point, they were exposed to a hot fire from a ship in the bay and a floating battery —also after they had passed the Hill. A few shot were fired from Bunker's Hill. The damage on our side is the loss of one rifleman taken, and 3 men wounded, one badly, and it is thought 10 or more cattle carried off. The Rifleman taken was drunk in a tent, in which he and the one who received the worst wound were placed to take care of the cattle, horses &c., and give notice in case the enemy should make an attempt upon them. The tent they were in was taken. What the loss was on the side of the enemy we cannot yet determine."

With the exception, perhaps, of the affair just narrated—and during the erection by his company, the succeeding spring, of a breastwork in Dorchester, in a situation very much exposed to British balls—and once also in a trip to one of the islands in Boston harbor to carry off stock—Hale does not seem to have been thrown, during his stay around Boston, into any particular col-

Digitized by Google

lision with the enemy. Yet he had opportunities to distinguish himself, and did so, in other ways; and particularly in the care he took to prepare his men, by careful discipline within the camp, for the onsets of the battle field—a duty urgently demanded in an army raw and restless under restraint as the American army was when first collected.

"It is of the utmost importance," he enters in his Diary, November sixth, "that an officer should be anxious to know his duty, but of greater that he should carefully perform what he does know. The present irregular state of the army is owing to a capital neglect in both of these [points.]"—"Studied," he enters November seventh, "the method of forming a regiment for a review, [the] manner of arraying the companies, also of marching round the reviewing officers"—and he proceeds to write down carefully and at length minute directions, from the General Orders, for the guards. The knowledge of the military art which it is thus obvious Hale took pains to secure, he was able to apply in a manner highly

Digitized by Google

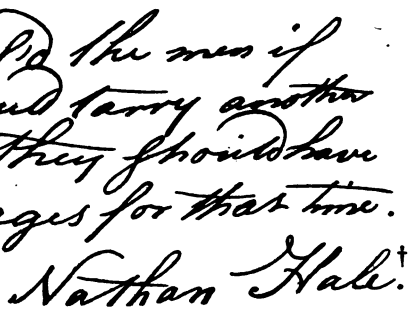
conducive to the public good. His own company, from the skill and taste with which he managed it, soon became a model for others, particularly in the adoption of a simple uniform—an example which was noticed with applause by officers and companies generally, and which was extensively followed.*

When in November, 1775, the army was threatened with dissolution by the expiration of enlistments, Hale rendered conspicuous service. He cheered General Lee, and other officers, when sadly cast down by the prospect, and going around in person to the men, urged them, by every patriotic consideration which he could address, to remain and fight the battles of their country—and not content with this, in the case of his own company, promising them his own wages if they would tarry for a given period, nobly and promptly

* Hale drew up a set of instructions for his company—regulating their carriage and demeanor as well off as when on duty—which was placed in the hands of each one under his command. A part of these instructions we have seen in his own handwriting—on a paper now much mutilated.

Digitized by Google

redeemed his pledge by borrowing the money of a brother officer on the credit of his own advance pay. Here is an entry which he made of the fact, in part, Tuesday, November twenty-eighth, 1775, in his Diary*—which we give, with his name appended, to serve also as a *fac simile* of his handwriting.


Promised the men if they would tarry another month they should have my wages for that time.
Nathan Hale.†

When Congress had decided upon a new estab-

* See also his entry December twenty-third.

† "A fair, legible, manly hand"—says a manuscript before us, speaking generally of Hale's handwriting—"strikingly characteristic of the mind of the man." The signature is "one of those large, distinct, square signatures of olden times, on which the eye dwells without pain, as upon the largest print, and of which so many fine specimens are found at the foot of the Declaration of Independence."

Digitized by Google

lishment, Hale was one of ten officers, who upon the first offer of a paper for the purpose, put down their names for new commissions, and both in camp, and in that journey home to which reference has already been made, he labored assiduously to procure recruits. It is obvious that the soldiers, particularly of his own company, were exceedingly attached to him. He had charge of their clothing, their rations, their wages. Many are the entries in his Camp-Book of his trips from Winter Hill to Cambridge, or Mystic, for money and continental stores, and he notes "ill usage upon the score of provisions" as the chief reason why the soldiers generally, November twenty-third, would not extend their term of service.

When off duty, Hale devoted much time to reading and reflection, to history, works of taste, and to the newspapers and bulletins of the day. A history of Philip, and work of Young's, as well as works on the military art, are particularly noted in his Diary. A poet of the day, Timothy Dwight Junior, availed himself of the young officer's literary taste, as well as of his 'politeness

Digitized by Google

and benevolence,' to procure subscriptions for his poem within the circle of Hale's acquaintance in camp.

Hale maintained also during this period of his life an active correspondence. He was thus well informed of important events that transpired elsewhere, all of which, as the taking of St. John's, the expedition of Arnold, the capture of prizes by American privateers, the menaces coastwise of the British fleet, he enters in his Diary; and there are many proofs in letters addressed to him, at the time,* of a careful and affectionate interest in his welfare among a large circle of friends of both sexes. In these the ladies are sure to send him their love, undisguised half the time by the cold phrase of 'compliments,' and hope he will "send them a line." His male friends seem to long for his presence again. The sergeants of his own company, subscribing themselves his 'good old friends,'† regret services which detach them from

* Quite a number of these, fortunately, are preserved.

† e. g. George Hurlburt, one of Hale's sergeants—who seems to have been a very active and trustworthy officer, and most warmly

Digitized by Google

his society. Some sergeants of other companies write to ask '*births*' in the army under him*—and even among the boys, his former pupils at New London, there are those who assure him that, if their 'mothers would but consent,' they would prefer being with him to "all the pleasures which the company of their relatives can afford."†

Camp life has its amusements too, as well as its 'dreadful notes of preparation.' Peaceful games

---

attached to Hale. While the latter was on his visit to Connecticut, Hurlburt wrote him almost daily, giving him a minute account of the state of his company, and yearning for his return. "I hope the next time I see you," he added in one of his epistles—panting to dislodge the enemy from the metropolis of New England—"it will be *in Boston*, drinking a glass of wine with me. If we can but have a *bridge*, we shall *make a rush to try our courage!*"

* e. g. Thomas Updike Fosdick, sergeant in Saltonstall's company, then stationed at New London.

† e. g. Robert Latimer, in a letter dated New London, December twentieth, 1775—who adds, that he should think himself "very ungrateful" if he failed to express "the greatest obligations to Hale for the care, and kindness, and goodness" he has "so often experienced" from him as his instructor—and deprecates any criticism of his epistolary composition from one of such "nice discernment" as his former master.

Digitized by Google

of chance and strength succeed at intervals the sounds of 'armorers accomplishing the knights,' and 'busy hammers closing rivets up,' and occupy, with advantage to the soldier, seasons otherwise of inactivity. In these Hale at times participated at the period now under consideration, as the following, his own entries, show:

"Oct. 24. Winter Hill came down to wrestle, with a view to find our best for a wrestling match to which this hill was stumped by Prospect, to be decided on Thursday ensuing. Evening prayers omitted for wrestling.

"Oct. 26. Grand wrestling match—no wager laid.

"Nov. 6. Day chiefly spent in jabber and checkers.

"Nov. 7. Rain pretty hard most of the day—spent most of it in the Major's, my own and other tents in conversation—(some checkers.)

"Nov. 8. Cleaned my gun—played some foot-ball and some checkers."

At other times of leisure, Hale occupied himself in walks and rides—often to Mystic, to dine with

Digitized by Google

his friend Colonel Hall, or to visit his laundress for clothes, or "to get brick and clay for [his] chimney" at Winter Hill—sometimes to view the works around Boston, at Cobble Hill, Roxbury, and elsewhere—and sometimes "down to Dorchester with a view to go on upon the point." He often called upon his brother officers at Prospect Hill, and was to them especially attentive, when, as in the case of Major Brooks and Captain Hull, they were confined by sickness. He was the frequent guest of General Putnam at Cambridge—dining with him often at his quarters—and strolling there to introduce his friends from Connecticut, as they happened to visit him in camp. Frequently also at the quarters of General Sullivan, General Lee, and General Spencer, he seems to have been an especial favorite with these officers. They read to him at times their private advices from Congress, and consulted with him in much confidence about the administration of the army.

In the midst of all this occupation, military and social, Hale never forgot his duties of a religious nature. "Captain Hale was a praying man," says

Digitized by Google

Asher Wright.* The services of Sunday, when performed in camp, he attended with great regularity, as the entries in his Diary show, of which the following are specimens:

"Sab. Oct. 29th. Went to meeting in the barn —one exercise.

"Sunday, [Nov.] 5th, A. M. Mr. Learned pr. John, 13. 19. excellentissime.

"Sabbath Day, 19th. Mr. Bird pr.—one service —only beginning after 12 o'cl. Text Esther 8th, 6. For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come upon my people, or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred? The discourse very good—the same as preached to Gen. Wooster, his officers and soldiers, at New Haven, and which

* "He prayed for his first waiter, when he was sick with a fever," continues Wright. "This waiter was from New London. His father came after him. He recovered after awhile, but when he was taken down, Captain Hale was a mind I should take his place. And I did, and remained with him till he went on to Long Island." —Wright was born and brought up in Coventry, but a few rods distant from the mansion of Hale's father. He had, therefore, known Hale well from his boyhood up, and his affection for him, we may here state, was unbounded.

Digitized by Google

was again preached at Cambridge a Sabbath or two ago—now preached as a farewell discourse.

"17th. Sunday. Went to Mistick to meeting."

So passed, as we have now described, the first six months of Hale's life in the Army of the Revolution—without opportunity "to speak his patriotism in the thunders of victorious battle"—but in careful and praiseworthy discharge of all his other duties as an officer, a man, and a Christian.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

Hale leaves the vicinity of Boston for New York. His gallant capture of a British sloop in the East River. His station, occupation, patriotism, attachments, and characteristic modesty, illustrated by letters from his own pen.

In April, 1776, with the troops under General Heath, Hale removed, by way of Norwich, Connecticut, to New York.*

Of the period which follows, down to that which is signalized by his death—from April 1776 to the ensuing September—we have but little to record—for here memorials almost fail us. One incident however occurred, which well illustrates the energy and courage of his nature.

A British Sloop, laden with supplies, was anchored in the East River under the sixty-four

* "Left Dorchester in April, and went to New York—took tents at Grand Battery near New York till September—latter part of September went to Harlem. *Testimony of Asher Wright.*

Digitized by Google

guns of the British ship of war Asia, Captain Vandeput, and Hale formed the bold design of capturing the vessel. The following is the account of the affair given by Asher Wright, Hale's own confidential camp-attendant, to the late Honorable Andrew T. Judson, Judge of the United States Court for the District of Connecticut.

"At the hour appointed," describes Wright, "the party assembled, and crossed the river in their faithful little bark, skimming so lightly over the water as to excite no alarm from any quarter. They passed cautiously down by the shore to a point of land nearest the sloop, where they ceased to ply the oar, and waited for the moon to sink below the horizon. It was at the dead hour of the night, and all was hushed in silence, excepting only the watchman on the quarter deck of the Asia. His voice came in the breeze, 'All is well,' when Captain Hale's men pulled away for the sloop, and soon found themselves along side—and in an instant more she was boarded, and away she came with Captain Hale at the helm, and the British tars in the hold! When she struck the

Digitized by Google

wharf, this new commander and his American crew were received with three cheers, and soon the liberal hand of Captain Hale distributed the prize goods to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked of our own army."*

Of Hale's station and occupation, otherwise, during the period now in question, in New York, as well as of his patriotism, attachments, and characteristic modesty, some valuable hints are furnished in the three following letters, written by him in May, June, and August—the last a week before the battle of Flatbush—and addressed to one of his brothers. Except a portion of the second, which is but a repetition of the statements of the first, we give them in their chronological order.

"NEW YORK, May 30th, 1776.

"DEAR BROTHER.

"Your favor of the 9th of May, and another

* To this incident Hale's correspondent, E. Marvin, refers, in a letter to him from New London, dated June eleventh, 1776. The following is the passage: "Am much obliged for your particular history of *the adventure aboard the prize;* wish you would acquaint me with every incident of good or ill fortune which befalls you in your course of life. The whole journal I hope some time or other to peruse."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

[illegible]

[illegible] ...ssion, in [illegible]

[illegible] ...m, attachment [illegible]

[illegible] valuable [illegible]

furnished in the [illegible] letters [illegible]

by him in May, June, and [illegible]

week before the battle of Flatbush [illegible]

to one of his brothers. Except [illegible]

[illegible] is but a repetition of [illegible]

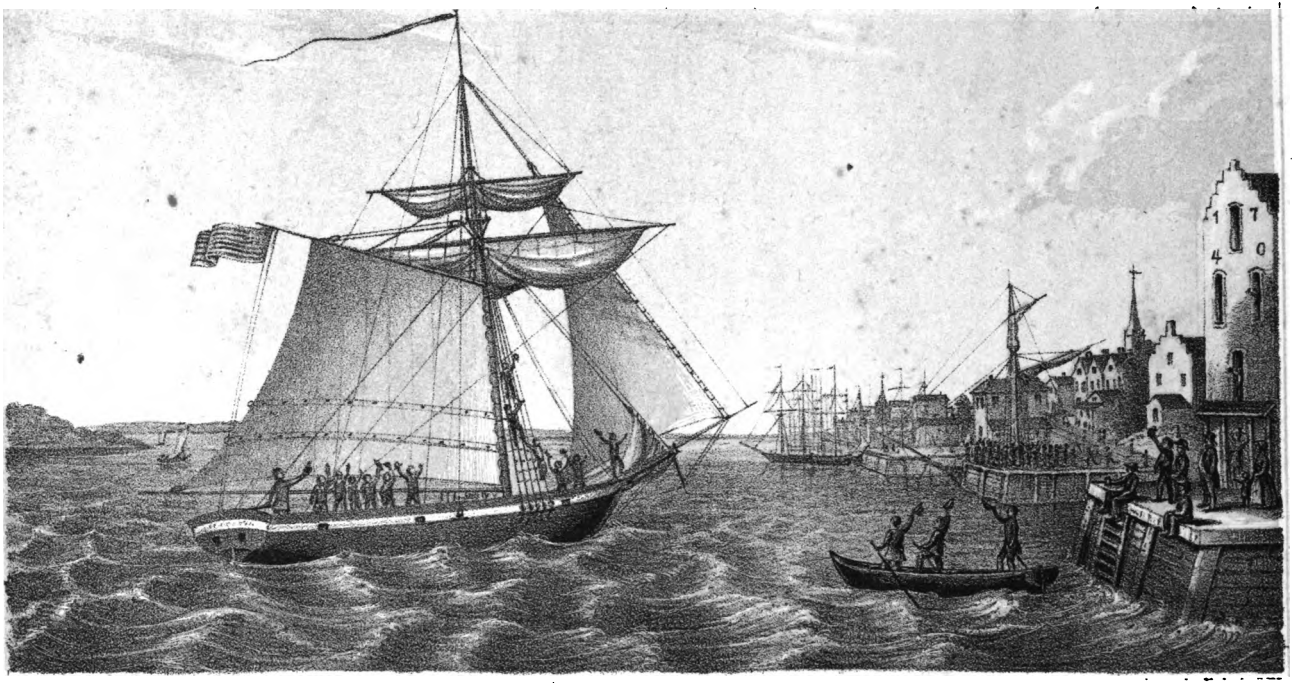
[illegible] in their chronologic[illegible]

[illegible] NEW YORK, May 30th, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] favor of the 9th of May, and [illegible]

* To this incident Hale's correspondent, R. Marvin, [illegible] letter to him from New London, dated June [illegible] following [illegible] "Am much obliged for your [illegible] *accord the prize;* wish you [illegible] or ill fortune which [illegible] [illegible] I have some [illegible]



J. ROPES DEL.

LITH OF E B & E.C. KELLOGG.

HALE ENTERS NEW YORK WITH HIS PRIZE SLOOP

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

written at Norwich, I have received—the former yesterday. You complain of my neglecting you; I acknowledge it is not wholly without reason—at the same time I am conscious to have written to you more than once or twice within this half year. Perhaps my letters have miscarried.

"I am not on the end of Long Island, but in New York, encamped about one mile back of the city. We have been on the Island, and spent about three weeks there, but since returned. As to Brigades: we spent part of the Winter at Winter Hill in Genl Sullivan's—thence we were removed to Roxbury, and annexed to Genl Spencer's—from thence we came to New York in Genl Heath's; on our arrival we were put in Genl Lord Sterling's; here we continued a few days, and were returned to Genl Sullivan's; on his being sent to the Northward, we were reverted to Lord Sterling's, in whose Brigade we now remain. In the first detachment to the Northward under Genl Thomson, Webb's regiment was put down; but the question being asked whether we had many

Digitized by Google

seamen, and the reply being yes, we were erased and another put down in our place.

"We have an account of the arrival of Troops at Halifax, thence to proceed on their infamous errand to some part of America.

"Maj^{r} Brooks informed me last evening, that in conversation with some of the frequenters at Head Quarters, he was told that Genl Washington had received a packet from one of the sheriffs of the city of London, in which was contained the Debates at large of both houses of Parliament—and what is more, the whole proceedings of the Cabinet. The plan of the summer's Campaign in America is said to be communicated in full. Nothing has yet transpired; but the prudence of our Genl we trust will make advantage of the Intelligence. Genl Gates (formerly Adj^{t} Genl now Maj^{r} Genl) is gone to Philadelphia, probably to communicate the above.

"Some late accounts from the northward are very unfavorable, and would be more so could they be depended on. It is reported that a fleet has arrived in the River; upon the first notice of

Digitized by Google

which our army thought it prudent to break up the siege and retire—that in retreating they were attack'd and routed, Numbers kill'd, the sick, most of the cannon and stores taken. The account is not authentic: We hope it is not true.

"It would grieve every good man to consider what unnatural monsters we have as it were in our bowels. Numbers in this Colony, and likewise in the western part of Connecticut, would be glad to imbrue their hands in their Country's Blood. Facts render this too evident to admit of dispute. In this city such as refuse to sign the Association have been required to deliver up their arms. Several who refused to comply have been sent to prison.

"It is really a critical Period. America beholds what she never did before. Allow the whole force of our enemy to be but 30,000, and these floating on the Ocean, ready to attack the most unguarded place. Are they not a formidable Foe? Surely they are."

Digitized by Google

"NEW YORK, June 3d, 1776.

"DEAR BROTHER.

" * * * Continuance or removal from here depends wholly upon the operations of the War.

"It gives pleasure to every friend of his country to observe the health which prevails in our army. Dr. Eli (Surgeon of our Reg^{t}) told me a few days since, there was not a man in our Reg^{t} but might upon occasion go out with his Firelock. Much the same is said of other Regiments.

"The army is every day improving in discipline, and it is hoped will soon be able to meet the enemy at any kind of play. My company which at first was small, is now increased to eighty, and there is a Sergeant recruiting, who, I hope, has got the other 10 which completes the Company.

"We are hardly able to judge as to the numbers the British army for the Summer is to consist of—undoubtedly sufficient to cause us too much bloodshed.

"Genl Washing^{ton} is at the Congress, being sent for thither to advise on matters of consequence.

Digitized by Google

"I had written you a complete letter in answer to your last, but missed the opportunity of sending it.

"This will probably find you in Coventry—if so remember me to all my friends—particularly belonging to the Family. Forget not frequently to visit and strongly to represent my duty to our good Grandmother Strong. Has she not repeatedly favored us with her tender, most important advice? The natural Tie is sufficient, but increased by so much goodness, our gratitude cannot be too sensible. I always with respect remember Mr. Huntington, and shall write to him if time admits. Pay Mr. Wright a visit for me. Tell him Asher is well—he has for some time lived with me as a waiter. I am in hopes of obtaining him a Furlough soon, that he may have opportunity to go home, see his friends, and get his Summer clothes.

"Asher this moment told me that our Brother Joseph Adams was here yesterday to see me, when I happened to be out of the way. He is in Col. Parson's Reg^{t}. I intend to see him to-day,

Digitized by Google

and if possible by exchanging get him into my company.

'Yours affectionately, N. HALE.

"P. S. Sister Rose talked of making me some Linen cloth similar to Brown Holland for Summer wear. If she has made it desire her to keep it for me. My love to her, the Doctor, and little Joseph."

"NEW YORK, Aug. 20th, 1776.

"DEAR BROTHER.

"I have only time for a hasty letter. Our situation has been such this fortnight or more as scarce to admit of writing. We have daily expected an action—by which means, if any one was going, and we had letters written, orders were so strict for our tarrying in camp that we could rarely get leave to go and deliver them. For about 6 or 8 days the enemy have been expected hourly, whenever the wind and tide in the least favored. We keep a particular look out for them this morning. The place and manner of attack time must determine. The event we leave to Heaven. Thanks to God! we have had time for

Digitized by Google

completing our works and receiving our reinforcements. The Militia of Connecticut ordered this way are mostly arrived. Col. Ward's Reg^t has got in. Troops from the southward are daily coming. We hope under God, to give a good account of the Enemy whenever they choose to make the last appeal.

"Last Friday Night, two of our fire vessels (a Sloop and Schooner) made an attempt upon the shipping up the River. The night was too dark, the wind too slack for the attempt. The Schooner which was intended for one of the Ships had got by before she discovered them; but as Providence would have it, she run athwart a bomb-catch, which she quickly burned. The Sloop by the light of the former discovered the Phœnix—but rather too late—however she made shift to grapple her, but the wind not proving sufficient to bring her close along side, or drive the flames immediately on board, the Phœnix after much difficulty got her clear by cutting her own rigging. Serg^t Fosdick,* who commanded the above

* *Thomas Updike Fosdick*, of New London, Connecticut—a

Digitized by Google

sloop, and four of his hands, were of my company, the remaining two were of this Reg^{t}.

"The Genl has been pleased to reward their bravery with forty dollars each, except the last man who quitted the fire Sloop, who had fifty. Those on board the Schooner received the same.

"I must write to some of my other brothers lest you should not be at home. Remain

"Your friend and Brother

"Mr. Enoch Hale." * "N. HALE."

Upon the day succeeding that in which the letter last quoted was written, Hale began again to note in his Diary—a practice which for some time just previous he had omitted—and the following, in reference to the chief events of this and the two succeeding days, are the last brief entries which ever flowed from his pen.

"Aug. 21st. Heavy Storm at Night. Much

---

warm patriot, and a seaman of great skill. While a boy, he was the companion of the celebrated traveller Ledyard, on his first voyage. He died in 1821, aged seventy-one years.

* See Appendix, Hale Genealogy, No. 27, for a notice of Enoch Hale.

Digitized by Google

and heavy Thunder. Capt. Van Wyke, a Lieut. and Ens. of Col° Mc.Dougall's Reg^t kill'd by a Shock. Likewise one man in town, belonging to a Militia Reg^t of Connecticut. The Storm continued for two or three hours, for the greatest part of which time [there] was a perpetual Lightning, and the sharpest I ever knew.

"22^d Thursday. The Enemy landed some troops down at the Narrows on Long Island.

"23^d Friday. Enemy landed more troops—News that they had marched up and taken Station near Flatbush, their adv^ce Gds being on this side near the woods—that some of our Riflemen attacked and drove them back from their posts, burnt 2 stacks of hay, and it was thought kill'd some of them—this about 12 o'cl. at Night. Our troops attacked them at their station near Flatb. routed and drove them back 1½ mile."

But three days more, and that storm of war whose portentous approaches Hale thus hurriedly sketches, descended in fury—and we now reach the period marked by that great event which signalizes his character, and closes his life.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV.

Circumstances of the American and British armies when Hale undertook his fatal mission. The office of a spy—its danger—its ignominy. Col. Knowlton commissioned by Gen. Washington to procure some one to undertake it. He appeals to American officers, and to a French serjeant in the army. They all refuse, save Hale, who readily volunteers for the duty. His fellow-officers warmly remonstrate—but in vain. Hale nobly persists in his purpose.

To understand properly the event to which allusion is made at the close of the last chapter, let us look first at the circumstances in which it originated.

The disastrous battle of Long Island had been fought,* and the American troops, filled with despair, had retreated to the Island of New York.

* It does not appear that Hale participated in this battle. He was however at the time, on the Long Island side. Asher Wright said that in the retreat to New York, one of the last things done by him was to bring over Hale's baggage.

Digitized by Google

As if the thunder of the British arms had deafened their ears to the solicitations of patriotism, the militia began to desert by companies, and even by entire regiments. Of those that remained, fresh as they were from the workshop and the field, a large portion was impatient of restraint, and clamorous for pay. One-fourth of them were on the sick list. One-third were without tents. They had clothes, shoes, and blankets, only for a summer campaign, and winter was approaching. Food and forage were difficult to obtain. The military chest was entirely empty of money, and had been so for two months. In positive suffering then from want of supplies—without confidence—without subordination—importunate in complaints—the American army—fourteen thousand only fit for duty—in the early part of September, 1776, lay stretched along—detached, agitated, and full of gloom—from the Battery in New York far to Kingsbridge.

And facing them from the extreme southern point of Long Island to a point opposite the Heights of Harlem—posted at Bedford, Bushwick,

Digitized by Google

Newtown, Flushing, and Hellgate—riding in ships and transports whose formidable batteries frowned on the American shores from the Narrows to Paulus Hook, and up the East River to Flushing Bay—was arranged a British army of not less than twenty-five thousand men—a land and naval force magnificently equipped with artillery, military stores, and warlike materials of every kind, for the special purpose, as it was proclaimed, of "looking down and ending forever the opposition of the rebels"—and which, under the command of the most able and distinguished generals, was now in the first flush of victory—was haughty, emulous, impatient of farther conquest, and confident of success.

What now, under these relative circumstances of the two armies, would be General Howe's next step? It was a question, it will be seen at once, of infinite moment to Washington, and his enfeebled, dispirited army. Would the British make a direct attack upon the city of New York? Or would they land above the city—at Turtle Bay—or Horen's Hook? Or cross from Montresor's Island

Digitized by Google

to Harlem? Or passing higher up the Sound, land at Morrisania or Throg's Point—or perhaps, sailing around Long Island, land at some point on the Main still farther east? Would they attempt above or below Kingsbridge, to cut off the communication of the American army with the country? Or was it their purpose, moving as they did frequently with their ships of war up the North River, to make a descent from this direction —at Bloomingdale, or elsewhere? Or would they simultaneously land parties on the North River side, and the East River side—stretch across New York Island, and intrench themselves—and supporting their flanks with shipping, cut off the divisions of the American army, and hem in the town?

Upon the solution of these questions—with regard to which Washington writes, September sixth, "we cannot learn, nor have we been able to procure the least information of late"—depended at this time the fate of the American army. Should it—forced as it then was, in entire uncertainty as to the real point of attack, to guard very extensive lines, whose extremities were at least

Digitized by Google

sixteen miles apart—should it be concentrated or not? If so, at what point? Should the city of New York be held and defended at all events, or evacuated in whole, or in part? Should Manhattan island — lest a hostile landing at Kingsbridge might stake the Revolution on a single battle against a far superior force—be altogether abandoned? Where, and to what extent, should lines and works of defence, intrenchments, redoubts, batteries, and abattis be established?

All these vital points, without precise information as to the enemy's designs, could not be settled. In vain to catch some hints of these designs, did American scouts venture near the British lines. In vain did American eyes strain through the darkness, when night settled upon the armies, in search of some Hessian deserter, allured by bounty land,* who might communicate the intentions of the British generals. In vain did American officers convene sad and thoughtful around their beloved commander, and attempt, from the positions

* Such had been offered to deserters from the British army.

Digitized by Google

of the foe, to work out the problem of their plan. All places of their own encampment seemed almost equally menaced. All points of the British encampment seemed almost equally supported, and ready to disgorge fire and death upon the broken-hearted patriots. It was the policy of Howe to blind—and thus far he had succeeded.

Some one, reasoned Washington, must penetrate the British camp, and lift this veil of secrecy, or the American army is lost—and he communicated this opinion to his Board of Officers. The Board agreed fully with the views of the Commander-in-chief, and Colonel Knowlton was instructed to select some competent person for the hazardous office.

An office not alone hazardous. What else was it? To appreciate the position of Hale, it is necessay to dwell a moment upon it. It was an office also ignominious. In the judgment of every civilized nation, in the eye of all national law, the use of spies is deemed "a clandestine practice and deceit in war." It is a fraud unworthy of an open, manly enemy—scarcely redeemed in motive by

Digitized by Google

any exigency of danger—and pregnant with the worst mischief in stimulating, from a sense of betrayal, the vengeance of a foe, and in undermining those sentiments of honor, which, like shoots of sunlight upon a thunder-clouded sky, tend to soften the blackness of war.

The spy is the companion of darkness. He lurks—he hides—or if he moves in the light, it is behind walls, in the shadow of trees, in the loneliness of clefts, under the cover of hills, in the gloom of ditches, skulking with the owl, the mole, or the Indian. Or if he enters the camp of an enemy, he insinuates himself, and winds treacherously into confidence. Caught, his sure penalty is the halter. "Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your King's service," wrote General Putnam from his camp at Peekskill to Governor Tryon, "was taken in my camp as a *spy*—he was tried as a spy—and you may rest assured, Sir, he shall be hanged as a spy. P. S. Afternoon. *He is hanged.*" This pithy, laconic epistle, communicating the fate of one tory agent of the sort of which we speak, during our Revolution, only too truly describes

Digitized by Google

the quick aversion, particularly of soldiers, to all those who disguisedly enter a military camp to bear off its secrets to an enemy, and the instantaneousness almost with which such persons pass from capture to the gallows. And yet, notwithstanding all this—the employment of a spy in some crisis of the last importance, is not judged unworthy a great commander. His success is thought most meritorious, and is followed, if not preceded, by honors and rewards. Only a sovereign may not ordinarily command the service—so is it deemed disgraceful—but save from an enemy's subjects, he may accept it when voluntarily offered, "without offence to honor or justice."*

The exigency of the American army which we have just described, would not permit the employment, in the service proposed, of any ordinary soldier, unpractised in military observation, and without skill as a draughtsman—least of all of the common mercenary, to whom, allured by the hope of large reward, such tasks are usually assigned.

* Vattel.

Digitized by Google

Accurate estimates of the numbers of the enemy, of their distribution, of the form and position of their various encampments, of their marchings and countermarchings, of their concentration at one point or another of the instruments of war, but more than all of their plan of attack, as derived from the open report, or the unguarded whispers in camp of officers or men—estimates of all these things, requiring a quick eye, a cool head, a practised pencil, military science, general intelligence, and pliable address, were to be made. The common soldier would not answer the purpose, and the mercenary might yield to the higher seductions of the enemy, and betray his employers.

Knowlton, therefore, appealed to officers—to those of his own regiment, and some of others, assembled for the purpose—and in the name of the Commander-in-chief invited the service. The solemn pause which followed his appeal was long unbroken—and not strangely. To meet the enemy face to face—boldly to oppose his breast to the reeking sabre, the blood-red bayonet, and the

Digitized by Google

volleys of battle, and "foremost fighting fall"—here was the soldier's true place, and "Honor decked the turf that wrapped his prostrate clay." But to play the spy—the hated spy—and an officer to do it! It was too irredeemably humiliating—and one after another of the officers present, as Knowlton repeated his appeal individually, declined.

His task seemed hopeless. He appealed in his extremity, it is said, to a French serjeant who had served in the French War, trusting that a sense of shame in his breast less poignant, and the spirit, in him remarkable, for hazardous adventure, might induce him to undertake. "No! no!"—he replied promptly. "I am ready to fight the British at any place and time, but I do not feel willing to go among them to be hung up like a dog!"—What was to be done?

From the group of reluctant, half-resentful officers—at the moment when all hope for the enterprise seemed at an end, and the heart of Knowlton, saddened with the thought of future misfortune, was fast yielding to the torture of disappointment—there came a voice with the painfully thrilling,

Digitized by Google

yet cheering words—"*I will undertake it!*" That was the voice of Captain NATHAN HALE. He had come late into the assembly of officers. Scarcely yet recovered from a severe illness, his face still pale, without his accustomed strength of body, yet firm and ardent as ever of soul, he volunteered at once, reckless of its danger, and though doubtless appalled, not vanquished by its disgrace, to discharge the repudiated trust.

His family, his fellow-officers, many of them, remonstrated at his choice. Young, ardent, educated, accomplished, the darling of the soldiery, the pride of his commander, why should *he* put life and reputation *thus* at hazard? The legitimate stratagems of war are "feints and evasions performed under no disguise—are familiar to commanders—form a part of their plans, and executed with tact, exact admiration from the enemy"—but who respects the character of a spy, assuming the garb of friendship but to betray? "Did his country demand the moral degradation of her sons to advance her interests?" Would he not have ample opportunity, in the progress of the war, by

Digitized by Google

exertions daily felt, "to give his talents and his life, should it be so ordered, to the sacred cause to which he was pledged?" Why then, by one fatal act, crush forever "the power and the opportunity Heaven offered him for his country's glory, and his own happiness?" Why sadden the hearts of his doating parents, his relatives, and friends—looking and expecting as they all were to see him climb undisguisedly and gracefully the rounds of Fame's military ladder—why cloud all this fond expectation with the dark martyrdom of a felon?

Such were the considerations addressed to Hale, with even tearful entreaty, by some of his brother soldiers, and by none with more assiduity than by General William Hull, then an officer of the same grade in the army with Hale, and who for three years Hale's companion in College,* and his intimate afterwards in the camp, enforced his views with all the pride natural to the soldier, and with all the warmth of private friendship. Hear Hale's reply!

* Hull graduated in 1772.

Digitized by Google

"*I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important, and so much desired by the Commander of her armies—and I know no other mode of obtaining the information, than by assuming a disguise, and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary for the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious!*"

He spoke, says Hull, "with warmth and decision!"

What grandeur of self-sacrifice—what appreciation intense as rare, of the obligations of duty—what glorious abandonment of fear even where fear is deemed a virtue—what sublime confidence in the redeeming power of a holy purpose—im-

Digitized by Google

mortalize these the words of the martyr Hale, as he respectfully confronts the solicitations of his friends, and firmly, movelessly, bolts and bars himself within his noble resolution!

True, military pride revolts at the disgrace which I propose to undergo, he reasons. True, the mean death that awaits me with the enemy, under the sanction of national law, should I fail in the undertaking. True, my kindred, my friends, all to whom I am bound by the sweet ties of love, may have to mourn my loss in an employment from which all dreams of greatness flee. But pressing as are all these considerations—delicate and hazardous, in every view, as is the task—"the soldier should never consult his fears when duty calls."

It is the wish of the Commander-in-chief. Would he ask such a service—and from an officer—if he did not deem it utterly vital to the army? The gloom which a triumphal foe casts over the American cause is awful—if the spy can lift it, why not the end sanctify the means, and I that spy—I that have not been able hitherto "to render

Digitized by Google

any material service?" The liberty of three millions of people, freshly risen to vindicate their rights, and now rocking at hazard in the stormy cradle of war, is staked on the particular enterprise in prospect. Its solitude, its darkness, its craft, its hypocrisy, its waste and sacrifice of the soldier's honor, its last horrible penalty—may these not all be vindicated by the patriotic spirit with which they may be endured, and by the glorious boon which it may be the spy's fortune to offer to his bleeding, imperilled country? The importance of the service outweighs every other consideration—"I go!" And he presented himself to General Washington.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

Hale, after receiving instructions from Gen. Washington, starts upon his expedition, accompanied by Stephen Hempstead, a confidential soldier of his own company. They reach Norwalk, Connecticut. Hale here assumes a disguise, parts with his companion, and leaves for Long Island in the sloop Huntington, Captain Pond. Safe passage across the Sound. His journey to New York, and its risks.

RECEIVING from the Commander-in-chief particular instructions, and a general order upon all the American sloops or galleys in the Sound to convey him across to any point upon Long Island which he should designate, Hale, about the middle of September, bearing in his hands materials for a disguise, and accompanied by Stephen Hempstead,* a confidential soldier of his own company, left the Camp at Harlem Heights,

* For a sketch of Hempstead, see appendix H.

Digitized by Google

intending to cross the sound by the first opportunity.*

Many vessels of the enemy were at this time cruising along East River, and in the Sound. Their guns might be heard, at frequent intervals, reverberating along the Main as some adventurous Yankee craft, small boat or galley, glided out from some bay or inlet, and provoked pursuit. Hostile scouting and forage parties too, lined the Long Island shore, and no friendly flag appeared —not even one of those little privateering whaleboats, whose press-gangs or crews of well armed volunteers, so often at this period, and sometimes so uncavalierly, annoyed the British and tories—until Hale and his companions reached Norwalk, fifty miles up the Sound on the Connecticut shore. Here they found one or two row-galleys, and the armed sloop Huntington, commanded by Captain Enoch Pond. The sloop, Hale quickly engaged.

* "I have sent out some reconnoitering parties to gain intelligence, if possible, of the disposition of the enemy," wrote Washington, September sixteenth, to the President of Congress. Was not *Hale* in his mind when he penned this passage? It would not do, of course, for him to *specify* either the spy, or his mission, in any letter.

Digitized by Google

Thus far he had come upon a friendly shore—among his own countrymen—where here and there only some powerless tory shrank from his sight as he glided by in the undress of a Continental officer.* He was now to pass to a shore occupied, or controlled to a great extent, by the British and their abettors. How then disguise himself? What character should he assume as best calculated to lull suspicion, and promote the opportunities he desired? He decided upon one to him perfectly familiar—in which his own experience had given him ease and self-possession, and which from its unassuming and somewhat itinerant nature, was calculated, in those days when men rarely stirred abroad without watchwords and passes, to engender confidence, or at least not to awaken an active jealousy. He was to play the Schoolmaster!†

* "He had on a frock, when I last saw him, made of white linen, and fringed, such as officers used to wear. He was too good looking to go so. He could not deceive. Some *scrubby fellow* ought to have gone." *Testimony of Asher Wright.*

† Hempstead says that Hale told him he intended to play "the

Digitized by Google

Stripping off his uniform then, he placed it, together with his military commission, and all the papers he had with him, public or private, save perhaps one to be shortly mentioned, in the hands of his companion Hempstead. To these he added his silver shoe buckles, remarking that these "would not now comport with his character as Schoolmaster." His watch also he is reported to have handed to his friend, but after a moment of reflection to have resumed it, with the declaration that "he would risk his watch where he would risk his life"—as if satisfied that no treachery lurked in that little unostentatious monitor of time, especially in the hands of one,

> "Who in some noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
> As village master taught his little school."

Putting on a plain suit of citizen's brown clothes, and a round broad-brimmed hat, and retaining, it is said, as an introduction to his assumed calling,

---

Dutch Schoolmaster." Probably so—not seriously, however—but only by way of jest. He was going into a country thickly inhabited by the Dutch.

Digitized by Google

his college diploma—the classical vellum on which the Reverend Doctor Napthali Dagget had certified his Baccalaureate—he leaped on board the sloop after the night had fallen, bade his friend, with a cheerful voice, await his return, or news from him at Norwalk, and was soon under way, the patriot spy, with a cool head, and a bold heart, for the head of Huntington Bay.

His passage across the Sound was prosperous, and about two hours before daybreak, the little craft which bore him, gliding midway between Eaton and Lloyd's Necks, hove to near the shore

A. Place where Hale landed, and probable place of his capture.

of East or Great Neck—an elevated tract of land remarkable for its extensive, and picturesque, but

Digitized by Google

then lonely scenery, on the east side of the harbor of Huntington.

A boat was immediately lowered. Hale took his station in the stern, and four stout oarsmen propelled him quickly to the shore. The point where he landed was a neighborhood known as "*the Cedars*," and is still so called at the present day. One Jesse Fleet had there a farm—still, we understand, in the tenure of his family—and near his dwelling stood that also of Widow Rachel Chichester, familiarly called "*Mother Chich*"—who, herself a loyalist, made her house a rendezvous, somewhat famous, for all the tories of her region. Hale passed this dangerous vicinity in safety, and following the course of a road which led from the beach towards a settlement on the east side of Huntington harbor, after about a mile's walk, reached, in the centre of a large field, the residence of Mr. William Johnson. Attracted by a light streaming through a window, Hale, it is affirmed on good authority, approached the house with a quick and assured step. The door was opened by Mr. Johnson himself, who, "after a

Digitized by Google

confidential interview, gave Hale such information as his case required, and the comforts also of a hearty breakfast, and a bed to rest upon for a few hours. "When the morning had somewhat advanced," says the account from which we derive these facts, "the stranger departed."

Whither now, particularly—by what routes—with what experiences? Would it not be pleasant to know?

We have no means, however, of tracing his progress hence to New York, and back to the point of his capture. His risk—his watchfulness—his fatigue—his hurry—his delays—his skill of imposture—his anxiety of mind—his suffering from cold—his loss of sleep—his bivouac by the rock, the fence, upon the tree or in the ditch—his stealthy noting of posts, situations, numbers, plans, by the glare of day, or by the dim moonlight, or flickering lantern—his delusion of patrols and guards—his conciliation of camps—all these the particulars of that vital quest in which Hale was engaged, we are left, in the dearth of any memorials, to conjecture.

Digitized by Google

Yet we are assured that his survey was accurate and successful. We know that, when taken, exact drawings of the works of the enemy, with accompanying descriptions and notes, were found between the soles of his pumps. We know that several days elapsed between his departure from the American camp and his capture.* We know that before he reached New York, the British Line had landed two miles above the city at Kip's Bay —that General Howe with one portion of his victorious troops occupied the town—that General Clinton with another portion, higher up, between "the seventh and eighth milestones," lay stretched across the whole island from the East to the North River—while other portions of the foe still covered important points upon Long Island, reaching from Red Hook to Flushing Bay, and from Brook-

* "Capt Hale went away—was gone about *a fortnight* before I knew what was become of him.—When he left us, he told me he had got to be absent awhile, and wanted I should take care of his things, and if the army moved before he returned, have them moved too.—When he went away, he did not tell me where he was going." *Testimony of Asher Wright.*

Digitized by Google

lyn far back, in patrolling and foraging parties, into the interior. We know also that Hale was not taken until, having achieved his purpose, he was far back on his return to the American camp.

He must, therefore, have passed through the entire British army. It is not difficult then, under these circumstances, to conceive his positions and occupation.

He must have encountered on his way English, Highlanders, Waldeckers, and Hessians, tories and refugees, British sutlers and marauders, armed and unarmed, and been exposed momently to the peril of detection. Now by day, as he passed through Queen's County, we can see him listening from some place of concealment to the echo of the British Lighthorse, as they galloped past in pursuit of some leading whigs—now watching some company of British Foot, as they scoured the country in search of grain, or lay quartered around some magazine of forage—now, remote from the road, interrogating some Cowboy about the latest news from camp—now upon the highway communicating with some teamster impressed

Digitized by Google

to carry hay and straw to New York—now in some solitary farm-house questioning some billeted soldier of the foe over an evening mug of cider.

Now, as he approached the chief encampments, we can see him straining his gaze at squads of the enemy as they fortified their field-works, or mustered and marched. Now by night he is counting at a distance their fires, and listening to the hum of their tents, or walking in the black hours from watch to watch to receive the secret whispers of their fixed sentinels. Now, probably, while the badge of loyalty, a red ribbon, or a strip of red flannel, streamed from his hat, he ventures within the very bosom of their camps, and there, smiling the tory, seems to unite heartily in the coarse jibe and laugh at the expense of those whose cause he served—or catechized, perhaps, in his profession as a Schoolmaster by some group of jesting Redcoats,

> "to see how much he knew,
> If he could read and cipher too,"

he responds to all their raillery with a loose grace, and specimens of his attainments.

Digitized by Google

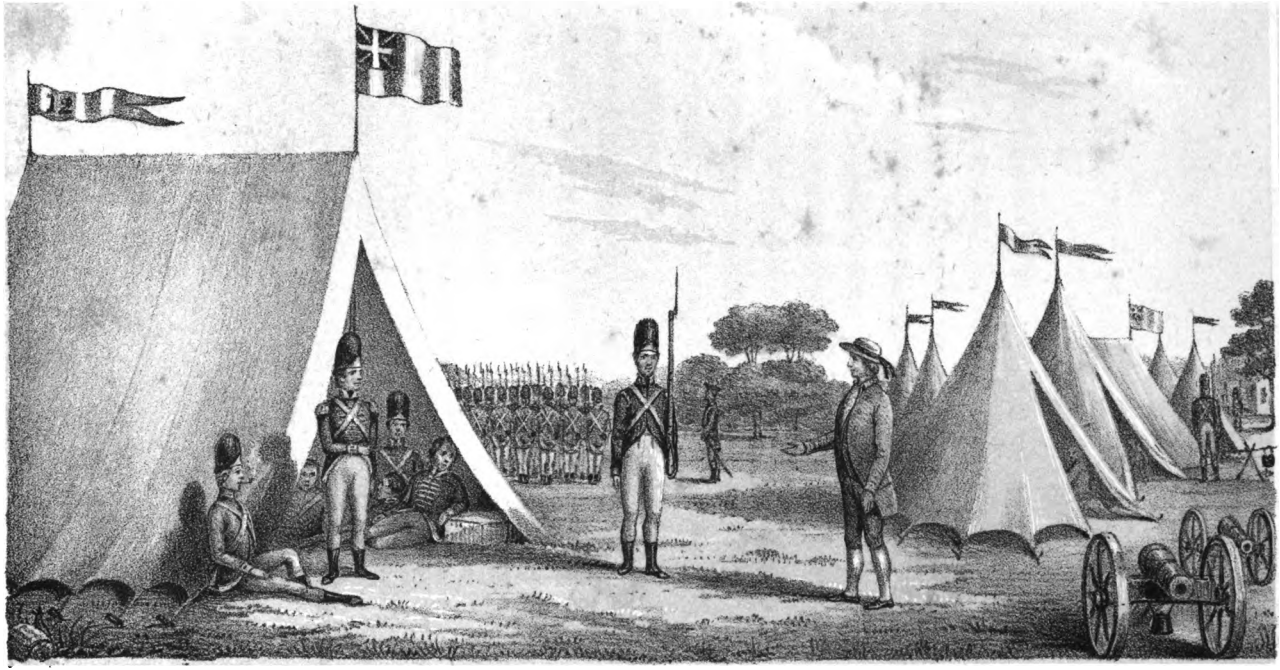
Digitized by Google

[illegible] to New York—now in [illegible] questioning some billeted [illegible] over an evening mug of cider.

[illegible] chief encampments, [illegible] gaze at squads of [illegible] their field-works, or [illegible] Now by night he is [illegible] their fires, and listening to the hum of [illegible] tents, or walking in the black hour from watch to watch to receive the secret [illegible] of their fixed sentinels. Now, probably, [illegible] a red ribbon, or a strip [illegible] from his hat, he ventures [illegible] of their camps, and there, [illegible] to unite heartily in the [illegible] the expense of those [illegible] catechized, perhaps, in [illegible] by some group

[illegible] how much he knew,
[illegible] read and ciph[illegible]

[illegible] their raillery with a loose grace.
[illegible] his attainments.



HARTLEY DEL. LITH. OF E. B. & E. C. KELLOGG.

HALE IN HIS DISGUISE ENTERS THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Now in the city of New York, occupied, every street of it, more or less, with British soldiers billeted in houses left vacant by the whigs, he cautiously pursues his way—exposed each instant, as was every citizen at the time who went abroad, to the peril of arrest, and of confinement if his loyalty could not at once be made out—or to the chance, perhaps, of being hung up at the first convenient post, from a misapprehension of his character, or a conviction that he sympathized with the rebels—or liable to be sent to suffer and starve with the Long Island prisoners in the old "Sugar House," from whose fearful gateway the "Dead Cart" already bore its daily morning freight of victims, six or eight in number—but through all these varied positions, at each perilous moment for observation, "interpreting all motions, looks, and eyes," he resolutely pursues, and works out that problem of the British plan given him by his beloved Commander-in-chief, whose solution, it was thought and hoped, would prove the salvation of his country.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

Hale starts on his return to the American Camp. Reaches the "Cedars," East Neck, Huntington, L. I., where he is captured. His behaviour on the occasion. Is carried to New York. The great fire in the city at the time. Is immediately taken before Gen. Howe. The head-quarters, appearance, and character of the British Commander-in-chief. Hale's heroic conduct upon his examination. Is condemned as a spy, and is to be hung, "*at daybreak the next morning.*"

FROM the midst of all these dangers, Hale started—undetected and unharmed—on his return to the American camp. Crossing the East River, probably at Brooklyn, he threaded his way back through the woods, and around all the British posts and parties upon Long Island, until he reached in safety that point on the shore near Huntington where he first landed, and where it had been arranged that a boat of his own countrymen should meet him, and set him over to the Connecticut Main.

Digitized by Google

There he is now at "the Cedars"—alone. It was morning—early—the time of his arrival at this point. It was also still—a solitude compared with the country he had left behind him. His ear could not perceive the echo of one hostile tread, nor did he dream, at such a time and place, remote as he thought himself from any British station, that he could be intercepted. He started forth to reconnoitre, expecting behind some sheltering headland, in some snug inlet, or within some little channel thick canopied with trees and bushes, to find the wished for boat.

It did not, however, immediately appear—and feeling secure in his treble disguise of dress, manner, and conversation, Hale betook himself for a while, according to one account of the transaction, to that tory rendezvous of which we have already spoken—the tavern of "Mother Chich"*—and

* Doctor Ray, of Huntington, Long Island, who has given much attention to Hale's fate, says that in a few days after Hale left Mr. Johnson, having during the intermediate time passed through Long Island to New York City and returned by the same route, making memoranda of the information he had gathered, he again appeared

Digitized by Google

from this point was soon betrayed. According to another account, he continued his lookout along the shore for the expected boat up to the very

---

at the Cedars, and feeling secure in the simplicity of his dress, as well as in his disguised manner, and address, entered the tavern of Widow Chichester, familiarly called Mother Chich. "A number of persons," proceeds Dr. Ray, "were seated in the room, and, as he had to wait several hours for the appearance of a boat to convey him away, he trusted to his ready powers of conversation to make himself agreeable, and to avert suspicion. A moment after, a man with a familiar face left the room.

"Long before the time had elapsed for the arrival of the vessel expected by the stranger, Widow Chichester suddenly announced to her guests that a strange boat was seen approaching the shore. This news produced consternation and scampering among the loyalists, while the breast of the stranger thrilled with joy, as he left the bar-room for the beach, where the boat had already struck. Soon he found himself within range of several muskets pointed at him—while a voice cried out, 'Surrender or die!'

"In a moment of surprise he was seized by what proved to be a party from a British armed vessel lying around the point of Lloyd's neck, out of view from the Cedars. To his mortification and astonishment, he discovered among the boat's crew the very person who had so suddenly left the tavern as he entered the door, and whom he now recognized as an unworthy relative. [See App. I.]

"Longer concealment was useless, and the stranger avowed

Digitized by Google

moment of his capture. Be these circumstances as they may have been, all the accounts we have received agree, in the main, as to the manner in in which he was finally seized—and it was as we shall now narrate.

A barge, to all appearance such an one as Hale was expecting, quietly impelled, was seen approaching the shore. Confident of the friendly character of the crew, and expecting to receive at once a hearty welcome, Hale walked deliberately down to the water side—when lo! to his utter surprise, as the barge struck the shore, she proved to be British!

He attempted at once to retrace his steps. A loud summons commanded him to stop. He glanced over his shoulder, and saw the whole crew now standing erect, and levelling at him with

himself to be NATHAN HALE. He left the American Camp, at Harlem Heights, at the request of Gen. Washington, to ascertain the condition of the British forces on Long Island. He was taken to New York by water, examined by Gen. Howe, and condemned to be hung as a spy, which sentence was carried into effect the next day with circumstances of aggravated cruelty, by Capt. Cunningham, the Provost Marshal."

Digitized by Google

their muskets. "Surrender or die!"—an imperious voice exclaimed. He was close within reach. Their shot would inevitably prove fatal. Escape was impossible. He turned, and complying with their command, passed on board the barge. The guardship to which she belonged—the Halifax, Captain Quarme—and from which, it is said, she had been sent ashore for water—lay off at a little distance, hid from sight by the intervening point of Lloyd's Neck.* To the deck of this armed vessel Hale was soon transferred—at last, and at the very moment when his heart was palpitating with triumph at his supposed success—a prisoner.

No suspicion at first, it has been stated, was entertained of his true character, till he was unfortunately met and recognised by a fellow-countryman and a relative, a tory and renegade, who, divulging his previous life and actual situation in the Continental Army, and corroborating his statements in part by the production of Hale's college

* She lay off the east side of the Neck to protect a body of men who were employed in cutting wood for the British garrison at New York. So says Thompson, the historian of Long Island.

Digitized by Google

diploma, infamously betrayed him. This account, we now fully believe, has no foundation in truth* —but the fact of Hale's arrest at the point described seems well made out, and as his captors stripped and searched him, the plans and memoranda found in his pumps proved his strong accusers.†

What had he—a plain Schoolmaster—to do with laborious profiles of intrenchments, forts, field-works, and batteries—and these exact counterparts of those occupied and manned by the royal army? Why write his notes—and in the suspicious society of military draughts—in Latin —a contrivance, it was thought, disguising and unintelligible to the world generally as the mysteterious ciphers of correspondence, or the anaglyphs of the pyramids? Why too was the prisoner at a point so remote—alone, and hardly day-break—and why did he retreat at first with such obvious disappointment from his captors?

---

* See on this point, Appendix I.

† "They stopped him, searched, and found drawings of the works, with descriptions in Latin, under the inner sole of the pumps which he wore." *Testimony of Asher Wright.*

Digitized by Google

Here was an indictment difficult to meet. How Hale attempted to meet it at first, we know not—probably with ingenious pretences, and the semblance of simplicity, with careless self-possession, and conciliating jocularity. But even the rudest sailor could interpret the facts. Hale must be a spy. As such Captain Quarme treated him, though with kindness, we are assured—won by the noble traits of his character, and regretting, as he afterwards said, "that so fine a fellow had fallen into his power." As such, he soon sent him, as was his custom with prisoners, to New York, in one of the boats of the Halifax—back, under the guard of a detachment of his captors bearing the evidences of his guilt, to that city, swarming with his foes, from which he had just escaped.

It was Saturday, the twenty-first of September, when Hale reached his destination—a day long to be remembered in American annals, not only as that which decided the fate of the patriot we describe, but also for the horror and alarm, from another event, in the midst of which his fearful sentence was past. New York, that day, after two

Digitized by Google

o'clock in the morning, was on fire. From Whitehall Slip the devouring element—fanned by a violent southwest wind, and unprovided against by any force of engines—shooting aloft its hot clouds of smoke lurid with sparks, and hurling its fiery flakes in every direction among wooden buildings—came roaring and leaping along both sides up Broadway—mounted the spires of Trinity Church, as if to signalize its triumph to the whole adjoining country—and in one insufferable wave of blaze, rolled on towards St. Paul's—till beyond, near Barclay Street, arrested by the College Green and a change of wind, it stopped at last, having laid four hundred and ninety-three houses, nearly one-third of the city, in ashes. The dark confusion of that morning and day as the British soldiers fought the flames—the peal of the alarm bells—the loud shouting of voices in wonder and terror, mingled with the louder roar of timbers, walls, and roofs, as they cracked, rocked, and tumbled to the ground—had hardly yet subsided—the broad sky itself not long lost its startling semblance of conflagration—when the guard with Hale, landing prob-

Digitized by Google

ably at one of the slips of the city, started to seek the prisoner's judge, the British Commander-in-chief.

General Howe, at this time, had his quarters near Turtle Bay, on the East River, at Mount Pleasant—the then family seat of James Beekman Esquire, a sterling Whig, who, on the near approach of the British army, had retreated with his family for security to Esopus. The old mansion which he occupied, and which was subsequently occupied by General Clinton and British officers of rank—and among the rest by Andre, on the very night before he went up the Hudson on his ill-fated expedition—stood three and a quarter miles from the present City Park of New York, and at the corner of the present fifty-first street and first avenue—a spot just distant enough from the Provost Jail, and old Sugar House, to save the knightly ears of the British Commander-in-chief from the wailings of American prisoners, and the profane echoes of his own cavalry in the churches, and yet in convenient location to hear the report of his officers, as

Digitized by Google

one after another some captive of note, or citizen of questionable loyalty, was brought up from the city for examination. The building is still standing, with the original decorations, blue and gold, of the room occupied by General Clinton yet unchanged—and near it stood a greenhouse—an airy apartment, that at the time of which we speak, had a shingle roof, was empty of plants, and is reported and believed by many descendants of Mr. Beekman to have been the spot where Hale received his sentence. Be this as it may, there can be no question but that General Howe had his quarters at Mount Pleasant at the time of Hale's condemnation—and thither, beyond all reasonable doubt, to the mansion house, or the green-house adjacent, the young captive was taken.* Here

* Among other proofs of the facts stated in the text are the following.

1. *Jerome B. Holgate*, in his *American Genealogy*, says: "Three miles from the City Hall [New York] stands an old mansion built by James Beekman, and occupied by British officers during the war. One room near the head of the stairs was occupied by Andre, the night before he went up the River, on his ill-fated expedition; and (strange Providence!) *but a few yards dis-*

Digitized by Google

are Lossing's views of these interesting structures!*

---

tant still stands the green-house where Captain Nathan Hale of the American army received his trial and condemnation."

2. Two letters from Hon. James W. Beekman of New York, grandson of James Beekman mentioned in the text, and present owner of the premises in question. Mr. Beekman has carefully scrutinized all the circumstances in the case, and as to the *Head Quarters* of Gen. Howe, at the time under consideration, says to the writer, "I consider, with you, the fact clearly established that they were on the 21st Sept. 1776, at my Grandfather's—corner of fifty-first street and first avenue, at present." The gardener of James Beekman, John Hanna—who, with his wife Jemima, remained on the premises in question, and kept an account of the dates of arrival and departure of the various British officers who occupied the place—made a *cotemporaneous record* of the fact. Here it is so far as relates to the British commander-in-chief.

"General Howe commenced months,
the 15 of September ..... 1776—7½

*"I made the sketch of the green-house," says Lossing, "a few days before it fell, with all the glories of the beautiful garden of the Beekman mansion, at the touch of the Street Commissioner, in July, 1852.—This view of Beekman's mansion is from the grounds looking towards East River. The fine lawns and blooming gardens are now reticulated by city streets."—When the old

Digitized by Google

THE BEEKMAN MANSION. THE GREEN-HOUSE.

Tall, graceful, dignified, as was General Howe—in personal appearance much resembling Washington, yet with features more pointed, and in temper sharp and harsh towards the unfortunate patriots who fell in his power—it was not, we may believe, without something of awe, and a dark anticipation of his fate, that Hale found himself ushered into the sombre presence of his judge.

The charge was soon made—the proof produced. What said the youthful prisoner then? Did he explain, prevaricate, deny—throw himself on the laws of war, and demand trial by a Court Martial—that right accorded to every military

house was unfortunately to be cut across diagonally by 51st Street, Hon. J. W. Beekman safely accomplished its removal. 'I hope,' he wrote at that time, "to preserve it awhile longer."

Digitized by Google

offender save a mutineer? Did he continue still to wear the semblance of the Schoolmaster, and inventing time, place, and name, resolutely offer to prove the genuineness of his profession? Or playing the loyalist and tory, did he supplicate to 'swear in' his hatred of the rebels, and his fealty to King George? Or, taking advantage of Howe's thirst for raising provincial troops, and of the King's bounty, in confiscated lands, houses, money, and in honors, to those of his countrymen who would recruit the royal army—did he profess his readiness to coöperate thereafter, heartily, "in suppressing the unnatural rebellion in North America," and at once for this purpose to join the company of some "Royal American Regiment," or "Prince of Wales' American Volunteers," or "King's American Dragoons" *—a course which, doubtless, in the peculiar exigency of the British general at that time, would have saved the life of the spy, since we find it afterwards protecting even such malefactors as robbers and murderers? † Or,

* The actual names of American regiments raised during the war for the British service.

† "The provincial corps," or soldiers raised in America, were

Digitized by Google

his young heart crushed and riven by the horror of his situation—the memories of home, and love of life, pleading too keenly and powerfully in his bosom—did he appeal to the benignity, the compassion, to the mercy of his judge?

Nothing—nothing of all this—though his situation—so varied are the chances of life, such and so many the happy accidents that snatch us from the grave—was not yet all bereft of hope. Open and sincere as he was by nature—incapable, save for the high patriotic end he then pursued, of delusion, and already overweary probably of the burden of deceit—his conscience too, before an august tribunal, and under staggering circumstances, impelling him, too sensitively perhaps, to resume his wonted truthful character—Hale frankly, and at once, acknowledged his mission—confessed himself an American officer and a spy

---

frequently abandoned men, fugitives from justice, who enlisted to escape punishment. Even such recruits were hard to be obtained at a high bounty; and if they committed a crime, the officers were both to lose them, or give them up to punishment—to replace them was so difficult." *Onderdonk's Revol. Incidents of Queen's County, p.* 182.

Digitized by Google

—proudly yet respectfully stated his success—bemoaned that his hope of serving his country was now suddenly cut off—and stood calm and fearless before his judge—awaiting his decision.

That decision was soon made. A piece of paper—a pen—ink—a few lines—and under the initials of "George Rex," and by the hand and seal at arms of William Howe Commander-in-chief, William Cunningham, Provost Marshal of the Royal Army, was directed to receive into his custody the body of Nathan Hale, a captain in the rebel army, that day convicted as a spy—and further, to see him hung by the neck until dead, "to-morrow-morning at day break."*

* There can be no doubt that a formal warrant, in purport the same with that described in the text, was given by Howe. Such appertained to his function as Commander. Such appertained to the function of Cunningham as Provost Marshal. Such were entered by Cunningham in his Records, which he habitually kept for his own justification, and official report. That in the text is given, almost verbatim, by Buckingham, the author of Revolutionary Tales in the New York Sunday Times—in his Sketch of Hale—whether from copy of the actual warrant, or from the imagination of what it must have been, we know not. Of its substantial correctness, however, we entertain no doubt.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

A reflection. Hale unappalled. His confinement after sentence. His jailor and executioner, William Cunningham, a Provost Marshal of the British Army. Cruel treatment of Hale. His gloomy situation. His noble endurance. Writes letters to his friends, and prepares himself, sublimely, for the catastrophe. Is taken out to die. The brutal Provost Marshal tauntingly demands from him a dying speech. That speech! The fatal swing.

"*To-morrow-morning at daybreak!*" How quick to die! The sands of life left how few! The interval for thought, recollection, for last memorializing wish, if pity were not turned to stone, how cruelly brief! And yet this suddenness of sentence—these startling inches only of life's space ere the soul's last plunge—forced not one word of remonstrance—not a complaining look—not a quiver, even involuntary, of fear—from the condemned patriot—and under a strong guard, he was borne from the presence of his judge.

Digitized by Google

Whither? To some barrack, or tent, or building adjacent to the quarters of Howe—or to the Provost? It is impossible to tell with any certainty—so meagre is History on this point, and the few facts she offers are so vague and conflicting.* If confined near the spot of his condemnation, an armed British guard, of course, paced

*Yet these facts incline—a few of them strongly—to the Provost as the prison of Hale. This building was then in use as a jail. It was a receptacle for offenders who were most notorious. It was the safest of all places in which to keep a prisoner. It was adjacent to the spot where public executions at this period usually took place. Tradition, quite uniformly, points to it as the prison of Hale. Two old gentlemen of Lyme, Connecticut, who died several years ago, and who were men of integrity, stated, we are assured, that they saw Hale there the night before his execution. A Hessian straggler, passing through Coventry just after the event, told a Mr. Brigham with whom he staid over night, that he saw Hale hung in New York *City*, near Chambers [then Barrack] street. Upon the whole we are strongly inclined to think that the Provost was his prison—and a spot adjoining, the place of execution—though the facility with which executions were effected at this period—upon a tree, or at a lamp post—at the first convenient point—in or out of the presence of the Army—and the distance of three miles which intervened between Hale's place of trial and

Digitized by Google

around him, and clattered their muskets, and rung their dread watchwords in upon his bondage. But if taken down to the Provost, as was most probably the case, the ear of the captive was filled and agonized with other and more afflictive sounds—with the echo of bolts and bars through black prison vaults—with the ceaseless clank of chains—with the wail of captive countrymen of his own—and with the felon's muttered curse.

It was a gloomy, terrific abode indeed—that jail—the Provost! Destined for the more notorious rebels, civil, naval, and military—it stood upon the eastern boundary of the Park, about midway, at a time when this enclosure had within it neither City Hall or Almshouse. The building stands there now—and is the present Hall of Records. Two sentinels guarded, day and night, its entrance door. Two more were posted at its first and second barricades, which were grated, barred, and chained. Others watched at its rear door, or

the Provost—and the fact that Cunningham often moved about with the British army, from place to place—cause our judgment in the matter somewhat to waver.

Digitized by Google

upon platforms on flights of steps which led to rooms and cells in the second and third stories. Here is the building as it looked at the time!*

THE PROVOST JAIL.

It was a small stone structure, nearly square in form—and was surrounded by a yard—back of which—on the present site of the old Alms-house—was a range of barracks—and beyond these, on the upper side of Chambers street between Broadway and Centre, an old Burying-yard, which long served both as a place of execution, and as a last resting-place for the dead of the neighboring prison. At the time of which

* From a picture by B. J. Lossing Esquire, who remarks that "the northwest chamber, on the second floor, was devoted to officers and civilians of highest rank, and was called, in derision, *Congress Hall.*"

Digitized by Google

we speak, it was under the charge of a Commissary to whom we have already alluded—William Cunningham—a man than whom none more infamous for cruelty ever disgraced the annals of any prison upon earth.* Associated as he darkly was with the patriot whose fate we commemorate, let us pause here just a moment for his portrait.

A large, lusty Irishman—of rough, forbidding aspect—having served early in life in the British Dragoons, he came to New York before the Revolution, and when the war broke out, becoming at once a tory and a renegade, joined Sir William

* Unless it have been Sergeant O'Keefe, his "deputy in office and in cruelty."—"The late venerable John Pintard," writes Lossing, "related the following anecdote of O'Keefe: As the Americans were moving down Chatham to Pearl Street, on the day of the British evacuation, O'Keefe thought it time for him to depart. A few British subjects, convicted of various crimes, were yet in his custody. As he was leaving, one of them inquired, "Sergeant, what is to become of us?"—"You may all go to the devil," he replied, in anger, as he threw the keys upon the floor behind him. "Thank you, sergeant," was the answer; "we have had too much of your company in this world to follow you to the next."

Digitized by Google

Howe, and was by him appointed Provost Marshal of the British army. Avaricious—cruelly so—he at times dosed his prisoners with arsenic in their flour, "for the sake of cheating his king and country by continuing for a time to draw their nominal rations."* Wonted to sit in his quarters at the Provost, opposite the guard-room on the right hand of the main door, and drink punch till his brain was on fire—he would then stagger out into the corridors—followed often by his negro Richmond, the common hangman, with coils of rope about his neck—and pouring forth

* He was only restrained from putting them to death in a more violent way, it is said, "five or six of them of a night, back of the prison yard, by the distress of certain women in the neighborhood, who, pained by the cries for mercy which they heard, went to the Commander-in-chief, and made the case known, with entreaties to spare the lives of the sufferers in future."

Watsons's Olden Times in the City of New York.

"When flesh and blood were wanting, effigies were often suspended on that gibbet," says Lossing, speaking of Cunningham's gibbet, in the rear of the Provost—"and for a long time a tolerably correct portrait of *John Hancock* might be seen dangling from the cross-beams."

Digitized by Google

volleys of tempestuous abuse on the wretched sufferers who happened to be outside their cells, drive the "dogs," as he called them, back to their "kennels," the "rebel spawn," as he varied it, "in to their holes"—or vent his spite, as he passed up and down the hall by kicking over vessels of soup which the charitable sometimes placed there for poor and friendless captives—or clanking his keys, reel to the door of the prison, and strain his drunken gaze for fresh victims. Such another victim—on the night of the twenty-first of September, 1776—either at the Provost, or at the head quarters of General Howe—he found in Captain Nathan Hale—and such was the ruffian jailor and executioner whom Hale found in William Cunningham!

On receiving his prisoner, Cunningham, according to his custom, questioned him minutely as to his name, rank, size, and age,* read the warrant for his death, and ordered him to be rigidly con-

* "When a prisoner, escorted by soldiers, was led into the hall, the whole guard was paraded, and he was delivered over, with all formality, to Capt. Cunningham or his deputy, and questioned as

Digitized by Google

fined. Hale calmly requested that his hands might be unpinioned, and that he might be furnished with writing materials and a light. He wanted, he said, to address a few lines to his parents and friends. The request was at first brutally refused. He asked for a Bible, that he, a dying man, might receive the last holy consolations of the religion which he professed. This request too was met at first with coarse denial—with curses too, it is highly probable, on the stupidity of last hour repentances, and impious taunts of tortures beyond the grave for all traitors to their king.* But there was one heart near, which

---

to his name, rank, size, age, &c., all of which were entered in a record-book." *Dunlap's Hist. N. York, Vol. II., p.* 137.

* Cunningham's brutal demeanor is strikingly illustrated in the case of another son of Connecticut, the Rev. *Moses Mather D. D.*, of Darien, Conn. This exemplary and distinguished divine, July twenty-second, 1781, was taken captive with about forty of his congregation, while worshipping on the Sabbath, by a party of British troops consisting chiefly of tory refugees, which came over from Long Island, and suddenly surrounded the Church. The following extract from Barber's *Historical Collections of Connecticut*, shows his subsequent treatment.

Digitized by Google

for a moment throbbed with pity for the prisoner—so young, so graceful, so treated, yet so mild, so firm, so soon to die, and—alone! Moved in spite of himself, the young Lieutenant of Hale's guard interfered in his behalf, it is said, earnestly—and was so far successful as to procure for him the privilege of writing. With pen, ink and paper therefore, a light, and hands unmanacled, he was thrust, late it would seem in the night, into some separate abode—some lonely tent—or gloomy barrack—or desolate chamber—or grated cell—and for awhile, was left to himself.

"Dr. Mather having been taken into New York, was confined in the Provost Prison. Here his food was stinted, and wretched to a degree not easily imaginable. His lodging corresponded with his food. His company, to a considerable extent, was made up of mere rabble; and their conversation, from which he could not retreat, was composed of profaneness and ribaldry. Here also he was insulted daily by the Provost Marshal, whose name was *Cunningham*—a wretch remembered in this country only with detestation. This wretch, with other kinds of abuse, took a particular satisfaction in announcing from time to time to Dr. Mather, that on that day, the morrow, or some other time at a little distance, he was to be executed.

Digitized by Google

There, without a friend—without the solace of even one kind word—without the glimmer even of a hope of escape—on the verge of an ignominious death—for the last time, to transcribe for those he loved the deep emotions of his heart!

"But Dr. Mather was not without his friends—friends, however, who knew nothing of him, except his character. A lady of distinction, [the mother of Washington Irving, according to information obtained in Darien,*] having learned his circumstances, and having obtained the necessary permission, sent to him clothes and food, and comforts, with a very liberal hand. He died Sept. 21st, 1806, venerated by all who knew him, in the 88th year of his age. He was educated at Yale College, of which he was a Fellow thirteen years."

* "The fact you state in a note concerning my mother"—says Washington Irving in a letter to the author, Feb. 16th, 1856, "is no doubt correct. I know that she was in the practice of relieving American prisoners, especially clergymen; sometimes visiting them in person, at other times sending them supplies. I have often heard her relate instances of it, and of the kind of surly indulgence with which she was treated by the brute Cunningham. On one occasion when she asked his permission to send in food and raiment to a clergyman just brought in a prisoner—"with all my heart madam," was the reply; "but I would much rather you would send him a rope." That was Cunningham's style of pleasantry when he was in a gracious mood."

Digitized by Google

There in the dread twilight of eternity—not as it creeps mantling with silver over the sick man's tended couch—but as it wears the scaffold's ghastly hue—to commune with his soul, and with his God!—What a night to Hale!

The hours flew as seconds. Weeks and months to one death-doomed, endure but as single sands ebbing in Time's smallest glass. Light runs into shade, and shade into light, with scarce a gradation marked by that eye on which all light and shade are soon to close forever. But quick as must have passed to Hale his prison hours, there was one to whom these hours doubtless seemed laggard—he to whose hands the captive was consigned—and the deeper shadows of the night had scarce faded into misty gray, the rose of an autumn sun, low and faint, but just begun to blush in the east, when the executioner sought his victim. It was morning—daybreak—morning too of the 'hallowed day'—but War knows no Sabbaths—the fatal hour had come!

Cunningham found Hale ready. Doubtful it is if on that straw, or rug, or coarse blanket, or

Digitized by Google

"oaken plank," which formed his bed,* he had slept at all—the thoughts of home and death rushing, as they must have done, impetuously on his nerves. He handed the letters he had written to the Provost Marshal for ultimate delivery—one certainly to his mother—another, it is said, to his sisters—a third probably to the lady to whom he was betrothed—or perhaps his messages to all may have occupied a single letter, or a single sheet. Be this as it may, what he had written was at once insolently scrutinized by Cunningham, who, as he read, grew furious at the noble spirit which breathed in every line of the composition—and for the reason—afterwards given by himself—"*that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness,*" he tore the paper into shreds, and ordered his victim to begin his death march.

---

* "An oaken plank, it was our bed,
And very scanty we were fed."

From Peter St. John's account—one of the Provost prisoners, and captured at Darien, Conn., with the Rev. Moses Mather D. D., and others.

Digitized by Google

That march—its accompaniments—the place of the scaffold—its preparations—the scene around it—these are points upon which history does not throw much light, yet enough materially to aid conjecture. The general practice in executions, at this period, and particularly Cunningham's, we have ascertained from various sources.* That

* In 1782, two British soldiers, named *Tench* and *Porter*, were hung at the Wallabout, on a chestnut tree, for robbing and murdering a farmer of Flushing named James Hedges. *Cunningham* presided over the execution, which took place in the presence of a large detachment of the British Army. The late venerable General *Jeremiah Johnson* of Brooklyn, L. I., witnessed it, and in a letter to the writer describes it as below. The extract we give materially aids our conception both of the manner in which an execution was conducted in the times of which we speak, and of the Provost Marshal, with his *black hangman.*

"The execution," writes General Johnson, "was conducted as follows. At 10 A. M., about 1000 men were marched to the place of execution, and formed a hollow square, which enclosed a large chestnut tree on the land (then) of Martin Schenck. A short time after the square was formed, Cunningham, followed by his *mulatto negro hangman*, who carried a ladder and cords, entered the square. The negro placed the ladder against an horizontal limb of the tree, which was about 15 feet from the ground.

Digitized by Google

they were conducted chiefly in an old graveyard near the Provost, in Chambers [then Barrack] Street, is a fact well made out. It is probable, therefore, that this was the spot of Hale's suffering—though it may have been elsewhere—above the city—and on some tree near the place of his trial. As a *spy*, his execution would, of course, be public—we know that it was so—would be attended with the ordinary formalities—all that

---

He then ascended the ladder, and adjusted one halter. He then moved the ladder about four feet, and adjusted the second halter. The nooses dropped about five feet. A short time after the halters were adjusted, the criminals were escorted into the square. Their arms were pinioned, and they were dressed in white jackets, and white overhauls, and they wore white caps. *Tench* ascended the ladder first, and the hangman stepped up close behind him, and fixed the halter around the culprit's neck, drew the cap over his face, descended, and immediately turned the man off the ladder, when he hung about five feet above ground. The ladder was then placed at the second halter. *Porter* ascended the steps firmly, followed by the negro, who fixed the halter, drew down the cap, descended, and immediately turned Porter off towards Tench. The bodies struck against each other, and dangled some time before they were still. The men struggled little in dying.

Digitized by Google

were calculated to strike terror—and with many in addition, for the purpose of accumulating disgrace—and in the case under consideration, we know, *was* accompanied with every contrivance which brutality could suggest to wound the sensibilities of the victim.*

"The field and staff officers were stationed inside the square. After the execution, I saw Cunningham go to the commanding officer (said to be Grey,) to whom I suppose he reported, and who appeared *to treat him with contempt.* The troops marched off to their camp. The dead bodies were taken down, and buried under the tree."

* Among other testimony in proof of the fact stated in the text is the following. *Tunis Bogart*, an honest farmer of Long Island, who for five weeks remained impressed as a wagoner in the British service, witnessed Hale's execution. In 1784, being asked to witness another execution then about to take place, he replied: "No—I have seen one man hung, a spy, [alluding to Hale,] and that's enough for me. I have never been able to efface the scene of horror from my mind—it rises up to my imagination always. That old '*Devil Catcher*' Cunningham was so brutal, and hung him up as a butcher would a calf! The women sobbed aloud, and Cunningham swore at them for it, and told them they would likely enough themselves come to the same fate."

Digitized by Google

His arms then, probably, pinioned close behind him—over his body a coarse white gown or jacket trimmed with black, the winding sheet of the scaffold—on his head a cap of white, trimmed too with black—near him a box of rough pine boards, his coffin, borne in a cart, or upon the shoulders of attendants—before him a guard leading the way—behind him another guard with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets—in the rear of these Cunningham himself, with other officers, as formal witnesses of the event—and near, mulatto Richmond, the common hangman of the Provost, bearing a ladder, and with a coil of rope about his neck—such were the circumstances, it may fairly be presumed, under which Hale moved to the place of his execution—there where some tree sent out from its ill-omened trunk a rigid horizontal limb, or where from among the bones of those already dead, two straight poles, supporting a cross beam in their crotches, shot into the air—and where, just beneath, a heap of earth, thrown freshly out, marked a new-made grave.

Early morning as it was, the sun hardly risen,

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

[illegible] witnesses of the [illegible]
[illegible] Richmond. [illegible]

Digitized by Google

J. ROPES DEL.

LITH OF E.B. & E.C. KELLOGG.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

yet quite a crowd was collected around the spot—many whom the fire in the city had kept out of their beds all night--men and women—a few American wagoners, who, impressed from Long Island into the British forage service, happened to be in town—some soldiers and officers of the royal army, and among these last that officer of the British Commissariat Department, whose subsequent narrative of the circumstances to General Hull forms one of our chief sources of information. But in all that crowd there was not one face familiar to Hale—not one voice to whisper a word of consolation to his dying agony. Yet though without a friend whom he knew—though denied that privilege granted usually to the meanest criminal, the attendance of a chaplain—though degraded by every external mark of ignominy—yet did his spirit not give way. His gait, as he approached the gallows, in spite of his pinioned arms, was upright and steady. No offending soldier to whom the choicer penalty has been assigned to receive the shot of his comrades, ever, in the midst of sympathy, and with the consci-

Digitized by Google

ousness that he was allowed at least a soldier's death, marched more firmly to kneel upon his coffin than did Hale to meet the felon's doom. Through all the horror of his situation he maintained a deportment so dignified, a resolution so calm, a spirit so exalted by Christian readiness to meet his fate, and by the consciousness of duty done, and done in the holy cause of his country, that his face, we cannot but think, must have worn almost the aspect of a seraph's—lifted as it was at frequent intervals to heaven, and so radiant with hope, heroism, and resignation.

Thus looking, he stood at last—the few simple preparations being ended—elevated on one of the rounds of the gallows ladder—ready for the fatal fall. The coarse voice of Cunningham, whose eye watched every arrangement, was now heard scoffingly demanding from his victim his dying speech and confession*—as if hoping that the

* That such a demand was made by Cunningham, rests chiefly on the statement of the late H. A. Buckingham Esq., of New York. He assured us that he received it from unquestionable

Digitized by Google

chaos of Hale's soul at that awful moment, would lead him to utter some remark, strange or ridiculous, which might serve to glut the curiosity of the crowd, or be remembered as a kind of self-made epitaph by a 'rebel captain.'

Never was torturer more cheated of his purpose—never a victim endowed with utterance more sublime! One glance, it is said, at Cunningham—one slight momentary contraction of his features into contempt—and he turned his look, filled again with holy energy and sweetness upon the spectators—now impressed, most of them, with solemn awe—and some of them, the females, not forbearing to sob aloud. With a voice full, distinct, slow—which came mournfully thrilling from the very depths of his being—in words which patriotism will forever enshrine, and

---

authority, having consulted, as we know he did, very many aged persons in New York who were conversant with it, and with some other particulars regarding the execution of Hale. We see no reason to doubt the statement, but on the other hand, we perceive everything in the character and conduct of Cunningham to corroborate it amply.

Digitized by Google

every monument to Hale's memory sink deepest into its stone, and every temple of liberty blazon highest on its entablature—at the very moment when the tightening knotted cord was to crush the life from his young body forever—he ejaculated—as the last immortal testament of his heroic soul to the world he was leaving—

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

Maddened to hear a sentiment so sublime burst from the lips of the sufferer, and to witness visible signs of sympathy among the crowd, Cunningham instantly shouted for the catastrophe to close.—"Swing the rebel off!"—we conceive we hear him vociferating even now—"swing him off!" The ladder disappeared—the cord strained from the creaking beam or bough—and with a sudden jerk, the body of Hale dangled convulsively in the air. A few minutes fluttering to and fro—a few heavings of its noble chest—its

Digitized by Google

manly limbs at moments sharply bent by the pang—it at last hung straight and motionless from its support.

All was still as the chambers of death——

The Soul of the Martyr had fled!

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII.

Effect of Hale's death—upon Gen. Washington—upon the American army—upon his relatives, and friends elsewhere—upon his camp attendant, Asher Wright. Deep and general mourning. The Hale Monument Association. The Monument. Extracts from poetry in memory of Hale. An epitaph by a friend. Comparison between Hale and Andre. Conclusion.

THE death of Hale was deemed of sufficient importance, in the British army, to demand its formal notification to the American Commander-in-chief. From a motive probably of military policy—that the capture and summary execution, at the hands of British vigilance, of an American spy, might operate as an example and a warning upon the American army—Colonel Montaznar of the royal forces was deputed, under a flag of truce, to announce the event to General Washington. He fulfilled his mission. The melancholy tidings were received—with what sorrow, with what sym-

Digitized by Google

pathy, on the part of the Commander-in-chief, we are left in great degree to conjecture. Washington's grief, however, must have been profound—for he was a man himself instinct with sensibility, and Hale, we learn from various sources, was one of his favorites. In the camp at Cambridge, he had met him in the tents of those generals in the army with whom Hale was familiar, and at various places upon the field of encampment, and at his own Head Quarters. He had noticed particularly his skill in discipline, and the excellent appearance of his company on parade—and was gratified with the numerous evidences which the young officer gave of intelligence, patriotism, and activity. Moreover, it was at his own instigation that Hale had been employed upon the perilous mission in which he had lost his life.

A cloud then, we doubt not, settled on his spirits when the report first reached him of Hale's fate—and upon the spirits too of the American army generally, wherever, from rank to rank, from soldier to soldier, the sad news was circulated. Hale's acquaintances in camp were very numerous.

Digitized by Google

The soldiers of his own regiment all knew him. He was known also to many of other regiments. He had many intimate friends among the officers. All loved him. The blow which severed him from his military companions, therefore, was extensively felt, and was universally lamented. And to his own family—to his doating parents particularly,* and a large circle of relatives and friends, to whom he was clasped in affection by hooks of steel—what a bereavement! Every face, within this circle particularly,

"Bearing its deadly sorrow charactered,"

was a face of despondency. Death could hardly have struck down a more shining mark—its fatal dart have hardly pierced one nobler bosom—its rude, inexorable blast have scarcely nipped one fairer bud of promise.† But upon no one did the

* "It almost killed his father and mother," said a lady, who witnessed their agony, to the late Professor Kingsley of Yale College, our informant.

† "Those who knew Capt. Hale in New London," says Miss Caulkins in her History of this town, "have described him as a

Digitized by Google

news fall with more stunning effect than upon poor Asher Wright—Hale's faithful attendant in camp. It completely unstrung his nerves. It impaired his self-control. And he wore the pall of a somewhat shattered understanding down to his grave.* Back to the mansion of Deacon

man of many agreeable qualities; frank and independent in his bearing; social, animated, ardent, a lover of the society of ladies, and a favorite among them. Many a fair cheek was wet with bitter tears, and gentle voices uttered deep execrations on his barbarous foes, when tidings of his untimely fate were received."

* We commend the following extracts from a letter addressed to us by the Secretary of the Hale Monument Association, J. W. Boynton Esq., of Coventry, to the notice of the Reader. They furnish very interesting particulars about "poor Asher."

"It is said that Wright was never in a sound mind after the sad fate of Hale was made known to him. He was left in charge of Hale's uniform, at his quarters in New York. When the British crossed over to the city, Wright had much difficulty in obtaining a team to remove the effects of Hale, and came near being taken, and often said that he would not have left without the effects, although he might have been captured by the British.

"Wright did not return to Coventry for some years after he was discharged from service, and it was ever supposed that the fate of Hale, and the deranged state of mind consequent upon it, were

Digitized by Google

Richard Hale, on his return to Coventry, he bore treasured memorials of his beloved employer—some articles which Hale, when he last parted with him, had left in his custody—and among these, particularly, Hale's *Camp-Basket* and *Camp-Book*—pictures of which the print opposite accurately presents—and which, now that we are inditing this paragraph, melancholy remembrancers indeed, rest upon the table by our side. How vividly do they call up the image of the youthful martyr—how bring

> "Back on the heart the weight that it would fling
> Aside forever"—

---

the causes. Until the last years of his life he could not converse upon the subject without weeping.

"His grave is about 150 feet directly north of the monument of Hale, and about 30 feet north-west of the graves of the Hale family; and a plain marble slab, erected by his administrator, bears the following inscription:

ASHER WRIGHT

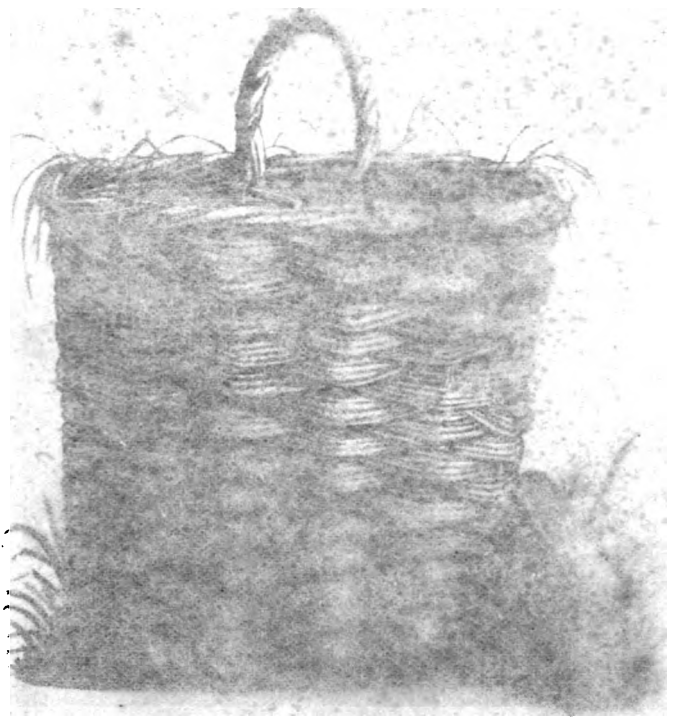
A REVOLUTIONARY

SOLDIER AND

ATTENDANT OF

Captain Nathan Hale,

Digitized by Google



J ROPES DEL

HALE'S CAMP

LITH OF E B & E C KELLOGG

AMP-BOOK

Digitized by Google

[illegible] ... beloved employer—
[illegible] ... when he last parted
[illegible] ... ndy—and among
[illegible] ... n *Basket* and *Camp-*
[illegible] ... print opposite a[illegible]
[illegible] ... ch, now that we are indit-
in[illegible] ... raph, [illegible]
[illegible] ... the [illegible]
[illegible] ... of the [illegible]

... [illegible] it would fling

... f his life he could not converse
... g.
... directly north of the monument
... the graves of the Hale
... by his administrator.

... ARY

... OF

... han Hale.

Digitized by Google

J. ROPES DEL.

LITH OF E.B & E.C KELLOGG.

HALE'S CAMP-BASKET AND CAMP-BOOK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

yet a weight not all made up of sadness, but rainbow-tinted at least with one inspiring joy—joy that our Country, in one of her agonies of distress — when she stretched out her shattered imploring hands for a service from which all others shrank away—found one Soul from the russet shades of old Connecticut heroic enough, taking the cross upon his own shoulders, for her sake to do, and dare, and die! *

That in the midst of a grief so general and poignant as that which we describe, so little pub-

---

DIED

JUNE 20th 1844

AGED 90.

"Asher Wright received a pension of $96 per annum. David Hale, of New York, was at all times rendering assistance to him, not only by a needful supply of provisions, but also by repairs upon his dwelling house. He was also often remembered by Mr. Hale's family in seasonable donations of clothing, &c. &c."

* The *Camp-Basket* is made of ozier, neatly intertwined. It is divided into two compartments by a partition in the centre. The interior is carefully lined with plaited straw, and fragments of glass, the *debris* of bottles, that when whole belonged to Hale, still remain within it.

Digitized by Google

lic record should have been preserved of a man so note-worthy as Hale, excites our surprise.* Strange that he should not have been signalized, in his own day and time, by appropriate obsequies, by funereal devices, by solemn eulogies, by resolutions expressive of his merits, by tablets of brass, and durable monuments of stone. Surely no one of all those who shed their blood for the glorious liberty we now enjoy, better deserved to have been thus commemorated—for upon no one, save himself, devolved a task so perilous, bitter, and fatal. Thirty-three years after his death, a fort in

* Take the following specimens of the meagreness of records. 1. Extract from a letter of an American officer to his friend, dated Harlem, September twenty-sixth, 1776, and published in the Boston Gazette, October seventh, 1776—"One *Hale*, on suspicion of being a spy, was taken up, and dragged without ceremony to the execution post, and hung up." 2. Extract from a letter written September twenty-fifth, 1776, by James Drewett, on board the British frigate Mercury—"On the 22nd we hung a man who was sent as a spy by Gen. Washington." 3. Extract from a letter written by a British officer, and published in the Middlesex [London] Journal, No. 1196, December, 1776—"New York Island, Sept. 23, 1776. Yesterday we hanged an officer of the Provincials who came as a spy."

Digitized by Google

the harbor of New Haven, Connecticut—built of brick upon an insulated rock, two miles from the end of Long wharf—was called after the hero—"*Fort Hale.*" But it has been long ungarrisoned, and in decay.* A nobler memorial than this was desired—and now, at last—in one locality at least—public gratitude has erected it—and in an imposing and enduring form.

For many years, in his native town, a simple, rude stone, by the side of his father's grave, in

* One of the New Jersey Chapters of the Order of United Americans, instituted November twenty-first, 1849, at Newark, is entitled, we perceive, the "*Nathan Hale Chapter, No.* 3, *O. U. A.*" Another Association of the same kind, entitled "*Nathan Hale Chapter, No.* 66, *O. U. A.*," is established at Williamsburgh, New York. At a "fraternal visit" paid by this to the *Washington Chapter* in New York city, September twenty-eighth, 1855, Hale was eloquently called to remembrance in speeches upon the occasion, by D. L. Northrop Esq., of Brooklyn, Hon. Joseph H. Petty, Mr. Shelley, and others.

At one time a few patriotic citizens of Brooklyn, New York, proposed to erect a monument to Hale upon the Heights in that city. We have seen the design of a monument—a truly magnificent one—for this location. But the project was never carried into effect.

Digitized by Google

the burial-ground near the Congregational church, told the passer-by that "Nathan Hale Esq., a Capt. in the army of the United States, was born June 6th, 1755—received the first honors of Yale College Sept. 1773"—and "resigned his life a sacrifice to his country's liberty at New York, Sept. 22d, 1776, aged 22."* But this did not satisfy the wishes of the citizens of Coventry, and vicinity, and of many in Connecticut who fondly cherished the memory of the martyr—and accordingly, in November, 1837, an Association—called the "Hale Monument Association"—was formed, for the purpose of erecting a cenotaph in his honor—one that should fitly commemorate his life and services.†

* An entry also of his death was made upon the town records of Coventry—by his brother Major John Hale—at a time when the particulars of his capture were not known accurately. It runs thus: "Capt. Nathan Hale the son of Deac^n Richard Hale was taken in the City of New York By the Britons and executed as a spie sometime in the Month of September A. D. 1776."

† The day on which it was formed was the anniversary day of the evacuation of New York. Hon. A. T. Judson delivered an address upon the occasion. About twenty revolutionary soldiers

Digitized by Google

Appeal was made, chiefly, to the patriotism of individuals for the accomplishment of the purpose. Congress—though several times memorialized for aid, and though Select Committees reported in favor of an appropriation—yet—from motives, to us wholly unsatisfactory, of public policy—refused to grant anything. Representatives from Connecticut—particularly Honorable Messrs. A. T. Judson, J. H. Brockway, and J. M. Niles—urged the matter with a most commendable zeal—but in vain.* Congress remained deaf as an adder to

were present, and a large party partook of a substantial repast. It was a day of great interest to the people of Coventry.

* The late Hon. Judge Judson, in behalf of a Select Committee of the House, upon petitions praying that a monument might be erected to the memory of Hale, submitted a favorable Report and Resolution, January nineteenth, 1836. Hon. Mr. Niles, in the same year, strongly supported the project, when petitions from sundry inhabitants of Connecticut came before the Senate. Hon. Mr. Brockway, May twenty-fifth, 1842, in behalf of a Select Committee of the House on the subject, also submitted a favorable Report and Resolution, and pressed the matter with patriotic earnestness. For eight successive years applications, in one form and another, were made to Congress—but all of them failed, as stated

Digitized by Google

their appeal—as it has been habitually, of late years, to all appeals of this character—and would not bestow a stiver to honor one who died signally, not for the liberty of Connecticut alone, but for that of all the United Colonies.* So the Association

in the text. The first petition on the subject emanated from Coventry, and was headed by Doctor Nathan Howard, who married Joanna, the sister of Captain Nathan Hale. The second was drawn up by Hon. Thomas S. Williams of Hartford, and was numerously signed by citizens in various parts of Connecticut. Upon this a report was made by a Committee of Congress, appropriating one thousand dollars for a monument, but the report was not acted upon.

* In times that have past, Congress could expend thousands of dollars—and most justly—upon a pedestrian statue of the Father of his country, and thousands more to commemorate, through the painter's art, some of the grand historical events of our Revolution. It could erect monuments to Montgomery, Mercer, Nash, De Kalb, Gerry, and Brown. It could grant to Williams, and Paulding, and Van Wart, the captors of Andre, each a farm of the value of five hundred dollars, and an annuity of two hundred dollars through life, and a magnificent silver medal. It could employ the sculptor's art on busts of Jay, Ellsworth, and Marshall. It could vote medals of gold, and swords of costliest workmanship, to Jackson, Scott, Ripley, Harrison, and to numerous officers besides, for

Digitized by Google

to which we have alluded—under the auspices, always unclouded, of J. W. Boynton Esquire, its patriotic and indefatigable Secretary—moved on alone—and by means of private subscriptions, by Fairs, by Tea Parties, and by the exhibition of a Drama illustrating the services and fate of Captain Hale, collected funds, and excited public interest until in May, 1846, the State of Connecticut granted one thousand dollars, and in May, 1847, two hundred and fifty dollars more, from its public Treasury in furtherance of the great object*—

gallant deeds upon the land, and to Decatur, Hull, Perry, Truxton, McDonough, and many naval heroes more, for glorious exploits upon the seas. It could recite in its resolutions, in glowing terms, the services of each, and proclaim, as it did in Commodore Truxton's case, that the testimonials of the American nation were bestowed because their recipients "exhibited an example worthy of the American name." And yet the nation could not say as much for Captain Hale, when petitioned in *his* behalf—nor do aught in *his* honor. How was it with England, and her martyr spy? Very different. British gratitude erected to Andre a splendid mausoleum, even in Westminster Abbey—and among the most illustrious dead of the British Empire! See Appendix J.

* The ladies of Coventry, Connecticut, were particularly active

Digitized by Google

and the Monument, of which, opposite, we give a picture—arose, "a fit emblem both of the events in memory of which it was raised, and of the

---

in procuring means to erect the monument to Hale, and deserve, as they will receive, the especial thanks of the Public. In 1844, on the first Wednesday in May, they held a Fair in the old church of the First Ecclesiastical Society, at which many useful and fancy articles were collected, and contributions were made of cash, from Coventry, Hartford and other places. More than three thousand persons were present, and the receipts were two hundred and sixty-eight dollars. Refreshments were provided, and the Mansfield Brass Band, and the Coventry Glee Club, were in attendance—gratuitously. A song, beautifully printed on satin—was prepared for the occasion, by Miss Jerusha Root, of Andover, Connecticut. It addressed the "Daughters of Freedom," as having assembled,

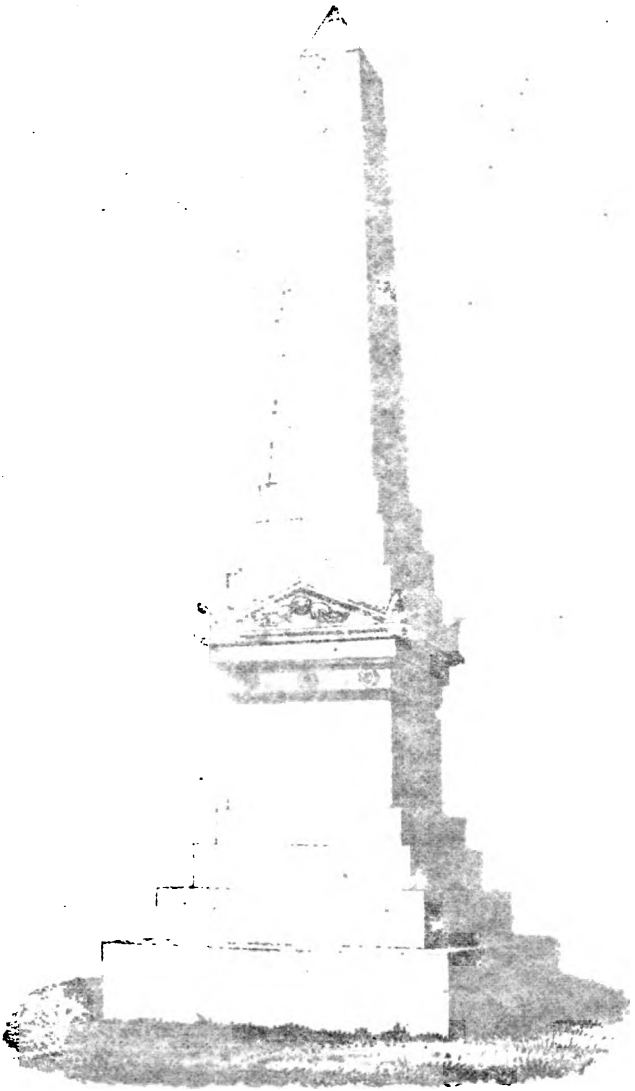
"with choicest flowers
To deck a hero's grave—
To shed the light of love around
The memory of the brave."

"Ye came," glide on the strains—

"Ye came with hearts that oft have glowed
At his soul-stirring tale—
To wreathe the deathless evergreen
Around the name of Hale.

Here his memorial stone shall rise,
In Freedom's hallowed shade—
Prouder than Andre's trophied tomb,
'Mid mightiest monarchs laid.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

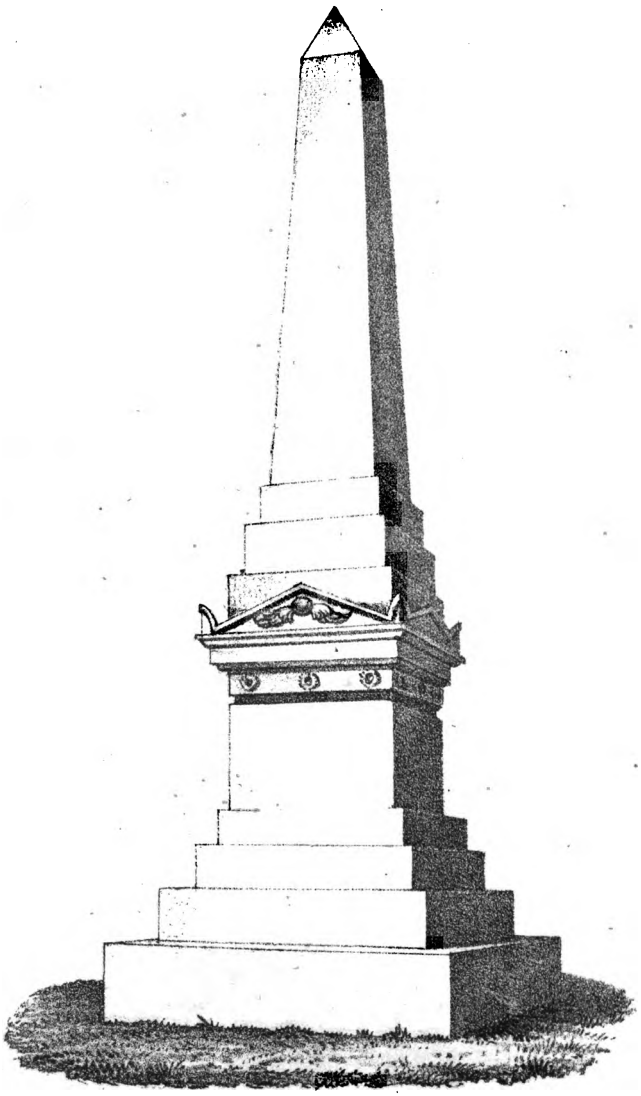
and the Monument of which, opposite, we [illegible] picture—arose, "a fit emblem both of the [illegible] memory of which it was raised, and [illegible]

[illegible] promising means to erect the monument to Hale, and [illegible] [illegible] wild [illegible] banks of the Public. In [illegible] first Wednesday in May they held a Fair in the old [illegible] of the First Ecclesiastical Society, at which many useful [illegible] articles were collected, and contributions were made of [illegible] Coventry, Hartford and other places. More than [illegible] persons were present, and the receipts were two hundred [illegible] [illegible] dollars. [illegible] were provided, and [illegible] Brass Band and the Coventry Glee Club, were in attendance [illegible] grand [illegible]. A song, beautifully printed on satin—was [illegible] for the occasion, by Miss Jerusha Rose, of Andover, Conn. [illegible] addressed the "Daughters of Freedom," as having [illegible]

> [illegible] noicest flowers
> To [illegible] a hero's grave—
> To [illegible] of [illegible] around
> [illegible] memory of [illegible] brave."

"Ye [illegible] on the strand—

> [illegible] hearts that oft have glowed
> [illegible] tale—
> [illegible] evergreen
> [illegible]
>
> [illegible]
> [illegible] shade—
> [illegible] tropheo comb,
> [illegible] mightiest monarchs laid.



HALE MONUMENT.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

gratitude of those who reared it"—arose "to meet the sun in his coming"—to "let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!"

It stands upon elevated ground, near the Congregational Church, in South Coventry—and within a space, enclosed by a neat iron picketed

---

So shall the patriot's honored name
Go down to other days—
And Love's own lyre shall sound his fame,
In thrilling notes of praise."

The *Drama*, to which reference is made in the text, was in five acts, and was written for the Hale Monument Association by David Trumbull Esq. It was exhibited at the Meeting-House in South Coventry, with accompanying Tableaux. One of the *Tea-Parties*, to which reference also is made, was given March eleventh, 1846, by the young ladies of South Coventry—with good success. One dollar, for the benefit of the Hale Association, admitted a gentleman and lady. By May, 1846, the whole amount collected was fifteen hundred dollars.

Thus—one way and another—with untiring zeal—the noble design of a monument to Hale, worthy of the patriot, was prosecuted—till the appropriation from the Treasury of Connecticut—in behalf of which—memory pleasant to our soul—we had the satisfaction, in Senate, of giving heartily our own voice and vote—rendered the project certain of consummation.

Digitized by Google

fence, which abuts on an old Burying-yard, that holds among other ashes, those of Hale's own family. Its site is particularly fine—for on the north it overlooks that long, broad, and beautiful lake of Wangumbaug, into whose oozy depths, with great constancy, Hale

> "Cast to the finny tribe the baited snare,
> Then flung the wriggling captives into air—"

while on the east, commanding a view of scenery that is truly noble, it literally looks through a long and captivating natural vista to greet "the sun in its rising." The Monument—the original plan of which was drawn by Henry Austin Esquire, of New Haven—consists of a pyramidal shaft, resting on a base of steps, with a shelving projection about one-third of the way up the pedestal. Its material is hewn Quincy granite, from foundation to capstone, and embraces one hundred and twenty-five tons of stone. It is fourteen feet square at the base, and its height is forty-five feet.* It was

* The transportation of the material from Quincy to Norwich, at an estimated cost of four hundred dollars, was a generous gra-

Digitized by Google

completed in 1846—under the superintendence of Solomon Willard Esquire, the architect of the Bunker Hill Monument—at a cost, everything included, of four thousand and thirty-three dollars and ninety-three cents, and bears upon its sides the following inscriptions.

[East side.]

Captain Nathan Hale.

1776.

---

tuity on the part of the Old Colony, Boston and Worcester, and Norwich and Worcester Rail Road Companies. The Hon. *Nathan Hale* of Boston, nephew and namesake of the patriot we commemorate, and at the time President of the second of these Companies, was nobly active in procuring this result. From Norwich to Coventry the material was transported by ox-teams, at an estimated cost of about five hundred and twenty-five dollars. On the seventh of April, 1846, the ground was first broken for the foundation of the monument, which was laid of stone quarried about three-quarters of a mile east of its site. Messrs. Hazelton & Co., of Boston, erected the cenotaph, at a cost of three hundred dollars, and completed it on the seventeenth day of September, 1846.

Digitized by Google

[North side.]

BORN AT COVENTRY.

JUNE 6. 1755.

[South side.]

DIED AT NEW YORK.

SEPT. 22. 1776.

[West side.]

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Hale's fate, as might be expected, has called out at times the Muse of Poetry—but rarely however, for the parchment roll of his history has been, hitherto, wanting to Calliope, and Clio has missed him in her half-opened scroll. Yet are the ten lines from Doctor Dwight—on the Title Page of this Volume—nobly commemorative—and so also are many lines in a poem of considerable length which was dedicated to the memory of Hale, but a short time after his death, by a personal acquaintance and friend—one who knew and

Digitized by Google

loved him well.* In this poem, the author describes Hale as in personal appearance erect and tall, with a "beauteous face," that was marked by "innate goodness," and a frame, which, possessing

* The name of the author is unknown. His entire poem, consisting of one hundred and sixty lines, may be found in the *February* number of the *American Historical Magazine*, published in New Haven in 1836. He prefaces it with the following quotation from Virgil:

> "Heu! miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
> Tu Marcellus eris"—

and also with the following letter, bearing date "New Haven, Aug. 9, 1784."

"I was personally acquainted with, and entertained a high opinion of the amiable *Capt. Nathan Hale*, who suffered death in New York by the hands of the British troops, in 1776; a character on some accounts similar to Major *Andre*, and on many, greatly superior. Every man who regards the welfare of his country, must revere a patriot who died in its defence; and while the English Magazines, News, &c., were filled with the praises of Major Andre, it gave me no small degree of regret that Capt. Hale's virtues should be so little celebrated in the country where, and for which he died. This I am able to impute to nothing but the great distress in which America was at that time involved. This gave rise to the following piece, which was wrote soon after Hale's death."

Digitized by Google

great symmetry and grace, was "vigorous, and active as electric flame." He represents him at college as a most dutiful pupil, and as possessing "erudition far beyond his years"—as developing a lively fancy, solid judgment, great fondness for science, and intense admiration for

> "those polished lines,
> Where Grecian wit and Roman genius shines"—

and as having his soul fired by the examples of those great worthies of a former age, who "live in the poet's and historian's page."

He speaks of his "blameless carriage, and modest air"—characterizes him as

> "Above the vain parade and idle show,
> Which mark the coxcomb, and the empty beau"—

and describing his qualities of temper and conduct, says that

> "Removed from envy, malice, pride, and strife,
> He walked through goodness as he walked through life;
> A kinder brother nature never knew,
> A child more duteous, or a friend more true."

The poet next follows him into the army near

Digitized by Google

Boston — where, he says, Washington early marked him as "a genius fit for every great design"—

> "His virtues trusted, and his worth admired,
> And mutual friendship both their bosoms fired."

He next follows him to New York—narrates the task imposed on him by Washington—his execution of it—his arrest—his arraignment before his enemies—his undaunted demeanor upon the occasion, and his noble frankness.

> "Hate of oppression's arbitrary plan,
> The love of freedom, and the rights of man,
> A strong desire to save from slavery's chain
> The future millions of the western main"—

these are the ends for which, most truthfully, Hale is portrayed as having "served with zeal the land that gave him birth"—and as having at last 'met his fate' in a scene, to paint which, the poet exclaims,

> "the powers of language fail,—
> Love, grief, and pity break the mournful tale.
> Not Socrates, or noble Russel died,

Digitized by Google

Or gentle Sidney, Britain's boast and pride,
Or gen'rous Moore, approached life's final goal,
With more composed, more firm, and stable soul.
The flesh sunk down, to mix with kindred clay,—
The soul ascended to the realms of day."

With similar pathos, and not ungracefully, does a poet of Hale's own native place—the late lamented J. S. Babcock—sing of his departed townsman. "Full stern was his doom," he rehearses—

"but full firmly he died,
No funeral or bier they made him,
Not a kind eye wept, nor a warm heart sighed,
O'er the spot all unknown where they laid him.

He fell in the spring of his early prime,
With his fair hopes all around him;
He died for his birth-land—'a glorious crime'—
Ere the palm of his fame had crowned him.

He fell in her darkness—he lived not to see
The morn of her risen glory;
But the name of the brave, in the hearts of the free,
Shall be twined in her deathless story."

Nor ungracefully either—but on the other hand

Digitized by Google

with much of lyric force—does Francis M. Finch Esquire—in his Poem before the Linonian Society of Yale College at its Centennial Anniversary in 1853—sing of the departed patriot. "To drum-beat," he proceeds, in a few verses which we extract from a series—

"To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat,
In a moment he must die.

By star-light and moon-light,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the star-light and moon-light
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery-guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign."

Digitized by Google

This 'warning sign,' however, as the poet describes, soon comes. "With a sharp clang, a steel clang, the patriot is bound"—and now,

"With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom
But with calm brow, and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God.
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

* * *

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,

Digitized by Google

The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
The name of HALE shall burn!"

Romance too has been busy with Hale. He has been made the hero of tales, and the originator of sentiments, in which the imagination, and not fact, has had the principal part to play. It is not to be regretted however, that even in these forms, exaggerated though they be, his memory is kept alive. So we are able to separate the true from the fanciful, we can pardon almost any idealization of Hale's character. We can forgive the halo for the sake of the truly noble shape which it encompasses. When, however, we encounter a tribute to his memory, not heightened in coloring, but chaste and natural, like that which we are now about to introduce—it is indeed most grateful—as our Readers also, we think, will find it to be.

It proceeds, in the form of an epitaph, in the old style, from the antiquarian pen of our worthy friend George Gibbs Esquire, Librarian formerly of the New York Historical Society, who has

Digitized by Google

kindly furnished us with it—and we here give it place.

"Stranger Beneath this Stone
Lies the dust of
A spy
who perished upon the Gibbet
yet
the Storied marbles of the Great
the Shrines of Heroes
entomb not one, more worthy of
Honor
than Him who here
sleeps his last sleep.
Nations
bow with reverence before the dust
of him who dies
a glorious Death
urged on by the sound of the
Trumpet
and the shouts of
admiring thousands
But what reverence, what honor
is not due to one
who for his country encountered
even an infamous death
Soothed by no sympathy
animated by no praise."

Digitized by Google

In connection, and in comparison with Hale, the image of the brave and unfortunate Andre rises, of course, to the contemplation of the Reader. Let us look at them—side by side—and in contrast—the one an American, the other a British spy—each a distinguished victim—the one to his love of country—the other to "his own imprudence, ambition, and love of glory"—each a martyr—the one for liberty—the other for power. They were both gallant officers. They were both accomplished men—Andre the most so by education, as having enjoyed the highest advantages, and more used than Hale to polished society. He could both draw and paint exquisitely—which Hale could not—and he was better versed than the latter in elegant literature. They were both men of striking personal appearance. They would have been called graceful, beautiful, and manly, by all. Each possessed a lively sensibility. Each was cheerful, affable, amiable, honorable, magnanimous. Each was admired in all social circles, and won the hearts of hosts of friends.

Let us look at the two now in their respective

Digitized by Google

missions. Andre, upon his own, did *not* volunteer. It was upon Arnold's solicitation, fortified by considerations of friendship between Andre and the traitor's accomplished wife—and at the direct request of Sir Henry Clinton himself, of whose military family Andre formed a part, and to whom, for kindness that had been "lavish," Andre confesses obligations the most profound—that the British Aid de Camp, not dreaming to enact the spy, and with in fact no dangers then in prospect, consented, not proffered to undertake his task.

But not so with Hale. He, upon his mission, volunteered. Soon as the wish of Washington was made known—biased by no considerations of private friendship, and without thought of requiting personal obligations either to the Commander-in-chief, or to any other officer or man—in view of dangers most imminent, from which all others shrank—in full view of them—and in the face of earnest entreaty to the contrary—he offered himself to discharge the trust.

Andre, when he left New York, had no idea of

Digitized by Google

passing within the American lines. He was specially instructed by Clinton not to do so—not to change his dress as a British officer—and he did not, until, as he says himself, he was "betrayed into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise." He was to go to Dobb's Ferry only—upon the borders merely of neutral ground—and there, under a flag of truce, settle with Arnold the "pretended mercantile transaction"—and it was the voice of the sentinel, in the darkness of night, at Smith's house, which first gave him intimation of the "unexpected circumstance" that he was within the American beat, and in danger. "Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand," he writes to Washington, "I was conducted within one of your posts—I was involuntarily an impostor."

Hale, on the other hand, started from the American camp, fully aware 'beforehand' that he was to change his dress, and assume a disguise—that he was to pass within the British lines—into their midst—up to the very muzzles of their muskets, and the mouths of their ordnance—that he

Digitized by Google

was in fact to be, in all the shifts, and shades, and aims, and efforts of his mission, the spy. He undertook then, at the outset, what Andre not only did not, but never even contemplated, nor would, we believe, but for an unforseen necessity, have for a moment endured. His moral courage, therefore, rises higher than that of Andre's—higher far. For the sake of the sublime cause in which he was engaged, he became voluntarily 'an impostor.' He took upon himself a great ignominy to start with. Andre took none—bore no burden whatever upon his spirits. Not even a fancied shadow projected itself, for a moment, over the dial of his honor, when he left the Head Quarters of his Commander-in-chief, and he pushed forward to the Vulture at Teller's Point, "carolling as he went."

The *motives* which inspired Hale and Andre in their respective expeditions, are well worthy of consideration, and furnish striking contrast. "What was to have been your reward, in case you had succeeded?"—inquired Major Tallmadge of his prisoner, as the latter sat on the after seat

Digitized by Google

of the barge in which he was borne, under escort, from West Point to Tappan. "Military glory was all that I sought," replied Andre—" and the thanks of my general, and the approbation of my king, would have been a rich reward for such an undertaking." Yes, military renown—martial preferment—the office of Brigadier General in the British army, offered him in advance as a glittering prize—the 'big wars' and the 'plumed troop' to make his 'ambition virtue'—these, and Clinton's thanks, and the compliments of royalty, were the motives which prompted Andre—motives which, however elevated they may be thought to be, and in certain relations are, yet in true greatness, and dignity, fall far below those which prompted Hale.

Was Hale willing to hazard *his* life, that as a warrior, and in this character alone, he might "instil his memory through a thousand years?" Not at all. No martial allurement, of any kind, enslaved his imagination—ardent though it was—or flattered his hope, or stimulated his ambition. No promotion was promised—none was expected.

Digitized by Google

No reward in pelf was pledged. "Surrounded from his birth," as one of his nephews* has justly said, "with the doctrine that men should do right *because* it is right, he went upon his hazardous mission just because it was right to go—not thinking what bodies would say, nor expecting or caring to be a hero." It was a pure sense of duty—a magnificent inspiration direct and deep from the soul of patriotism itself—that impelled Hale to his task, and that bore him onward—unlike Andre, thoughtless of fame—unlike Andre, thoughtless of reward—unlike Andre, with no motive but the one engrossing, unpolluted, serene thought of 'being useful' to his country—onward to risk, to capture, and to death.†

The *peril* while engaged in their expeditions—here again the parallel between Andre and Hale is in favor of the latter. Andre experienced scarce any exposure until he reached Smith's

* The late David Hale Esquire, of New York.

† "Viewed in any light," says Sparks, most justly, the act of Hale "must be allowed to bear unequivocal marks of patriotic disinterestedness and self-devotion."

Digitized by Google

house near Haverstraw—and there but slight—a little more at King's Ferry, on his attempted return, near certain Whig loungers over a bowl of punch—more still near Crompond, in the immediate presence of an American patrolling party, and of the inquisitive Captain Boyd—but after this time, but little again until from the bushes at Tarrytown, he was seized and secured by the patriot hands of Paulding, and Williams, and Van Wart. Thirty-six hours only elapsed from the time he left the secure deck of the Vulture, and the shrouded foot of Mount Long Clove, till he became a captive—and during this short interval, his chief, nay almost his only peril was among the Cowboys and Skinners who infested the far-famed neutral ground of Westchester County. But Hale was upon his mission, ere he was made a prisoner, about two weeks—a long period indeed as compared with that occupied by Andre—and filled up, the whole of it, with risks far more constant and glaring, not alone among bandits unprincipled and perfidious as those in whose proximity Andre journeyed, but also in the im-

Digitized by Google

mediate presence of the foe, and within the very circuits of their encampments.

The *behaviour* of Hale and Andre immediately after their capture merits comparison—it was in some points so strikingly similar. Truthful by impulse—"too little accustomed to duplicity," either of them, long to 'succeed' in it—staggering too, each of them, under the weight of evidence that seemed resistless—they both made a clean breast of it, and confessed. The British officer did it, seeking some mitigation of his case, but only such, however, "as could be granted on the strict principles of honor and military usage." Hale sought no alleviation of his own case, of any kind—but respectfully triumphed over his success, such as he had obtained, and proudly confronted impending punishment.

Andre acknowledged himself an Adjutant General in the British army—but not a spy—certainly not an 'intentional' one. It was his purpose, as in his letter to Washington he says, to 'rescue' himself "from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes, or self-

Digitized by Google

interest." Hale acknowledged himself a Captain in the American Continental service—but no scruples of fancied honor, no penitential casuistries, stood for a moment between himself and the part he had acted. He pronounced himself to General Howe, at once and unequivocally, a spy—and was ready, he affirmed, for the spy's fate.

Upon trial, Hale was manly, dignified, respectful, prompt, unembarrassed, without disguise. So was Andre. Each stated "with truth everything relating to himself." Neither used any words "to explain, palliate, or defend any part of his conduct." Each without surprise, without comment, without a murmur, without even a complaining look, received his sentence. And each, after the sentence, retired to his quarters "tranquil in mind"—the one, Hale—heaven knows where—to some foul barrack, or tent, or an 'oaken bed' in some cell of the Provost—the other, Andre, to 'decent quarters'—specially ordered by Washington himself to be such—to a well furnished apartment, where, in pursuance of directions from the same high authority, and in con-

Digitized by Google

formity with the inclination of all on duty, he was 'treated with civility'—was comfortably lodged and fed—from the table principally of the American Commander-in-chief himself—and "every attention paid to him suitable to his rank and character."

The interval between condemnation and death was spent by each in a frame of mind for the most part composed, but at times, we must believe, agitated and agonized—not by the fear of death—but at thought of rupturing, so soon, by the mortal throe, earth's potent ties—nay, in case of each of the captives, some ties that are the tenderest and most engrossing of all that bind man to this world. Andre had his mother and two sisters, dependent, each of them, in some degree upon his commission for support. Though "Hope's soft star," as his friend Miss Seward expresses it, had "shone trembling on his love," he yet cherished his "Honora."* He had too his coun-

* His marriage, says Sparks, "was defeated by the opposition of the lady's father. Four years after the engagement was dissolved by parental authority, she was married to another person.

Digitized by Google

try to live for, and serve. And so had Hale—a bleeding country, in a crisis of danger, to love and fight for—and troops of fond relatives and friends upon whom to outpour his affection—and an "Alicia" too, to admire and wear as the richest jewel in his heart. Sombre thoughts then, at times—pangs even—must have come over the souls of the two sufferers, as in the solitude of their imprisonment, they contemplated their near and dark approaching destiny.

Yet—most of the time—we are assured, their appearance was marked by that same "serenity of temper, and winning gentleness of manners," which had been conspicuous in their lives. Andre, in his imprisonment, was surrounded by sympathy and attention. So many and extenuating were the circumstances in his favor, that "even the sternest advocate for justice could not

---

Till that time Andre had cherished the delusive fancy that some propitious event would change the current of his fortunes, and crown his wishes with success. Despair had now shut the door of hope."—The lady to whom he was engaged married a Mr. Edgworth, and died six years after her nuptials.

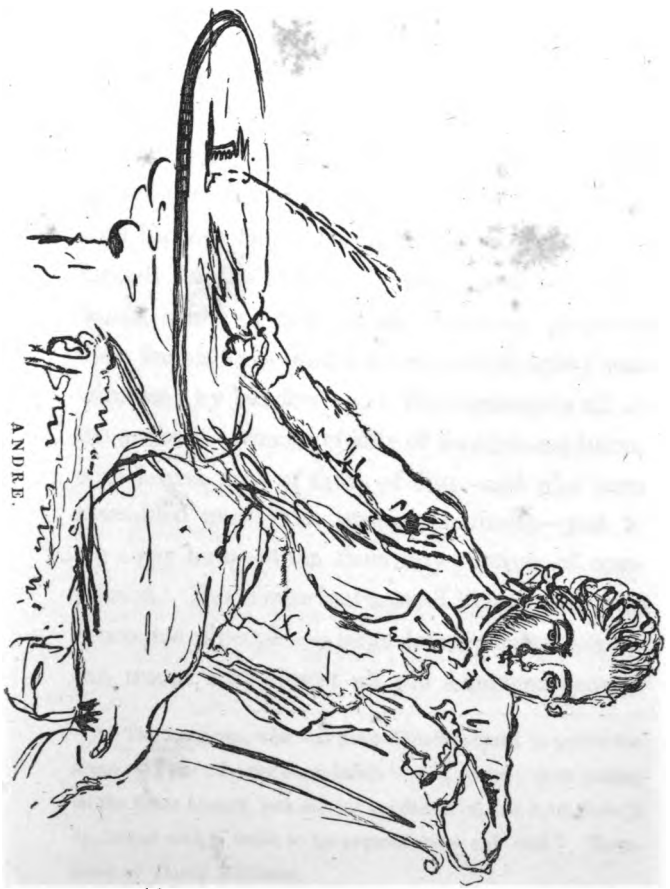
Digitized by Google

regard his impending fate without regret, or a wish that it might be averted." But Hale, as we have seen, had no such kindness near him—not one drop even for his parched and yearning heart—but all around him was dissonance, malediction, and severity. He was alone in his own desolation.

Each of the captives wrote letters in prison—Hale to his home—Andre to General Washington, and to Clinton. Andre in prison dreaded the gibbet, and implored to die a soldier's death—by the bullet. No such apprehension, that we can learn, tortured Hale. Andre, with a pen, quietly sketched his own likeness, seated at a table in his guard-room, on the morning of the day fixed for his execution.* Hale had no such resource for melancholy diversion—nor is it probable that he would have used it, had it been in his power, in preference to last words, to meditation, and to prayer.

* See a fac simile of it on the page opposite. The original is in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College. The likeness is deemed very accurate.

Digitized by Google



ANDRE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Each received with calmness notice of the fatal hour. Each marched firmly to the place of execution, save that disappointment at the mode of death made the frame of Andre shudder for a moment when he first saw the gibbet. "It will be but a momentary pang," however, he said, and with his own hands bared, bandaged, and noosed himself for the occasion.* Other and barbarous hands, hands of true raven blackness, prepared Hale for his exit—and his own mortal agony was witnessed by but few—and these strangers all to the sufferer—persons chiefly of humble condition, with hearts, most of them, of flint—and who were assembled more from prurient curiosity—just to see a spy hung—than from any motives of compassion. But Andre had around him an immense concourse of people—a large detachment of American troops, and almost all the American general

* "The hangman, who was painted black, offered to put on the noose.—'Take off your black hands!' said Andre; then putting on the noose himself, took out his handkerchief, tied it on, drew it up, bowed with a smile to his acquaintances, and died." *Testimony of David Williams.*

Digitized by Google

and field officers—and the entire body garlanded him with their sympathy—gratefully intensified the scene, and soothed the sufferer, with the tribute of their silent, deep, and universal mourning.

Hale met his fate unostentatiously. Andre, in complete British uniform—in a coat of dazzling scarlet, and under-clothes of brightest buff—with his long, beautiful hair carefully arranged—and with his hands upon his hips—paced his own coffin back and forth—gazed complacently at the fatal beam over his head, and upon the crowd around him—and then dauntlessly too, like Hale, gave himself up to that 'tremendous swing,' as an eye-witness reports it, which, almost instantly, closed his mortal career.

The last words of the sufferers—the comparison here is indeed moving and instructive.—"*I pray you to bear me witness,*" said Andre to Colonel Scammel, "*that I meet my fate like a brave man!*"—"*I only regret,*" said Hale, "*that I have but one life to lose for my country!*"—Is it not obvious?—the one was measuring himself in the eyes of men—the other in the eyes of his Maker—the one was

Digitized by Google

thinking of reputation—the other of usefulness—the one of heroism—the other of benefaction—Andre of himself—Hale of his country. The dying moment then—that ordeal which, poignantly as by fire, tests the natural disposition—that solemn crisis when eternity is wont to sweep every shade of delusion from the soul of man, and truth, if ever, speaks in its genuine purity and power from his quivering lips—the dying moment testifies to Hale's superior sublimity of character as compared with Andre.

It was not the *American* martyr, at this time—be it remarked—who was thinking of worldly fame, and worldly honors. *He* summoned no one to bear witness to *his* fortitude. No desire had he, like Andre, to concentrate admiration for the iron strength with which he could endure bodily suffering. No attempt did he make to brace his nerves by stimulating visions of posthumous applause. He had not the first faint conception even of shining in after ages, as a star among warrior-martyrs—as a brave man merely—as the hero, the Promethean hero of the American Rev-

Digitized by Google

olution. The lips of posterity might praise him, he may have desired—but it was only for his exalted moral purposes, and for his utter disinterestedness of spirit, that he could have wished its approbation. It was only because under the impelling power of a free, conscientious, self-rewarding, inspiring sense of patriotic duty, he struggled for the liberty and happiness of his fellow-men—because he expired, nobly breathing out the whole body of his affections upon his native land.

Thus to be embalmed in the memory of mankind, is worthy of every one's aspiration. It is a crown of immortality such as Hale himself, had he foreseen it, would never have rejected—and which, thanks to the gratitude which his life and conduct, wherever known, cannot fail to enkindle, he wears now—glorious upon his brow—and will continue to wear, brighter and brighter still, so long as time and posterity exist to chronicle the happy years of our Republic.

Digitized by Google

APPENDIX.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A.

Page 13.

Genealogy of the Family of Capt. Nathan Hale.

By Rev. Edward E. Hale of Worcester, Mass.

Nathan Hale was directly descended from Robert Hale of Charlestown, Mass., one of the early settlers of the "Bay Colony," in that State.

Robert Hale belonged to the family of Hales of Kent, England. There were in England at that time at least three large families of the name, belonging to different parts of the kingdom. These were the Hales of Kent, the Hales of Hertford, and the Hales of Gloucestershire. Of the last of these families was the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale, who was nearly contemporary with Robert Hale, the emigrant to America, having been born in 1609, and died in 1676.

From the Hales of Hertfordshire spring the family of Thomas Hale, one of the early settlers of Newbury, Massa-

Digitized by Google

chusetts. Of this family are a large part of those persons who now bear the name of Hale in New England.*

Robert Hale of Charlestown, and his descendants, of whom some account will here be given, retained the coat of arms of the Hale family of Kent; to which therefore, there seems no doubt, that they belong.†

This family existed in Kent as early at least as the reign of Edward III. Nicholas at Hales, then resided at Hales-place, Halden, Kent. His son, Sir Robert Hales, was Prior of the Knights of St. John, and Lord High Treasurer of England. He was murdered by Wat Tyler's mob, on Tower Hill, in 1381. His brother Sir Nicholas de Hales was the ancestor of three subdivisions of the family, described in Halsted's Kent, as the Hales of Kent, of Coventry, and of Essex.

To the Kent family belonged,—we may say in passing down to the emigration of Robert Hales,—Sir James Hales, whose suicide by drowning led to the "case of Dame Hales" reported by Plowden, and commented on by the clowns in Hamlet. "Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to

* In the memoir of the late David Hale, of New York, nephew of Captain Nathan, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, their descent is erroneously attributed to the same family. Mr. Thompson undoubtedly was misled by the impression at one time entertained by our distinguished genealogist, Mr. Somerby, that Robert Hale of Charlestown was the son of Richard Hale, the High Sheriff of Hertfordshire. But this Robert remained in England at least as late as 1666.

† Gules, three broad arrows feathered argent.

Digitized by Google

his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his life-time. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die, and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man." Such and much more is the reasoning of one of the judges, which is directly alluded to by Shakspeare in the "Crowner's quest Law" of the clowns in Hamlet.

Of the same family, after Robert Hale emigrated to America, was Sir Edward Hales, the loyal companion of James II. in his exile;—made by him Earl of Tenterden and Viscount Tonstall.

The name in England appears to have been spelt now with a final s—and now without. Hale-place near Canterbury, a handsome seat now occupied by the family, bears the same name which the family in New England bears,—and its residents spell their name in the same way.

The family in New England begins, as has been said, with

GEN. I. [1]Robert Hale, who arrived in Massachusetts in 1632. He was one of those set off from the first church in Boston to form the first church in Charlestown, in 1632;—of this church he was a deacon. He was a blacksmith by trade,—but appears to have also had a gift, which has been inherited by many of his descendants, for the practical appli-

Digitized by Google

cation of the mathematics. For he was regularly employed by the General Court as a Surveyor of new plantations, until his death, which took place July 19, 1659. His wife's name was Jane. After his death she married Richard Jacob of Ipswich, and died July, 1679.

[1]Robert Hale had the following children;

Gen. II. [2]Rev. John Hale; b. June 3, 1636; d. May 15, 1700; [2]Mary; b. May 17, 1639; m. ——— Wilson; [4]Zachariah; b. April 3, 1641; d. June 5, 1643; [5]Samuel; d. 1679. [6]Johanna; b. 1638; m. John Larkin; d. 1685. Of these

[2]Rev. John Hale, graduated at Harvard College in 1657. He was settled as the first minister of Beverly, Mass., when the first church of Beverly was separated from Salem in 1667; and remained in this charge to his death. He was one of three chaplains to the unfortunate New England expedition to Canada in 1690. In this expedition he was taken prisoner, but soon released. Two years after, the Salem witchcraft excited the whole province. Mr. Hale was present at the examinations of some of those accused, and participated in the religious exercises at their trials. But in October, a person in Wenham accused Mrs. Hale of witchcraft. The accusation disabused him of any delusion he had been under, and not only him but the whole community. From that moment the whole tide turned,—and the progress of infatuation was at an end. In 1697, he wrote and published "A modest inquiry into the nature of witchcraft, and

Digitized by Google

how persons guilty of that crime may be convicted; and the means used for their discovery discussed, both negatively and affirmatively according to Scripture and experience." In this discussion he laments the errors and mistakes of what he knew as the "Witchcraft delusion."

He was three times married. 1st, to Rebeckah Byles, daughter of Henry Byles of Sarum, England. She died April 13, 1683, aet. 45 years. 2nd, Mar. 3, 1684, to Mrs. Sarah Noyes, of Newbury. She died May 20, 1695, aet. 41; and 3rd, Aug. 8, 1698, to Mrs. Elizabeth Clark of Newbury, who survived him. By the first two of these wives he had the following children.

GEN. III. 1. [7]Rebeckah; b. Apr. 28, 1666; d. May 7, 1681. 2. [8]Robert; b. Nov. 3, 1688; d. 1719. He was the father of Col. Robert Hale of Beverly, who accompanied Shirley to the siege of Louisburg. The family mansion at Beverly remains in the family of his descendants, being now occupied by Mr. Bancroft. The male line in this family is extinct.

3. [9]Rev. James; b. Oct. 14, 1685; d. 1742. He was minister of Ashford, Connecticut, and left a son, James Hale, from whom a large family descended. Of these Robert Hale, b. 1749, was an officer in the Revolution,—and perhaps others.

4. [10]Samuel; b. Aug. 13, 1687; d. about 1724.

5. [11]Johanna; b. June 18, 1689.

Digitized by Google

6. [12]John; b. Aug. 24, 1692. He was drowned by the oversetting of a boat in Wells River,—the only person drowned of the party, though the best swimmer. He left no sons.

Of the children of [2]Rev. John Hale, the fourth, as named above, was [10]Samuel. He settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, where on the 26th of August, 1714, he married Apphia Moody, who was born June 23, 1693. He lived in that part of Newbury known as Newburyport, and there all his children were born. He afterwards removed to Portsmouth, where he died about the year 1724. His children were

Gen. IV. 1. [13]Joanna; b. June, 1715; d. about 1792; m. Capt. Stephen Gerrish of Boscawen, N. H.

2. [14]Richard; b. Feb. 28, 1717; d. June 1,1802; lived and died at Coventry.

3. [15]Samuel; b. Aug. 24, 1718;—gr. H. C. 1740; d. July 10, 1807. He lived and died at Portsmouth.

4. [16]Hannah; b. Jan. 24, 1720; m. Jos. Atkinson of Newbury Jan. 23, 1744; d. about 1791.

5. [17]John; b. June 16, 1721–2; d. about 1787; m.

Of [14]Richard, the second of these children, Capt. Nathan Hale was the son. As the children of the rest were therefore his cousins,—and as some of them are alluded to in his correspondence, we add their names,—and the dates of their birth.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. [13]Joanna Gerrish and Capt. Stephen Gerrish had issue

GEN. V. 1. [16]Henry Gerrish; b. 1742; (at the date of 1777 he had seven children.)

2. [19]Jenny; m. ——— Ames; (at the date of 1777 she had two children.)

3. [20]Samuel Gerrish; b. 1748; (at the date of 1777 he had two children.) Probably this was Col. Samuel Gerrish, cashiered for conduct unworthy an officer at Bunker's Hill, and Sewall's Pt., Aug. 19, 1775;—a sentence pronounced by the J. advocate "far too severe." When the battle was fought neither he nor his officers were commissioned.

4. [21]Enoch Gerrish; b. 1750; (at the date of 1777 he had two children.)

5. [22]——— Gerrish (a Son,) b. 1756; d. Aug. 24, 1777.

[14]Richard Hale; born in Newburyport Feb. 28, 1717; removed to Coventry, Connecticut;—where he lived, and died June 1, 1802. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Strong Esq., of that place, on the 17th of May, 1746. She died April 21, 1767. He married again, "the widow Adams" of Canterbury, Ct., by whom he had no issue. The children of the first marriage were

GEN. V. 1. [23]Samuel; b. May 25, 1747; d. Apr. 1824; without issue.

2. [24]John; b. Oct. 21, 1748; d. Dec. 22, 1802; without issue.

Digitized by Google

3. [25]Joseph; b. Mar. 12, 1750; d. Apr. 29, 1784.

4. [26]Elizabeth; b. Jan. 1, 1752; d. Oct. 31, 1813.

5. [27]Enoch; b. Oct. 28, 1753; d. Jan. 4, 1837.

6. [28]NATHAN; b. June 6, 1755; executed at New York Sept. 22, 1776.

7. [29]Richard; b. Feb. 20, 1757; d. Feb., 1793.

8. [30]Billy; b. Apr. 20, 1759; m. Hannah Barker, Jan. 19, 1784; d. Sept. 7, 1785.

9. [31]David; } b. Dec. 14–15, 1761; { d. Feb. 10, 1822.
10. [32]Jonathan; } b. Dec. 14–15, 1761; { d. Dec. 21, 1761.

11. [33]Joanna; b. March 19, 1764; d. Apr. 22, 1838.

12. [34]Susanna; b. Feb. 1, 1766; d. March, 1766.

[15]Samuel Hale of Portsmouth; b. Aug. 24, 1718; gr. H. C. 1740; d. July, 1807. He taught the Grammar School at Portsmouth for many years, served in the old French war, and was at one time Judge of the Common Pleas Court. He married Mary, daughter of Thomas Wright of Portsmouth. Their children were

Gen. V. 1. [35]Samuel, of Barrington, b. 1758; d. Apr. 28, 1828.

2. [36]Thomas Wright, of Barrington; b. 1760.

3. [37]John; b. 1764; tutor at Harvard College from 1781 to 1786; d. 1791.

4. [38]William; b. Aug. 6, 1765; m. Lydia Rollins Apr. 30, 1794; d. Nov. 8, 1848, at Dover, N. H., where he had resided; leaving six living children. He represented the

Digitized by Google

State in Congress six years,—and was often a member of the State Legislature.

[16]Hannah Hale; b. January 24, 1720; m. Joseph Atkinson of Newbury, Jan. 23, 1744. They lived at Boscawen, N. H., where she died, about 1791. They had issue

GEN. V. 1. [39]Samuel Atkinson.

2. [40]Simeon Atkinson.

3. [41]Susanna Chadwick.

4. [42]Hannah Atkinson.

5. [43]Sarah Atkinson.

17. John Hale; b. June 16, 1721-22. He lived at Gloucester, (Cape Ann,) Mass., and died about 1787. He had issue

GEN. V. 1. [44]Samuel (of Portsmouth); who m. Lydia Parker. Their only son, John Parker Hale Esq., settled in Rochester, N. H. He married Lydia C. O'Brien of Newburyport. Hon. John Parker Hale, of the U. S. Senate, is their son.

2. [45]John.

3. [46]Benjamin.

4. [47]Ebenezer.

5. [48]Jane.

6. [49]Sally.

7. [50]Hannah.

In these lists of the fifth Generation, between the names numbered 18 and 50, are all the cousins of NATHAN HALE;

Digitized by Google

and, under his father's family, his brothers and sisters. He died unmarried. The following lists give the names of the children of his brothers and sisters.

[23]Samuel Hale; oldest son of Dea. Richard Hale; b. May 25, 1747; lived at Coventry, and died without issue, Apr. 17, 1824.

[24]Maj. John Hale; second son of Dea. Richard Hale; b. Oct. 21, 1748; m. Sarah Adams, at Coventry, Dec. 19, 1771, dau. of his father's second wife. They lived at Coventry, where he died, Dec. 22, 1802, without issue. His death was sudden. His widow, eager to carry out what she thought would have been his intentions, bequeathed £1000 to Trustees, as a fund, the income of which was to be used for the support of young men preparing for Missionary service,—and in part for founding and supporting the Hale Library in Coventry, to be used by the ministers of Coventry and the neighboring towns. She died Nov., 1803, in less than one year after him.

[25]Lieut. Joseph Hale; third son of Dea. R. Hale; b. Mar. 12, 1750; was with the army near Boston, and, it is believed, to the close of the war. He served both in Knowlton's and Webb's regiments. Soon after his brother Nathan's death, he was in the battle of White Plains, and a ball passed through his clothes. Subsequently he was for a long time stationed at New London, where he became acquainted with Rebeckah Harris, daughter of Judge Joseph Harris of that

Digitized by Google

place. They were married Oct. 21, 1778. After the close of his service he settled in Coventry;—but his constitution, which was naturally very strong, was broken, and he fell into a decline, and died April 30, 1784, leaving four children—viz:

GEN. VI. 1. [51]Elizabeth; b. Sept. 29, 1779; m. Nov., 1801, Zebadiah Abbot of Wilton, N. H.; d. April, 1845. They had four sons, viz., Zebadiah, Rufus, Charles, and Levi, of whom the second and fourth graduated at Yale, and the third at Dartmouth College,—and five daughters, viz., Eliza, who m. Alva Steele, Mary, who m. J. F. Russell, Nancy, who m. George M. Hayward, Caroline, who m. Henry Abbot, and Lucy, who m. William Abbot.

2. [52]Rebeckah; b. Jan. 9, 1781; m. Oct. 1799, Dea. Ezra Abbot of Wilton, N. H. They had seven sons and six daughters. Of the sons, one died in infancy. The names of the remainder are Joseph Hale, Ezra, Abiel, Harris, Nelson, and John—of whom three, viz., Joseph, Ezra, and Abiel, graduated at Bowdoin College. The names of the daughters are, Rebeckah, who m. Rev. Isaac Knight, of Franklin, N. H., Dorcas, who m. Eben Bishop, of Lisbon, Ct., Emily, who died June 10th, 1835, Harriet, who m. Herman Abbot, Abby Ann, who m. Rev. L. B. Rockwood, of Rocky Hill, Ct., and Sarah Jane Abbot.

3. [53]Mary Hale; b. Nov. 23, 1782; m. in 1809, Rev. Levi Nelson of Lisbon, Ct. They have no issue.

Digitized by Google

4. [54]Sarah Hale; b. Nov. 27, 1783; died June 27, 1784.

[26]Elizabeth Hale; oldest dau. of Dea. R. Hale; b. Jan. 1, 1752; was married Dec. 30, 1773, to Dr. Samuel Rose, a Surgeon in the army of the Revolution. He was son of Dr. Rose of Coventry. He died in the winter of 1800–1. Their children were

Gen. VI. 1. [55]Capt. Joseph Rose; b. Sept. 17, 1774; m. Milly Sweatland;—settled in N. Coventry as a blacksmith. He died about 1835, leaving two daughters, viz., Eliza, who m. Jasper Gilbert, of Coventry, Ct., and Fanny, who m. Francis Loomis, now of Wethersfield, Illinois.

2. [56]Nathan Hale Rose; b. Nov. 18, 1776; grew up on the old homestead of his grandfather. He settled on the farm previously occupied by his uncle Richard. He married 1st, Eunice Talcott, daughter of Dea. Talcott of N. Coventry. She died after a few years, leaving a daughter who died young. He married 2nd, the widow Lydia F. Perkins of Lisbon, Ct., by whom he had three sons and one daughter. Of these children but one survives, viz., Richard Hale Rose, who lives in Coventry, Ct. He has been a member of both branches of the General Assembly of Connecticut.

3. [57]Fanny Rose; b. Jan. 4, 1779; m. Dec., 1799, Sandford Hunt of N. Coventry; and died Feb. 6, 1845—"an excellent woman." They settled in Batavia, N. Y. Of their family of children is Hon. Washington Hunt of New York,—and Lt. Hunt of the U. S. army.

Digitized by Google

After the death of Dr. Samuel Rose, his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, married John Taylor of Coventry. She died Oct. 31, 1813. Their children were

1. [58]Elizabeth Taylor; m. Nathaniel Hubbard, of Vernon, and afterwards of Manchester, Ct.

2. [59]David Taylor; married and died in New York—leaving two children, viz., David, who died young, and Maria, who married —— Williams, of Nunda, New York.

[27]Enoch Hale; fourth son of Deacon R. Hale; b. Oct. 28, 1753; entered Yale College with his brother Nathan 1769; gr. 1773; studied Theology, and on the 28th of Sept., 1779, was ordained as minister of Westhampton, Mass., where he died Jan. 14, 1837, after an energetic and useful ministry of more than fifty-seven years. He was deeply attached to his brother Nathan, and profoundly affected by his fate. He married Sept. 30, 1781, Miss Octavia Throop of Bozrah, Conn., dau. of Rev. Mr. Throop of that place. She died Aug. 18, 1839. Their children were

Gen. VI. 1. [60]Sally Hale; b. Aug. 2, 1782; m. Elisha B. Clapp of Westhampton, Nov. 27, 1800; d. Feb. 7, 1838—leaving seven children, viz., Clarissa (Ludden,) Otis, Elisha, Melissa (Smith,) Washington, Sally (Mc Call,) Octavia (Boyden.)

2. [61]Nathan Hale; b. Aug. 16, 1784; m. Sarah Preston Everett of Boston, Sept. 5, 1816. Their issue will be found under Gen. VII. of Hales.

Digitized by Google

3. [62]Melissa Hale; b. Feb. 26, 1786; m. Sept. 27, 1809, Henry Mc Call of Lebanon, Ct. Their children are Charles, (Coventry, Conn.); Enoch, (Windsor, Conn.,) m. Clarissa Backus; George, m. Harriet West, and died 1844; Jacob, b. 1817, d. 1822; Henry Strong; Jacob, m. Jane Ellsworth; Hobart, m. Sarah Clapp; David, m. —— Foote; Melissa.

4. [63]Octavia Hale; b. May 13, 1788; m. Dec. 19, 1811, William Hooker of Westfield, Mass. Their children are Lucy, b. Sept. 28, 1812; d. April 17, 1839; William Throop, Hooker, Pres. Continental Bank, N. Y., b. March 21, 1815; Henry Hooker, Cashier of Westfield Bank, Mass., b. June 27, 1820; Edward Hooker, New York, b. Aug. 7. 1822.

5. [64]Enoch Hale; b. Jan. 19, 1790; m. 1st, Sept. 6, 1818, Almira Hooker; 2nd, May, 1822, Sarah Hooker; 3rd, May 1829, Jane Murdock; d. Nov. 12, 1848, without issue. He studied chemistry and medicine, at Yale College, and at the Harvard Medical School, and took his degree of M.D. at Cambridge, Aug. 20, 1818. He practiced with distinguished success for a few years in Gardner, Mass., and for the rest of his life in Boston. A memoir of him, by Dr. Walter Channing, was printed after his death.

6. [65]Richard Hale; b. July 2, 1792; m. Dec. 28, 1815, Lydia Rust, who died Jan. 10. 1837. He d. in 1839. Their issue will be found under Gen. VII. of Hales.

7. [66]Betsey Hale; b. June 2, 1794; m. July 2, 1818,

Digitized by Google

Levi Burt of Westhampton. They have had eight children, viz., Levi Lyman, b. Apr. 10, 1819, died 185–; a child b. June 10, d. June 11, 1821; Martha, b. May 14, 1822, m. Wooster Edwards; Joel, b. Aug. 3, 1824; Francis, b. Feb. 17, 1827; Susan, b. Sept. 1824, m. — Clapp, 1852; Geo. b. Oct. 11, 1831; and Enoch Hale, b. Mar. 27, 1834.

8. [67]Sybilla Hale; b. Sept. 3, 1797; m. 1819, Richardson Hall. They have had ten children, viz., Sarah, b. Dec. 14, 1819; m. Oct. 10, 1844, Henry Hooker; John R., b. Aug. 26, 1821; Charles, b. June 14, 1823; d. Nov. 14, 1849; Almira, b. March 17, 1825; m. June 5, 1850, Edward Dewey; William Hooker, b. March 17, 1827; Edward, b. Dec. 9, 1829; Isabella, b. Sept. 30, 1832; d. Aug. 11, 1833; Isabella, b. May 23, 1834; d. Feb. 16, 1853; Mary E., b. Sept. 18, 1836; and Henry T. b. Dec. 14, 1839.

[28]Nathan Hale, the subject of the preceding memoir, died without issue, as already stated.

[29]Richard Hale; sixth son of Deacon Richard Hale; b. Feb. 20, 1757; m. Mar. 16, 1786, Mary Wright of Coventry; he died Feb., 1793, at St. Eustatia in the W. Indies. His health had failed him,—and he had taken a voyage in hope of recovery. They had issue

Gen. VI. 1. [68]Mary Hale; b. July 6, 1787; d. Dec. 10, 1791.

2. [69]Laura Hale; b. Aug. 30, 1789; m. her cousin David Hale, then of Boston; (No. 72, post.)

Digitized by Google

3. [70]Mary; b. Jan. 25, 1791; d. Oct. 2, 1793.

After the death of Richard Hale, his widow married Nathan Adams of Canterbury, Conn., son of her father-in-law's second wife. They had no issue. She died in 1820.

[30]Billy Hale; seventh son of Deacon Richard Hale; b. Apr. 23, 1759; m. Jan. 19, 1784, Hannah Barker of Franklin. He died of consumption in 1785,—leaving one son.

Gen. VI. 1. [71]Billy; died in early life.

[31]David Hale; eighth son of Deacon Richard Hale; b. Dec. 14, 1761; graduated at Yale College, 1785;—settled as a minister in Lisbon, Ct. He m. May 19, 1790, Lydia Austin, b. Dec. 9, 1764; daughter of Samuel Austin of New Haven. In 1804, in poor health, he was dismissed from the church in Lisbon, and removed to Coventry, where he became a Deacon of the church in 1806. He was also Representative of the town, and Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He died Feb. 10, 1822. His widow died April 28, 1849. They had issue one child, viz:

Gen. VI. 1. [72]David Hale; b. Apr. 25, 1791; m. 1st, his cousin Laura Hale, (No. 69, above,) Jan. 18, 1815. She died July 25, 1824. He m. 2nd, Aug. 22, 1825, Lucy S. Turner of Boston.

[32]Joanna; second daughter of Deacon Richard Hale; b. March 19, 1764; m. Jan. 22, 1784, Dr. Nathan Howard of Coventry. He died Apr. 21, 1838, at the age of 77 years,

Digitized by Google

and she the next day. They had nine children, all of whom died in early childhood except,

GEN. VI. 1. [73]John Howard; b. Nov. 10, 1784; m. Lucy Ripley, dau. of Judge Ripley of Coventry; d. March 30, 1813. Their sons are John Ripley Howard, and Chauncey Howard, the former of whom lives in Coventry, Conn., and the latter in Hartford, Conn.,—where he has been Clerk of the Superior and County Courts, a member of the General Assembly, and is at present Treasurer and Secretary of the People's Savings Bank. He is a lawyer by profession, and, like his brother, is unmarried.

2. [74]Nathan Howard; b. March 20, 1795,—unmarried.

Of the families of those of Capt Nathan Hale's nephews who bore his name, we can give the following memoranda.

[61]Nathan Hale; 1st son of [27]Rev. Enoch Hale; b. Aug. 16, 1784; gr. Williams College, 1804, L. L. D., Harvard Univ., 1853. He has conducted for more than forty years the Boston Daily Advertiser. The active labors of his life have been largely devoted to the Internal Improvements of various States in America. He married, Sept. 5, 1816, Sarah Preston Everett, second daughter of Rev. Oliver Everett, minister of the new South Church, Boston. Their children are

GEN. VII. 1. [75]Sarah Everett Hale; b. July 8, 1817; d. May 16, 1851.

Digitized by Google

2. [76]Nathan Hale; b. Nov. 12, 1818; gr. Harv. Coll. 1838. Co-editor of Boston Daily Advertiser.

3. [77]Lucretia Peabody Hale; b. Sept. 2. 1820.

4. [78]Edward Everett Hale; b. Apr. 3, 1822; gr. Harvard College 1839; minister of the Church of the Unity, Worcester, Mass., m. Oct. 13, 1852, Emily Baldwin Perkins, b. Nov. 22, 1830, daughter of Hon. Thomas C. Perkins, of Hartford, Conn.

5. [79]A son; born and died Apr. 3, 1824.

6. [80]Alexander Hale; born June 21, 1825; died Jan. 7, 1826.

7. [81]Susan Hale; born April 17, 1827; died Nov. 13, 1833.

8. [82]Alexander; b. July 1, 1829; gr. Harv. Coll., 1848; a civil engineer;—lost in Pensacola harbor, in an attempt to rescue a shipwrecked crew, Aug. 22, 1850.

9. [83]Charles; b. June 7, 1831; gr. Harv. Coll., 1850. Co-editor in Boston Daily Advertiser.

10. [84]Susan Hale; b. Dec. 5, 1833.

11. [85]Jane Hale; b. Mar. 6, 1837; d. Jan. 27, 1838.

[66]Richard Hale; 3rd son of [27]Rev. Enoch Hale; b. July 2, 1792; m. Dec. 28, 1815, Lydia Rust. She d. Jan. 10, 1837. He lived at Westhampton, and d. in 1839.

Their Children are

Gen. VII. 1. [86]Philetus C. Hale; b. Oct. 5, 1816; m.

Digitized by Google

Dec. 19, 1839, Nancy H. Bannister, daughter of Jotham and Electa Bannister, Newburyport, Mass.

2. [67]Augustus E. Hale; b. Aug. 18, 1818; m. 1841, Adaline G. Smith, dau. of Abram and Mary Smith, of Seabrook, N. H.

3. [68]Mary Hale; b. Sept. 4, 1820; m. Rev. Melzar Montague—now of Wisconsin.

4. [69]Laura; b. Apr. 3rd, 1825; died at Westfield, Mass., Apr. 1855.

[72]David Hale, only son of [21]Rev. David Hale; b. Apr. 25, 1791; m. 1st, his cousin Laura Hale, (No. 69 above,) Jan. 18, 1815. She died July 25, 1824. He married 2nd, Aug. 22, 1825, Lucy S. Turner of Boston. The beginning of his active life was spent in Boston, in mercantile occupations; but in 1826 he removed to New York. Here he became the business partner in the management of the Journal of Commerce newspaper,—and in the charge of that Journal, and in his active and earnest efforts in the establishment of Congregational churches and other religious and charitable enterprises, became widely known and highly esteemed. His life, by Rev. J. P. Thompson, was published in 1850. His children are

Gen. VII. 1. [90]Mary Hale; b. Mar. 11, 1816; m. May 27, 1839, J. N. Stickney—now of Rockville, Ct.

2. [91]Lydia Hale; b. May 27, 1818; m. Apr. 23, 1838, Dr. T. T. Devan of New York;—accompanied him to Can-

Digitized by Google

ton as a missionary; and died without issue Oct. 18, 1846.

3. [92]Richard Hale; b. May 24, 1820; m. Oct. 28, 1844, Miss Julia Newlin.

4. [93]David Austin Hale; b. Sept. 3, 1822; m. Sept. 3, 1849, Miss M. I. Simonds of Athol, Mass.

5. [94]Lucy Turner Hale; b. July 9, 1826; m. May 20, 1846, Stephen Conover, Jr., of New York.

6. [95]Laura Hale; b. Aug. 22, 1828; m. Dec. 21, 1848, J. W. Camp of New York.

7. [96]Charlotte Hale; born April 6, 1832.

8. [97]Martha Louisa Hale; b. Aug. 5, 1834; d. Jan. 8, 1836.

In the next generation, the Hales, who descend from Capt. Nathan Hale's brothers, are in the following lists.

[75]Edward Everett Hale; b. Apr. 3, 1822; m. Oct. 13, 1852, Emily Baldwin Perkins of Hartford. They reside at Worcester, Mass., and have issue

Gen. VIII. [98]Ellen Day Hale; b. Feb. 11, 1855.

[86]Philetus Hale; b. Oct. 5, 1816; m. Dec. 19, 1839, Nancy H. Bannister. They reside at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, and have issue

Gen. VIII. 1. [99]Edward Augustus Hale; b. Sept. 26, 1840.

2. [100]William Richard Hale; b. Aug. 28, 1842; d. Feb. 6. 1843.

Digitized by Google

3. [101]William Henry Hale; b. July 8, 1845; d. Jan. 12, 1846.

4. [102]Mary Bannister Hale; b. July 22, 1846; d. June 26, 1851.

5. [103]John Philetus Hale; b. Aug. 23, 1850.

6. [104]Louise Randall Hale; b. July 9, 1853.

[87]Augustus Hale; b. Aug. 18, 1818; m. 1841, Adaline G. Smith. They reside in Westhampton, Mass., and have issue

GEN. VIII. 1. [105]Laura Anna Hale; b. August 12, 1842; d. Mar. 13, 1843.

2. [106]Frank Augustus Hale; b. Jan. 28, 1844.

3. [107]Eugene Turner Hale; b. May 22, 1846.

4. [108]George Wellington Hale; b. Sept. 1849.

5. [109]Isabella Eloise Hale; b. May 28, 1853.

[92]Richard Hale; b. May 24, 1820; m. Oct. 28, 1844, Miss Julia Newlin. They reside in New York, and have issue

GEN. VIII. [110]Louisa Newlin Hale; b. July 22, 1845.

2. [111]Lydia Devan Hale; b. Sept. 7, 1846.

3. [112]David Hale; b. Mar. 7, 1849; d. Jan. 28, 1853.

[93]David Austin Hale; b. Sept. 3, 1822; m. Sept. 8, 1849, Miss M. I. Simonds. They reside in New York. Their only child was

GEN. VIII. [113]William Nelson Hale; b. June 20, 1850; d. July 15, 1855.

Digitized by Google

This brings the list of Hales of Richard Hale's family up to the present time. It would have been agreeable to have extended it farther by inserting the names of all the descendants of this venerable man, of whatever name. But this would have required more space than is at our command; while we should have assumed a duty which will be gratefully performed, we doubt not, by the genealogists of the respective families whose names these cousins bear.

Digitized by Google

B.

Page 14.

Of Hale's Father.

Deacon Hale possessed in addition to the qualities mentioned in the text, remarkable physical energy—a characteristic which his son Nathan amply inherited. He was of the medium height, compactly built, and muscular—and in these respects too Nathan resembled his father, though the figure of the son was more comely, and singularly exact in its proportions. The activity of Deacon Hale was even restless. He was what is called in common parlance, "*a driver.*" Such was his eagerness to be at work, in the farming season, that, almost habitually, he would finish his meals before the rest of the family—rise—return thanks—and then immediately withdraw to the labors of the field, leaving his household to sit down again at the table, and complete their repast. His step-daughter Alice Adams—afterwards Mrs. Lawrence—used frequently to say that she "*never saw a man work so hard for both worlds as Deacon Hale!*"

Digitized by Google

His activity is further illustrated in the following somewhat amusing incident furnished us by J. F. Judd Esquire, of Hartford, Connecticut—a gentleman who was born and brought up in near vicinity to the Hale homestead.

In the haying season, Deacon Hale hired a tall, brawny countryman, of uncommon strength, to help him house his crop. When in the field, he took upon himself the task of loading the hay upon the cart, and directed the freshly hired laborer to pitch it up to him. The latter began his work rather slowly, and Deacon Hale very soon called out to him—"*More hay!*" This call he repeated three or four times, as cock after cock of hay was still somewhat lazily passed up to him—until finally his tardy helper—becoming sensible that his dilatoriness was thus rebuked—set himself to work with increased energy, and at last pitched the hay up so rapidly, that his employer was unable to place it aright upon the cart. Very soon, therefore, the whole load slipped off in one large mass upon the ground, and bore worthy Mr. Hale helplessly along with it. "What do you want, Deacon?"—inquired at once the Hercules by his side, with a self-satisfied and half-mocking air. "*More hay!*" instantly replied the undiscomfited deacon—and scrambling up, he nimbly replaced himself upon the cart.

Digitized by Google

C.

Page 24.

Hale's Linonian Society Speech.

The Speech, or Address, of which we have given a brief synopsis in the text, was delivered by Hale when he was but a boy of about seventeen—and though not, of course, a matured production, it is yet of so much interest—in the paucity of other compositions from his pen—that we are tempted to preserve a few of its paragraphs here, just as they were written. We take then, first, a passage in which he compliments the retiring members of the Society. It is, verbatim, as follows:

"The high opinion we ought to maintain of the ability of these worthy Gentlemen, as well as the regard they express for Linonia and her Sons, tends very much to increase our desire for their longer continuance. Under whatsoever character we consider them, we have the greatest reason to regret their departure. As our patrons, we have shared their utmost care and vigilance in supporting Linonia's cause,

Digitized by Google

and protecting her from the malice of her insulting foes. As our benefactors, we have partaken of their liberality, not only in their rich and valuable donations to our library, but, what is still more, their amiable company and conversation. But as our friends, what inexpressible happiness have we experienced in their disinterested love and cordial affection! We have lived together not as fellow-students and members of the same college, but as brothers and children of the same family; not as superiors and inferiors, but rather as equals and companions. The only thing which hath given them the preëminence is their superior knowledge in those arts and sciences which are here cultivated, and their greater skill and prudence in the management of such important affairs as those which concern the good order and regularity of this Society. Under the prudent conduct of these our once worthy patrons, but now parting friends, things have been so wisely regulated, as that while we have been entertained with all the pleasures of familiar conversation, we have been no less profited by our improvements in useful knowledge and literature."

"Kind and generous Sirs"—Hale proceeds in a few sentences which we quote from his concluding direct address to the parting members—"it is with the greatest reluctance that we are now all obliged to bid adieu to you our dearest friends. Fain would we ask you longer to tarry—but it is otherwise determined, and we must comply. Accept then

Digitized by Google

our sincerest thanks, as some poor return for your disinterested zeal in Linonia's cause, and your unwearied pains to suppress her opposers. * * Be assured that we shall be spirited in Linonia's cause, and with steadiness and resolution strive to make her shine with unparalleled lustre. * * Be assured that your memory will always be very dear to us; that although hundreds of miles should interfere, you will always be attended with our best wishes. May Providence protect you in all your ways, and may you have prosperity in all your undertakings! May you live long and happily, and at last die satisfied with the pleasures of this world, and go hence to that world where joy shall never cease, and pleasures never end!—Dear Gentlemen, farewell!"

Whatever may be thought of these passages from Hale in other respects, it will be conceded, we think, that they manifest simplicity of style, directness of expression, and great warmth of heart.

Digitized by Google

D.

Page 26.

HALE'S CLASSMATES.

The following, from a Yale College Catalogue, is a complete list of Hale's classmates.

"1773. Rogerus Alden, Mr. et Columb. Elisæus Atkins, Mr. Gamaliel Babcock. Baruchus Beckwith, Mr. Thaddeus Benedict, Mr. Abrahamus Camp, Mr. Gulielmus Chandler, Mr. Daniel Cooley. Samuel Dwight, Mr. Johannes Fairchild, Mr. Royal Flint, Mr., et Harv. Bildad Fowler. Isaacus Gridley, Mr. Johannes Gurley. Enochus Hale, Mr. Nathan Hale, Mr. Joel Hayes, Mr. Jacobus Hillhouse, Mr., Thesaur., e Cong., Rerumpub. Fœd. Sen., C. A. S. L. L. D. Stephanus Keyes. Samuel Leonard, Mr., et Harv. Gershom Clark Lyman, Mr., S. T. D. Mid. Elihu Marvin. Thomas Mead, Mr. Noachus Merwin, Mr. Samuel Montgomery. Johannes Nichols, Mr. Samuel Parsons, Mr. Gulielmus Robinson, Mr., et Tut. Ezra Sampson. Ezra Selden. Benjamin Tallmadge, Mr., e Cong., Gulielmus Townsend, Mr. Newtonus Whittlesey, Mr. Ebenezer Williams. Joshua Lamb Woodbridge. Johannes Palsgrave Wyllys, Mr." Of the above, twenty-one were, with Hale, members of the Linonian Society.

Digitized by Google

E.

Page 26.

Sketch of Benjamin Tallmadge.

Singularly enough, it was into the hands of Benjamin Tallmadge, Hale's classmate in college, that Hale's counterpart, the British spy Andre, was committed for custody, from the time of his capture down to that of his execution. This fact, and his intimate companionship with the hero of our biography, lead us to present a brief sketch of him here.

He was born at Brookhaven, upon Long Island, New York, on the 25th of February, 1754, and was therefore one year older than Hale. Like the latter, he was active, intelligent, fond of study, and entered college at a very early age. Like Hale, and united with him in the same academical honor, after graduating, he entered upon the duties of a teacher, in a school of high grade—at Wethersfield, Connecticut—from which place he carried on assiduously that correspondence with the former which we have seen him commence in college. Like Hale, an ardent lover of his

Digitized by Google

country, and attached to it from principle—leaving the charge of his school for the field of arms, he enlisted in the service of his native land as a lieutenant—but a few months later than his friend—in 1776, and in Colonel Chester's regiment. Unlike Hale, he was spared to rise rapidly in his military profession. He became a highly prominent and accomplished officer—served through the entire war—and emerged from it a colonel. He was soon made adjutant to Colonel Chester—and next captain of the first troop in the second regiment of light dragoons. His appearance on horseback, we are informed from various sources, was very striking. Of a tall and portly figure, no officer in the army, it is said, had a more noble and commanding presence.

He participated in the battles of Long Island, and of White Plains. In 1777, he was promoted to a majority—took his station as a field officer—and was present at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, White Marsh, and Monmouth. In 1779, he distinguished himself by breaking up a horde of marauding tory bandits at Lloyd's Neck—and in 1780, still more, by carrying Fort St. George, upon Long Island, at the point of the bayonet. For this last gallant service, he received the special thanks of the Commander-in-chief, and of Congress. It was accomplished with less than one hundred dismounted dragoons—just at break of day—and with such overwhelming *force*, that in less than ten minutes the stockade was cut down—the

Digitized by Google

column led through the grand parade—and the main fort was in possession of the attacking party. "The works, shipping, and stores were then destroyed; and while the troops were marching to their boats with their prisoners—equal in numbers to themselves—Major Tallmadge with ten or twelve men, mounted on captured horses, proceeded to Coram and destroyed an immense magazine of forage, and returned to the place of debarkation just as the party with their prisoners had reached the same spot. Here they refreshed themselves for an hour, and before four o'clock in the afternoon were again afloat on their return. They arrived at Fairfield that night without the loss of a man."

It was from service of this kind—from a station on Long Island Sound, by particular direction of Washington, to protect its coast from illicit trade and intercourse, and from British foraging parties—that in 1780, Major Tallmadge returned to North Castle on the evening of the very day upon which Andre was brought in to this military post—and he was the first—from observing the deportment of the prisoner—from watching the manner in which he walked to and fro on the floor, and turned his heel to retrace his steps—to suspect that he was bred to arms, and was an important British officer. From this time forward, down to that of the execution of Andre, Major Tallmadge was charged with his custody, and was almost constantly with him. He commanded the escort that conducted him to Lower Salem.

Digitized by Google

It was into his hands that Andre there placed, for perusal, his first letter to General Washington, acknowledging his true character. It was under his charge again, with a strong guard, that Andre was removed to Robinson's House —and thence to West Point—thence down the river in a barge to Stony Point—thence under an escort of cavalry to Tappan—and thence, from the Stone House in which he had been confined, Major Tallmadge "walked with him to the place of execution, and parted with him under the gallows"—"overwhelmed with grief," he says, "that so gallant an officer and so accomplished a gentleman should come to such an ignominious end."

He has left us a picture—a deeply interesting one—of his captive, and of his own intercourse with him—in a narrative which is published in the Life of Arnold by Jared Sparks*—and in one passage of this narrative he introduces the name and fate of his own "much-loved classmate" Hale, in a manner, and under circumstances, truly touching and impressive. The following is the passage—which, though it anticipates the course of our own narrative of Hale, we give here because of its particular connection with this sketch of his classmate.

"Before we reached the Clove," Tallmadge proceeds, "Major Andre became very inquisitive to know my opinion

* Page 255, and infra.

Digitized by Google

as to the result of his capture. In other words, he wished me to give him candidly my opinion, as to the light in which he would be viewed by General Washington, and a military tribunal, if one should be ordered. This was the most unpleasant question that had been propounded to me, and I endeavored to evade it, unwilling to give him a true answer. When I could no longer evade his importunity, or put off a full reply, I remarked to him as follows. "I had a much loved classmate in Yale College, by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in the year 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return."—Said I with emphasis, "Do you remember the sequel of this story?"—"Yes," said Andre, "he was hanged as a spy. But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?"—I replied, "Yes, precisely similar, and similar will be your fate." He endeavored to answer my remarks, but it was manifest he was more troubled in spirit than I had ever seen him before."

While Tallmadge was in the army, in and around New York, he, like Hale, it is worthy of particular remark, was honored with the special confidence of General Washington in hazardous secret service. For several years—indeed

Digitized by Google

throughout the war—he conducted for Washington, and under his especial instructions, all that occult correspondence with persons in New York, or elsewhere within the British lines—well-affected to the American cause, but outwardly in amity with the enemy—which the Commander-in-chief is well known to have maintained—and for this business he kept one or more boats constantly employed in crossing Long Island Sound.

At the close of the war—in 1784—after marrying Mary, the daughter of General William Floyd, of Mastic, Long Island—he removed to Litchfield, Connecticut, where he engaged largely in mercantile pursuits, and lived the remainder of his life. Losing his first wife in 1805, he in 1808 married Maria, the daughter of Joseph Hallet Esquire, of the City of New York. He had several children—one of whom, the Honorable Frederic A. Tallmadge, is the late eminent Recorder of the City of New York. From 1800, for sixteen successive years, he was a member of Congress from Connecticut, and discharged his trust with ability and high integrity. He died March 7th, 1835, a tranquil death —"with a joyful hope and Christian confidence." Zealous, enterprising, patriotic, honorable, benevolent, "the influence of his example was felt in every good work, and all who knew him loved and venerated him."

Digitized by Google

F.

Page 36.

Sketch of Mrs. Lawrence.

The following sketch of the appearance, mind, and manners of Mrs. Lawrence—from the pen of a highly intelligent lady, one of her grand-daughters, who long lived in her society and home—will be found very interesting. It is in no respect exaggerated, as we learn from various sources—but, on the other hand, is accurate and just. Though communicated to us in the form of a note, and not designed for publication, we cannot forbear the pleasure of presenting it to our Readers here. Speaking of her grandmother, the writer thus proceeds:

"In person she was rather below the middle height, with a full, round figure—rather *petite*. She possessed a mild, amiable countenance, in which was reflected that intellectual superiority which distinguished her even in the days of Dwight, Hopkins, and Barlow, in Hartford—men who could appreciate her, who delighted in her wit and worth, and

Digitized by Google

who, with a coterie of others of that period who are still in remembrance, considered her one of the brightest ornaments of their society.

"A fair, fresh complexion, obtained in her early country life—bright, intelligent hazel eyes, and hair of a jetty blackness—will give you some idea of her looks—the crowning glory of which was the forehead, that surpassed in beauty any I ever saw, and was the admiration of my maturer years. I portray her, with the exception of the hair, as she appeared to me in her *eighty-eighth* year. I never tired of gazing on her youthful complexion—upon her eyes, which retained their natural lustre unimpaired, and enabled her to read without any artificial aid—and upon her hand and arm, which, though shrunken somewhat from age, must, in her younger days, have been a fit study for a sculptor.

"Her character was everything that was lovely. A lady who had known her *many* years, writing to me after her death, says—'Never shall I forget her unceasing kindness to me, and her noble and generous disposition. From my first acquaintance with her, and amidst all the varied trials through which she was called to pass, I had ever occasion to admire the calm and beautiful Christian spirit she uniformly exhibited. To *you* I will say it, I never knew so faultless a character—so gentle, so kind. That meek expression, and that *affectionate eye*, are as present to my recollection now, as though I had seen them but yesterday.'

Digitized by Google

"Such is the language of one who had known her *long* and *well*, and whose testimony would be considered more impartial than that of one, who, like myself, had been the constant recipient of her unceasing kindness and affection."

Digitized by Google

G.

Page 57.

Hale's Diary.

The following is the Diary of Captain Nathan Hale, to which reference is made in the text—and in the precise shape in which it was written by him. It has no pretension to any formality of plan, or elegance of composition, but is a succinct, often extremely abbreviated statement of events and experiences in his life, chiefly from the time he left New London with his military company, until, with the army from around Boston, he marched for New York. A few pages are torn from the Camp Book which contains it—two or three from the beginning of the Diary, and one containing the entries of two days in November. With this exception, and a break also in the Diary from September the thirtieth to October sixth, and again upon the sixteenth of October, the entries are regular and uninterrupted from September twenty-third, 1775, to December the thirty-first. They begin again January twenty-fourth, 1776, and run

Digitized by Google

over seven days. Two more in February, and four after Hale reached New York, complete the series of his memoranda. The facts they contain are, many of them, of historical value. Even the little personal experiences and employments to which they allude, otherwise unimportant, will grow into some consequence with the Reader, when associated with the patriotic Martyr-Spy. They will all be found interesting, particularly so when we reflect that, with a few letters, and a single college composition, they form everything that is left us from the pen of one, who, had he lived to mature his youthful powers, to nurse his intellect, and polish his tastes, would probably have been a bright ornament either to the pulpit or the bar, or have graced perhaps the paths of literature as much as he graced the path of patriotism.

"[Sep. 23rd.] Cannon, 40 or 50, heard from the last stage to the present. Marched 3½ O'Cl—and arrived [at] Watermans, (a private house and entertainment good) after a stop or two. 6½ O'Cl., 6 m.—tarried all night.

"24th. Mch'd 6 O'Cl., and at 8 O'Cl., reach'd Olney's, 4 m.—10 O'Cl., mch'd from Olney's 2 miles, and reached Providence, but made no stop. Having march'd thro' the town with music, and mde a sht stp at the hither part, in the road, came 4 miles further to Slacks in Rehoboth, where we dined.* 4 O'Cl., mch'd from Slacks 6 m., and reach'd

* "Received, Rehoboth, Sept. 24, 1775, of Nathan Hale Lieutt of Majr Lati-

Digitized by Google

Daggetts in Attleborough, and put up, depositing our arms in the mtts House. Soon after our arrival join'd by the Maj^r, who set out from home the nt bef——.

"25th. March'd soon after sunrise—and came very fast to Dupree's in Wrentham, 9 m. to Breakfast. Arv'd 9 O'Cl. 11 set off, and 1½ P. M. arv'd [at] Hidden's, Walpole, and there din'd and tarried till 4½ O'Cl., and then march'd to Dedham, 7 m., and put up.

"Tuesday 26th. Mch'd 5 m. before Breakfast to ——. For Dinner went 4½ m. to Parkers, which is within a mile and a half from Camp. At our arrival in Camp found that 200 men had been draughted for a fishing party. Pitched our tents for the present in Roxbury, a little before sunset.

"Wednesday 27th. Went to some of our lower works. 12 or 15 of the fishing party return, and bring 11 Cattle and 2 horses.

"Thursday 28th. Fishing party returned.

"Friday 29th. Mch'd for Cambridge. Arv'd 3 O'Cl., and encamped on the foot of Winter hill, near General Sullivan's, 3 Com^ies Maj^rs C^t Shipmans, Bostwick.

"Sat. 30th. Considerable firing upon Roxbury side in the

---

mer's Company, five shillings and ten pence lawful money for the use of my house and other trouble by sd Company.

ELIPHALET SLACK."

Several similar receipts, in the handwriting of Hale, save the signature, enabling us to trace his positions, are found in his Camp-Book.

Digitized by Google

forenoon, and some P. M. No damage done as we hear. Join'd this day by Cp^{ts} Perril and Levnwth about 4 O'Cl.

"Octo. 6th, 1775. Near 100 Can^{s} fired at Roxbury from the Enemy. Shot off a man's arm, and kill'd one Cow.

"7th. Some firing from Boston neck—nil mat.

"8th. Sab. A. M. rainy—no meet^{g}. Mr Bird pr. Watertown P. M. Went to meet^{g} on the hill. Mr Smith pr.

"9th, Monday. Morn^{g} clear and pleas^{t}, but cold. Exers^{d} men 5 O'Cl. 1. h.

"Tuesday 10th. Went to Roxbury—dined with Doc^{tr} Wolcott at General Spencers Lodg^{s}. P. M. rode down to Dorchester, with a view to go on upon the point; but Col^{l} Fellows told us he could give us no leave, as we had been informed in town. Return'd to Camp 6 O'Cl.

"Wed. 11th. Bro^{r} Joseph here in the morning—went to Cam^{ge} 12 O'Cl.—sent a letter to Bro^{r} Enoch by Saml Turner. Inform'd by Jo^{ph} that he was to be examin'd to day for —. Saw Royal Flynt—pr^{d} to write him. Rec^{d} a letter from Gil. Salt^{l} w^{h} inf^{d} ye Schooner by St Johns taken—all ye men kill^{d}, and y^{t} 8,000 bush^{ls} of wheat had been taken and carried to Norwich f^{m} Christ. Champlin's ship run agr^{d} at Stoning^{tn}. Rec^{d} letter 9th from Gil. Salt. Do 9th f^{m} John Hallam—8th E. Hale. A heavy thunder show^{r} in ye even^{g}.

"Thurs. 12th. Wrote 6 letters to N. L. Saw C^{l} Sage. Inf^{md} Montreal held by Montgomery—St Johns off^{d} to capitulate, but refusing to deliver guns, Johnson's terms

Digitized by Google

were refused; but must soon surrender. P. M. Went into Cambridge. Took the Camb^ge Paper—pd 3 coppers.

"Friday 13th. Inf^md by Lt Col^l that Col^l Webb last night gave orders that Field Officers Lieutenants should wear yellow Ribbons—put in one accordingly. Walk^d to Mis^k for clothes. * * * * * * * *

"Sat. 14th. Mounted picket guard. Govr Griswold at plough^d hill. Rumours of 25,000 troops from England.

"Sab. 15th. Mr Bird pr. P. M. After meeting walk'd to Mistick.

"Tuesday 17th. A Serg^t Major deserted to the Regulars.

"Wed. 18th. A Private deserted to the enemy. Last night a cannon split in our float^g batt'ry when fir^g upon B. Common—1 of our men kill'd—another said to be mortally wounded—6 or 7 more wounded. Rec^d Letters—G. Salston-tall, 16th—J. Hallam, 14th—E. Hallam, 15th—E. Adams, 16th. In Mr. Sals^ll Letter rec^d News of the publishment of Thomas Poole and Betsey Adams on the 15th.

"Thursday 19th. Wrote 4 letters—to Messrs. G. Sals^l and John Hallam, and to Misses Bet. Adams and Hallam. 3 people inhabitants of Boston sd to have escaped on Rox^y side last night. Several guns were fired at them which were heard here at Winter hill. This morning one of our horses wand^d down near the enemy's lines, but they durst not venture over to take him on account of Rifle^n placed at ye old Chim^y ready to fire upon them. A sick man at Temples found to have the small pox.

Digitized by Google

"Friday 20th. Wet and rainy. News from Roxbury yt 9 persons, 5 of them inhabitants, and 4 of them Sailors, made their escape last night from Boston to Dorchester Point, who bring accounts yt 10,000 Hanoverian & 5,000 Scotch and Irish Troops are hourly expected in Boston. Cpt. Perrit retd sunset from Connecticut. News yt Col. Josh Trumbull Commy Genl was at the point of Death.

"Sat. 21st. Constant rain & for ye most part hard for ye whole day. A letter communicated to the offrs of ye Regt fm G. Washgtn to Coll Webb with orders to see what Offrs will extend ye term of thr service fm 6th Decembr to 1st Jany—Col. Webb issu'd ordrs for removing a man who was yesterday discovered to have ye small pox from Temple's house to ye hospital—but the offrs remonstrating, suspended his orders. Sun set clear.

"Sab. 22nd. Mounted piquet guard—had charge of the advance Piquet. Nil. mem. Mistick Commy refus'd to deliver provsns to Compies which had had nothing for ye day. On which Cpt. Tuttle and 60 or 70 men went, and as it happd terror instead of force obtain'd the provisions. On Piquet heard Regrs at work with pick axes. One of our Centries heard their G. Rounds give the Countersign—which was Hamilton. Left P. guard, and retd to Cp at sunrise on the—

"23rd Mon. 10 O'Cl., went to Cambridge wth Fld Comsnd officers to Genl Putnam, let him know the state of the Regt,

Digitized by Google

and y^{t} it was thro' ill usage upon the Score of Provisions y^{t} th^{y} wld not extend their term of service to the 1st of Jany 1776. Din'd at Browns—dr^{k} 1 bottle wine—walk'd about street—call'd at Josh. Woodbridge's on my way—ret^{d} home about 6 O'Cl. Rec^{d} confirmation of day before yesterday's report y^{t} Capt. Coit mde an Admiral. Rec^{d} lett. Ed. Hallam, 15th.

"25th, Tuesday. Some rain. W^{t} to Mistick with clothes, to be washed (viz. 4 Shirts, Do Necks, 5 pair Stockings, 1 Napkin, 1 Table Cloth, 1 Pillow case, 2 Linen and 1 Silk Handkerchief.) P. M. Got Brick and Clay for Chimney. Winter Hill came down to wrestle, w^{h} view to find out our best for a wrestling match to which this hill was stumped by Prospect, to be decided on Thursday ensu^{g}. Evening Prayers omitted for wrestling.

"25th, Wednesday—no letters.

"26th, Thursday. Grand Wrestle on Prospect Hill—no wager laid.

"Friday, 27th. Messrs John Hallam and David Mumford arvd.

"Sat. 28th. Somewhat rainy.

"Sab. 29th. Went to meeting in the barn—one exercise. After meeting walk'd with Cpt Hull and Mr Hallam to Mistick.

"Sat. 28th. At night Serg^{t} of the enemy's guard deserted to us.

Digitized by Google

"Monday, 30th. Some dispute with the Subalterns, about Cpt Hull and me acting as Captains. The Col. and Lieut Col. full in it that we ought to act in that capacity. Brigade Majr and Genl Lee of the same opinion. Presented a petition to Genl Washington for Cpt Hull and myself, requesting the pay of Cpts—refused. Mr Gurley here at Dinr. P. M. Went into Cambridge with Mr. Mumford.

"Tuesday, 31st. Wrote letters to Father, and brother John and Enoch. P. M. Went to Cambridge—dr. wine &c at Genl Putnams.

"Wednesday, Novem. 1st. Mounted Piquet guard—nil mem. Rec'd 3 Letters frm S. Belden, G. Salt., and B. Hallam. The 1st infmd he had no Scarlet Coating &c., and also reminded me of 20s due to him by way of change of a 40s Bill rec'd for Schooling (forgot.) 2nd infmd that (as per Philadelphia paper) Peyton Randolph died of an Apoplexy 22nd ult. 3rd infmd Sheriff Christopher is dead.

"Wed. 1st. Came off from Piquet Guard 10 O'Cl. 11 do wt to Camrs with Cpt Hull—dined at Genl Putnam's with Mr. Learned. Infmd Mr Howe died at Hartford 2 months ago—not heard of before. Coll Parson's Regt under arms to suppress ye mutinous proceedings of Genl Spencer's Regt—one man hurt in the neck by a bayonet (done yesterday.) Retnd to Camp 6 O'Cl.

"Thursday 2nd. Rain constantly, sometimes hard. Re-

Digitized by Google

ceiv'd a flying Report that the Congress had declared independency.

"Friday 3rd. Nil mem.

"Sat. 4th. Mr Learned and myself din'd at Col^l Halls. Deac^n Kingsbury's son visited me. P. M. Cpt Hull and myself w^t to Prospect Hill.

"Sunday 5th. A. M. Mr. Learned pr. John 13, 19—excellentissime. A little after twelve a considerable number of cannon from the Enemy, in memory of the day. Din'd with Cpt Hull at Genl Putnams. Rec'd news of the taking of Fort Chamblee, with 80 odd soldiers, about 100 women & children, upwards of 100 barrels of Powder, more than 200 barrels of pork, 40 do of flour, 2 Mortars and some cannon. The women, wives to Officers in St Johns, were brought to St Johns, and there their Husbands permitted to come out, and after spending some time with them, return. Also News of a vessel taken by one of our privateers fr. Phi^a to B–n, w^h 104 pipes of wine—another from the West Indies with the produce of that Country. Rec'd a letter from bro. Enoch—Nov. 1. Coventry pr. Daniel Robertson, who is to make me a visit tomorrow. The paper, in which the Officers sent in their names for new commissions return'd for more Subalterns. Ens^n Pond and ——— put down th^r names. Those who put down their names the first offer, [are] Col^s Webb and Hall, Capt^s Hoyt, Tuttle, Shipman, Bostwick, Perrit, Levenworth, Hull and Hale—Sub^s Catland.

Digitized by Google

"Monday, 6th. Mounted Piquet guard in ye place of Cpt Levenworth. A Rifleman deserted to ye Regulars. Some wet. Day chiefly spent in Jabber and Chequers. Cast an eye upon Young's Mems, belongs to Col. Varnum—a very good book. Compt of ye bad condition of ye lower Piquet by Majr Cutler &c. It is of the utmost importance that an Officer should be anxious to know his duty, but of greater that he shd carefully perform what he does know. The present irregular state of the army is owing to a capital neglect in both of these.

"Tuesday, 7th. Left Piquet 10 O'Clock. Infl Majr Brooks apptd for this Regt—new establishment—wh. occasa much uneasiness among the Cpts. Rain pretty hard most of the day. Spent most of it in the Majr, my own and other tents in conversation—some chequers—Studied ye best method of forming a Regt for a review, of arraying ye Companies, also of marching round ye reviewing Officer. A man ought never to lose a moments time. If he put off a thing from one minute to the next, his reluctance is but increased.

"Wednesday 8th. Cleaned my gun—pld some football, and some chequers. Some People came out of Boston via Roxby. Rec'd N. of Cpt Coit's taking two prizes, with Cattle, poultry, hay, rum, wine, &c. &c.—also verbal accounts of the taking of St Johns.

"Thursday, 9th. 1 O'Cl. P. M. An alarm. The enemy landed at Lechmeres Point, to take off cattle. Our works

Digitized by Google

were immediately all mann'd, and a detachment sent to receive them, who were obliged, it being high water, to wade through water nearly waist high. While the Enemy were landing, we gave them a constant Cannonade from Prospect Hill. Our party having got on to the point, marched in two columns, one on each side of ye hill, with a view to surround ye enemy, but upon the first appearance of them, they made their boats as fast as possible. While our men were marching on to ye point, they were exposed to a hot fire from a ship in the bay, and a floating Battery—also after they had passed the hill. A few shot were fired from Bunker's Hill. The damage on our side is the loss of one Rifleman taken, and three men wounded, one badly, and it is thought 10 or more cattle carried off. The Rifleman taken was drunk in a tent, in which he and the one who received the worst wound were placed to take care of the Cattle, Horses &c., and give notice in case the enemy should make an attempt upon them. The tent they were in was taken. What the loss was on the side of the enemy we cannot yet determine. At night met with the Capt^s of ye new establishment at Genl Sullivans to nominate Subalterns. Lieut^t Bourbank of Col^l Doolittle's Reg^t made my 1st L^t—Serg^t Chapman 2nd, & Serg^t Hurlburt Ens^n.

"Friday, 10th. Went upon the hill to see my new Lieu^t Bourbank, and found him to be no very great things. On my return found that my Br. & Joseph Strong had been

Digitized by Google

here and enquired for me. Immediately after dinner went to Cambr. to see them, but was too late. Went to head quarters—saw Genl Sullivan, and gave him a description of my new Lt. He said he would make enquiry concerning him. On my return fo. the abo. Lt at my tent, agr^{ble} to my invitation. After much round about talk persuaded him to go with me to the Genl, to desire to be excused from the service. The Genl not being at home, deferr'd it till another time.

"Saturday, 11th. Some dispute about the arrangement of Subs.—but not peaceably settled.

"Sunday 12th. This morning early a meeting of Capts., upon the above matter, and not ended until near noon. No meeting A. M. P. M. Mr Bird pr.

"Monday, 13th. Our people began to dig turf under Cobble Hill. Inlistments delivered out. At night a man of our Reg^{t} attempted to desert to the Reg^{m}, but was taken.

"Tuesday, 14th. Some uneasiness about Subs. P. M. Went to Cambr. nil mem. Genl orders of to day contained an account of the reduction of St Johns. Dig^{g} sods under Cobble Hill continued."

Here follow, copied by Hale's hand, long and minute "*Directions for the Guards*"—twenty-one Articles in number—after which his Diary thus continues:

"Wednesday, 15th. Mounted Main guard. Heard read

Digitized by Google

the articles of surrender of St Johns. Likewise an account of the repulse of our piratical enemies at Hampton in Virginia, with the loss of a number of men—(in a handbill). Three deserters made their escape from Boston to Roxbury last night. Two prisoners were taken this afternoon in the orchard below Plough'd Hill, who, with some others, were getting apples. They bring accounts that it was reported in Boston that our army at St Johns was entirely cut off. That last week when they attempted to take our cattle at Sewels point they kill'd 50 or 60 of our men, wounded as many more, and had not a man either killed or wounded—whereas in truth we had only one that was much wounded, and he is in a way to recover. Rec'd a letter from J. Hallam.

"Thursday, 16th. Releiv'd from Piquet, 8½ O'Cl. Confined James Brown of Cpt Hubbel's company for leaving the guard, which he did yesterday towards night, and did not return until 4 O'Cl. this morning, when he was taken up by the centinel at the door of Temple's House. As it appeared he was somewhat disguised with liquor, I ordered him confined and reported.

"Thursday 16th. Wrote two letters—1 to J. Hallam, and 1 to G. Saltl. It being Thanksgiving in Connecticut, the Capts and officers in nomination for the new army had an entertainment at T's house provided by Capt. Whitney's Sutler. They were somewhat merry, and inlisted some

Digitized by Google

soldiers. I was not present. About 10 or 11 O'Cl. at night Orders came for reinforcing the Piquet with 10 men from a Com^{y}.

"Friday, 17th. Rec'd an order from Colonel Hall for taking up at the continental Store 4 pr Breeches, 6 Do Stock^{gs}, 5 Do Shoes, 1 Shirt, 1 buff Cap, 1 pr Indian Stock^{gs}, 5$\frac{1}{4}$ y^{ds} of Coat^{g},—all which I got but the Shirt, Indian Stock^{gs}, 1$\frac{1}{4}$ y^{d} Coat^{ng}, and shoes, which are to come tomorrow morning. Cpt. Hull wth some of his soldiers went wth me to Camb^{ge}. Return'd after dark. Stop'd at Genl Lees to see about Furl^{s} for men inlisted, who ordered the gen^{l} orders for the day to be read, by which Furloughs are to be given by Col^{ls} only, and not more than 50 at a time must have them out of a Reg^{t}. Genl orders further contained that the Congress had seen fit to raise the pay of the officers from what they were—and that a Cpt. upon the new establishment is to receive 26$\frac{2}{3}$ Dollars per month—a 1st and 2nd Lieu^{t} 18 Dollars, and an Ens^{n} 13$\frac{1}{3}$ Dollars.

"Saturday, 18th. Obtained an order from Colo. Webb upon the Q. M. G. for things for the soldiers. Went for them afternoon—returned a little after Sunset.

"Sabbath Day, 19th. Mr Bird pr.—one service only, beginning after 12 O'Cl. Text Esther 8th 6. For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people, or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred? The discourse very good—the same as preached to Genl

Digitized by Google

Wooster, his officers and Soldiers, at Newhaven, and which was again preached at Cambridge a Sabbath or two ago. Now preached as a farewell discourse. Robert Latimer, the Maj^{rs} son, went to Roxbury to day on his way home. The Maj^{r} who went there to day, and Lt Hurlburt, and Robert Latimer F, who went yesterday, returned this even^{g} and b^{t} acc^{ts} that the Asia Man of War, stationed at New York, was taken by a Schooner armed with Spears &c., which at first appeared to be going out of the Harbour, and was bro^{t} too by ye Asia, and instead of coming under her stern, just as she come up shot along side. The men who were before conceal'd, immediately sprung up with their lances &c., and went at it with such vigor that they soon made themselves masters of the ship. The kill'd and wounded not known. This account not credited. Sergeant Prentis thought to be dying about 12 Meridian—some better, if any alterat^{n} this evening.

"Monday 20th. Obtain'd furloughs for 5 men, viz., Isaac Hammon, Jabez Minard, Christopher Beebe, John Holmes, and William Hatch, each for 20 Days. Mounted m^{n} Guard —4 prisoners—nil mem., until 10 O'Cl, when an alarm from Cambr. and Prospect Hill, occasioned our turning out. Slept little or none.

"Tuesday, 21st. Releiv'd by Cpt Hoyt. Serg^{t} Prentis very low. Colo. and some Cpts went to Cambr. to a Court

Digitized by Google

M., to Cpt Hubbel's Trial, adjourn'd from yesterday to day. Evening spent in conversation.

"Wednesday, 22nd. Sergt Prentis died about 12 O'Cl. last night. Tried to obtain a furlough to go to Cape Ann, and keep Thanksgiving, but could not succeed. Being at Genl Sullivans, heard Genl Green read a letter from a member of the Congress, expressing wonder at the Backwardness of the Offrs and Soldiers to tarry the winter—likewise informing that the men inlisted fast in Pennsylvania and ye Jersies for 30s. per month. Some hints dropt as if there was to be a change of the"

Here a leaf of the Camp-Book is gone, and the Diary recommences as follows:

"Saturday, 25th. Last night 2 sheep kill'd belonging to the Enmy. This morning considerable firing between the Centries. A Rifleman got a Dog from the Regulars. Col. Varnum offer'd a Guinea for him, the [same] that Genl Lee had offer'd. 10 O'Cl, A. M. went to Cobble Hill to view. Another brought to the Ferry way—two there now. P. M. Went to Cambr. Retd Sunset. * * * Heard further that 200 or 300 poor people had been set on shore last night by the Regulars—the place not known, but sd to be not more than 6 or 8 miles from hence. Cannon were heard this forenoon, seeming to be off in the bay, and at some distance. Observ'd in coming from Cambr. a number of

Digitized by Google

Gabines at Genl Lee's, said to be for the purpose of fortifying upon Lechmeres point.

"26th, Sunday. William Hatch of Major Latimer's Co., died last night, having been confin'd about one week—He has the whole time been in , and great part of it out of his Senses. His distemper was not really known. He was buried this afternoon—few people attended his funeral. Reported that the people were set ashore at Chelsea, and bring acc^{ts} that the Troops in Boston had orders to make an attack on Plough'd Hill, when we first began our works there, but the Officers, a number of them, went to Genl Howe, and offered to give up their Commissions, absolutely refusing to come out and be butchered by the Americans. Mounted Main Guard this morning. Snowy. Lt Chapman rec'd Recruiting ord^{rs}, and set out home, proposing to go as far as Roxb^{y} to day.

"27th, Monday. Nil. mem. Evening went to Genl Lee's, whom I found very much cast down at the discouraging prospect of supplying the army with troops.

"28th, Tuesday. Promised the men if they would tarry another month, they should have my wages for that time. Genl Sullivan return'd. Sent order to Fraser Q. M., to send us some wood. Went to Camb^{r}.—could not be served at the store. Return'd—observ'd a greater number of Gabines at Genl Lee's. Inf^{d} at Camb^{r}. y^{t} Genl Putnam's Reg^{t} mostly concluded to tarry another month. (This a lie.)

Digitized by Google

"29th, Wednesday. The Regt drawn up before Genl Sullivan's. After he had made them a most excellent speech, desired them to signify their minds, whether they would tarry till the first of January. Very few fell out, but some gave in their names afterwards. Read News of the taking of a vessel loaded wth ordinance and stores.

"30th, Thursday. Obtained a furlough for Ensn Hurlburt for 20 Days. Sent no letters to day on account of the hurry of business.

[December.] "1st, Friday. Wt to Cambridge. A Number of men, about 20 in the whole, confined for attempting to go home. Our Regt this morning, by means of General Lee universally consented to tarry until the Militia came in, and by far the greater part agreed to stay until the first of Jan.

"2d, Saturday. Orders rec'd to the Regt that no one Officer or Soldier should go beyond Drum call from his alarm post. Went to Mistick with Genl Sullivan's order on Mr. Fraser for things wanted by the Soldiers who are to tarry till the 1st of January, but found he had none.

"3d, Sunday. Wet weather. No pr. Evr got an ordr from B. G. Sullivan upon Colo. Mifflin for the above mentioned articles, not to be had at Frasers.

"4th, Monday. Went to Cambridge to draw the above articles, but the order was not accepted. Rec'd News yt several prizes had been taken by our Privateers, among

Digitized by Google

which was a Vessel from Scotland, ballast'd with coal—the rest of her cargo dry goods. Cpt Bulkley and Mr. Chamberlain, from Colchester, with cheese. Purchased 107 lbs at 6p. per lb., for which I gave an order upon Maj^r Latimer.

"5th, Tuesday. Rec'd News of the Death of John Bowers, Gunner in Cpt Adam's Privateer, formerly of Maj^r Latimers Company.

"6th, Wednesday. Upon main Guard. Nil. mem. Rec'd some letters per Post. Col. Doolittle, Officer of the Day, inf^d that Col. Arnold had arrived at point Levi near Quebec.

"7th, Thursday. Went to Cambridge to draw things.

"8th, Friday. Did some writing. Went P. M. to draw money for our expenses on the road from N. L. to Roxbury, but was disappointed.

"9th, Nil mem. Saturday.

"10th. Struck our tents, and the men chiefly marched off. Some few remaining came into my room. At night Charles Brown, Daniel Talbot, and Wm Carver returned from Privateering. Assisted Maj^r Latimer in making out his Pay Roll. Somewhat unwell in the evening.

"11th, Monday. Finished the pay roll, and settled some accounts—about 12 O'Cl. Maj^r Latimer set out home. 1 or more Companies came in to day for our relief.

"12th, Tuesday. A little unwell yesterday and to day. Some better this evening.

Digitized by Google

"13th, Wednesday. On Main Guard. Rec'd and wrote some letters. Read the History of Philip.

"14th, Thursday. Went to Cambridge. Visited Majr Brooks—found him unwell with an ague. Capt. Hull taken violently ill yesterday—remains very bad to day—has a high fever.

"15th, Friday. Nil mem.

"16th, Sat. Our people began the covered way to Lechmere's Point.

"17th, Sunday. Went to Mistick to meeting. Some firing on our people at Lechmere's point.

"18th, Monday. Went to Cambridge to draw things. The Regt paraded this morning to be formed into two companies, that the rest of the officers might go home. Heard in Cambridge that Cpt Manly had taken another prize, with the Govr of one of the Carolinas friendly to us, and the Hon. Matthews Esqr Memb. of the Continental Congress, whom Govr Dunmore had taken and sent for Boston.

"19th, Tuesday. Went to Cobble Hill. A shell and a shot from Bunker's Hill. The shell breaking in the air, one piece fell and touched a man's hat, but did no harm. Works upon Lechmere's Point continued.

"20th, Wed. Went to Roxbury for money left for me by Majr Latimer with Genl Spencer, who refused to let me have it without security. Draw'd some things from the

Digitized by Google

Store. Lt Catlin and Ens^{n} Whittlesey set out home on foot.

"21st, Thursday. Wrote a number of letters. Went to Cambridge to carry them, where I found Mr. Hempstead had taken up my money at Genl Spencer's, and given his receipt. I took it of Hempstead, giving my receipt. The sum was £36, 10s, 0d. * * *

"22^{d}, Friday. Some shot from the enemy.

"23^{d}, Saturday. Tried to draw 1 month's advance pay for my Company, but found I could not have it till Monday next. Upon which borrowed 76 Dollars of Cpt Levenworth, giving him an order on Col^{l} Webb for the same as soon as my advance pay for January should be drawn. 3¾O'Cl, P. M. Set out from Cambridge on my way home. At Watertown took the wrong road, and went two miles directly out of the way—which had to travel right back again. And after travelling about 11 miles put up at Hammons, Newtown, about 7 O'Cl. Entertainment pretty good.

"24th, Sunday. Left H's 6½O'Cl. Went 8 miles to Straytons, passing by Jackson's at 3 miles. Breakfasted at Straytons. The snow which began before we set out this morning increases, and becomes burthensome. From Straytons 9 miles to Stones—where we eat Biscuit and drank cyder. 7 miles to Jones—dined—arv'd 3¼o'cl. From there 2 m., and forgot some things, and went back—

Digitized by Google

then return'd. To Dr. Reeds that night. Pass'd Amadons and Keiths 3 m. Good houses. Within ½ m. of Dr. Reeds miss'd my road, and went 2 m. directly out of my way, and right back travell'd—in the whole to day 41 miles. The weather stormy, and the snow for the most part ancle deep.

"25th, Monday. From Dr. Reeds 8 O'Cl. Came 1 or 2 m., and got horses. 4 m. to Hills, and breakfasted—ordinary. 8 m. to Jacobs, and din'd. Dismiss'd our horses. 6 O'Cl. arv'd Keyes 11 m., and put up. Good entertainment.

"26th, Tuesday. 6 O'Cl. A. M. Fr. K. 6 m. to Kindals—breakfasted. 10 on to Southwards—din'd. Settled accts with St Sage—dd hm 16 dollars for paying Soldiers 1 month's advance pay. Arv'd home a little after sunset. One heel string lame.

"27th, Wed. Heel lame. Wt to Br. Roses. Aunt Robs. Mr. Huntton and Cpt Robs.

"28th, Thursday. Unwell—tarried at home.

"29th, Friday. Went to see G. C. Lyman. Call'd at Dr. Kingsbury's and Mr. Strongs.

* * * * * *

"Jany 1776. 24th, Wednesday. Set out from my Fathers for the Camp on horseback, at 7½ O'Cl. At 11 O'Cl. arv'd at Perkin's, by Ashford Meeting House, where left the horses. 12½ O'Cl. mchd—3½ arv'd Grosvenors, 8 m., and 4½ at Grosvenor's, Pomfret 2 m., and put up. Here met 9 Soldrs fr. Windham.

Digitized by Google

"25th, Thursday. 6½ O'Cl. mch^d from G., and came to Forbs 7 m., but another Co. hav^g engaged breakfast there, we were obliged to pass on to Jacobs (from Grov. 18^m)—After Breakfast went 8 m. to Hills, and dr^k some bad cyder in a worse tavern. 7 O,Cl. arv'd Deacon Reeds, 5 m., Uxbridge, and ½ com^y put up, myself wth remainder passed on to Woods, 2 m.

"26th, Friday. 7 O'Cl. fr. Woods 4 m. to Almadons Mendoreld—breakfasted. 17 m. to Clark's, Medfield, and put up,—Co. put up 5 m. back.

"27th, Saturday. Breakfasted at Clark's, 10 O'Cl. Mch^d, about 11 O'Cl—arv'd at Ellis' 5½, where drank a glass of brandy, and proceeded on 5½ to Whitings. Arv'd 2 O'Cl. Arv'd at Barkers in Jamaica Plains, but being refused entertainment, were obliged to betake ourselves to the Punch Bowl—where leaving the men, 11 m., went to Roxb^y. Saw Genl Spencer, who tho't it best to have the men there, as the Regiment were expected there on Monday or Tuesday. Indians at Genl Spencers. Ret^d to Winter Hill.

"28th, Sunday. Went to Roxby., to find barracks for 11 men that came with me, but not finding good ones ret'^d to Temple's House, where the men were arrived before me. In the evening went to pay a last visit to General Sullivan, with Col^o Webb and the Cpts of the Reg^t.

"29th, Monday. Nil mem.

Digitized by Google

"30th, Tuesday. Removed from Winter Hill to Roxby.

* * * * * *

"Feby 4th, 1776. Sunday.

"Feb. 14th, 1776. Wednesday. Last night a party of Regulars made an attempt upon Dorchester, landing with a very considerable body of men, taking 6 of our guard, dispersing the rest, and burning two or three houses. The Guard house was set on fire, but extinguished.

* * * * * *

"[New York.] July 23d, 1776. Report in town of the arv'l of twenty S. of the Line in St Lawce River. Doctr Wolcott and Guy Richds Junr here frm N. L. Rec'd E. fr. G. Salstontall.

"Aug. 21st. Heavy Storm at Night. Much and heavy Thunder. Capt. Van Wyke, and a Lieut. and Ens. of Colo Mc Dougall's Regt kill'd by a Shock. Likewise one man in town, belonging to a Militia Regt of Connecticut. The Storm continued for two or three hours, for the greatest part of which time [there] was a perpetual Lightning, and the sharpest I ever knew.

"22d, Thursday. The enemy landed some troops down at the Narrows on Long Island.

"23d, Friday. Enemy landed more troops—News that they had marched up and taken Station near Flatbush, their advce Gds. being on this side near the Woods—that

Digitized by Google

some of our Riflemen attacked and drove them back from their post, burnt 2 stacks of hay, and it was thought kill'd some of them—this about 12 O'Clock at Night. Our troops attacked them at their station near Flatb., routed and drove them back 1½ mile."

Digitized by Google

H.

Page 97.

Sketch of Stephen Hempstead.

Of Stephen Hempstead, as the friend and confidential companion of Hale, for a part of the way, on his last fatal expedition, a brief account here will, we think, interest the Reader.

He was born in New London on the sixth of May, 1754. He was the son of Stephen and Sarah Hempstead, and was a descendant from Robert Hempstead, one of the chief original settlers of this town. When the great struggle for independence commenced, he took an immediate and active part. In the summer of 1775, he was Lieutenant of a guard of from fifteen to twenty men, under Capt. Nathaniel Salstontall, which, in the first movement to screen the country from invasion, manned the Old Fort in New London, on the Parade, near the water's edge. Soon after, he joined the army around Boston, and was stationed for a while at Dorchester Point. From thence he went with the

Digitized by Google

American troops to New York, and there was soon attached to Hale's company as Sergeant. He was a volunteer in the first vessels sent to destroy the Asia, a British man-of-war of sixty-four guns—and together with four other men from Hale's company, was also a volunteer in that fire-sloop, under command of Sergeant Fosdick, which, in August, 1776, was sent by Commodore Tupper to destroy the British frigate Phœnix, above Fort Washington on the North River—for which last special service he received forty dollars, by order of Washington. He was in the battle of Long Island—and subsequently, while defending the American lines at Harlem Heights, was wounded badly by grape-shot, which broke two of his ribs. Recovering, he continued in the service, with good reputation as an active and gallant soldier, until 1781, when in the memorable attack upon Fort Groton, September sixth, he was again wounded.

Of this attack he has left us a short, but painfully thrilling narrative—from which it appears, that upon the occasion he himself commanded an eighteen-pounder on the south side of the gate of the Fort.

"While in the act of sighting my gun," he describes—as the enemy were rushing furiously to the assault—"a ball passed through the embrasure, struck me a little above the right ear, grazing the skull, and cutting off the veins, which bled profusely. A handkerchief was tied around it, and I continued at my duty. Discovering some little time after,

Digitized by Google

that a British soldier had broken a picket at the bastion on my left, and was forcing himself through the hole, whilst the men stationed there were gazing at the battle which raged opposite to them, I cried, my brave fellows, the enemy are breaking in behind you, and raised my pike to dispatch the intruder, when a ball struck my left arm at the elbow, and my pike fell to the ground. Nevertheless I grasped it with my right hand, and with the men, who turned and fought manfully, cleared the breach."

Hempstead was by the side of the gallant Ledyard when the latter fell, and was himself at the same moment again wounded. At this juncture, he narrates on these points—the enemy having entered the fort, and being engaged in firing by platoons upon those who were retreating to the magazine and barrack-rooms for safety—"the renegade Col. B. [Blomfield] commanding, cried out, who commands this garrison? Col. Ledyard, who was standing near me, answered, "I did sir, but you do now;" at the same time stepping forward, he handed him his sword with the point towards himself. At this instant I perceived a soldier in the act of bayoneting me from behind. I turned suddenly round and grasped his bayonet, endeavoring to unship it, and knock off the thrust—but in vain. Having but one hand, he succeeded in forcing it into my right hip, above the joint, and just below the abdomen, and crushed me to the ground. The first person I saw afterwards was my

Digitized by Google

brave commander, a corpse by my side, having been run through the body with his own sword, by the savage renegade."

After the battle was over, Hempstead was one of those put by the enemy in that ammunition wagon whose headlong descent to the river-bank is familiar to all readers of history —and whose jar, he says, when arrested in its course by an apple tree, was "like bursting the cords of life asunder," and caused the poor sufferers "to shriek with almost supernatural force." Exhausted with pain, fatigue, and loss of blood, and parched with excruciating thirst, he was first relieved in the morning after the battle by the niece of his murdered commander—Miss Fanny Ledyard, of Southold, Long Island, then on a visit to her uncle. She held to my lips, he says, "a cup of warm chocolate, and soon after returned with wine and other refreshments, which revived us a little. For these kindnesses, she has never ceased to receive my most grateful thanks, and fervent prayers for her felicity."

"We were a horrible sight at this time," he continues—speaking of his own, and the appearance of his fellow-sufferers the next morning. "Our own friends did not know us—even my own wife* came in the room in search of me, and did not recognize me, and as I did not see her, she left

* He had married, Sep. 4th, 1777, Mary Lewis.

Digitized by Google

the room to seek for me among the slain, who had been collected under a large elm tree near the house." Hempstead was however soon, subsequently, recognized—his wounds dressed—and he was taken—"not," he says, "to my own house—for that was in ashes, as also every article of my property, furniture and clothing—but to my brother's, where I lay eleven months as helpless as a child, and to this day I feel the effects of it severely."

"Such," he remarks, concluding his narration—"such was the battle of Groton Heights; and such, so far as my imperfect manner and language can describe, a part of the sufferings which we endured. Never, for a moment, have I regretted the share I had in it. I would for an equal degree of honor, and the prosperity which has resulted to my country from the Revolution, be willing, if possible, to suffer it again." Noble sentiment—worthy the patriot-soldier—worthy the companion of Hale!

Hempstead remained in New London for many years after the war was over—and there, incapacitated by wounds from regular labor, and aided only by a small pittance from government, he eked out a support at one time by keeping the County Jail, and at another by acting as Overseer of the Town Poor. In 1811, he removed with his whole family to the West—to St. Louis, Missouri—whither his son Edward —one of ten children—had gone before him. The latter part of his life, as we are politely informed by Judge James

Digitized by Google

B. Colt, formerly of St. Louis, "he resided upon a farm about six miles from the city, back of the Bellfontaine Cemetery, very much respected and beloved. His character," adds the Judge, "was high-toned. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. One of his sons was instrumental in getting up the old Missouri Fur Company. Another, Charles S. Hempstead Esquire, still lives in Galena, Illinois. His son Edward, an able lawyer, was the first Delegate from Missouri to Congress." His whole family, we understand, prospered highly.

In January, 1827, he fortunately gave to the world, through the columns of the Missouri Republican, a brief narrative of him whom he styles "one of the most accomplished officers of his grade and age," in the Revolutionary army—the "brave, learned, young, and honorable" Captain Nathan Hale. In 1831, October third, silvered with years—cheerful in the possession of a firm and unwavering Christian faith, and "leaving a good name for truth, virtue, and piety"—he died. An excellent funeral discourse was preached over his remains by Rev. Wm. S. Potts of St. Louis, and he was buried in the beautiful Bellfontaine Cemetery, upon land which once composed a part of his own farm.

Digitized by Google

I.

Page 113.

Of Hale's Supposed Betrayal by a Relative.

The basis of the story is to be found in an article in the Essex [Mass.] Journal, far back as Feb. 13th, 1777.* The statements therein made are given without a shadow of proof, and contradict well-known facts. Yet when first published—aliment, as they were, for a zealous popular prejudice against American loyalists—and swelling, as they did, the profitable clamor against tory treachery and malevolence—they were quite extensively credited, and even imposed on the belief of Stephen Hempstead, and partly on that of Asher Wright. They were, however, very soon met and refuted, both by the party accused, and by his uncle, the Hon. Samuel Hale of Portsmouth, New Hampshire—in whose family the former had been tenderly reared.

* It is copied in full in Hinman's Connecticut War of the Revolution, page 82.

Digitized by Google

The charge was, that Samuel Hale, the nephew—having been, but a short time before his attributed betrayal of his cousin, hospitably entertained at the house of Nathan's father in Coventry, where he had "counterfeited, long as he tarried, and as well as he could, a whiggish phiz"—escaped to New York—and there, before Gen. Howe, on the apprehension and trial of his cousin, appeared and made oath that the latter was a captain in the Continental army, and a spy.

In 1826, the original article containing the charge was reproduced in the columns of the Newburyport Herald, and was immediately answered in the Portsmouth Journal, of date Sep. 23d, 1826, in the following conclusive manner:

"Mr. Editor. In the last Journal there is an article, copied from the Newburyport Herald, which contains a statement, taken from the Essex Journal, dated Feb. 13th, 1777, which is entirely false. It asserts that Capt. Nathan Hale, who was executed as a spy in New York, Sep. 22d, 1776, was betrayed by his cousin Samuel late of Portsmouth.

"As the Herald mentions that the account was published at this time with a view of eliciting some information relative to the subject, the following facts, which may be relied upon, are stated.

"Capt. N. Hale was a son of Hon. Richard Hale of Coventry in Connecticut; he was educated at Yale College,

Digitized by Google

where he graduated in 1773. The Hon. Samuel Hale, who so long kept a school in Portsmouth, was brother to Richard, and of course uncle to Capt. N. Hale, and also to Samuel. The latter was son of Mr. John Hale of Cape Ann; previous to the Revolution he was a lawyer in Portsmouth; but, becoming attached to the British cause, he left his country, and joined the enemy.

"The Hon. Samuel Hale of Portsmouth was a decided friend to the Revolution, and was deeply affected at the death of his nephew, Capt. N. Hale, and though advanced in life, was extremely excited by the publication alluded to in the Essex Journal. He immediately wrote to his brother, father of Capt. Hale, to know the relative facts; who in reply stated, that Samuel his nephew (the person alluded to as the betrayer of his son) *had not even been at his house.*

"There are persons now living who know that this wicked accusation was strictly investigated at the time by Hon. Samuel Hale, and was found to be a malicious fabrication, without the least shadow of foundation."

In continuation of the refutation here given, the story of Nathan Hale as told by Hannah Adams in her History of New England, was quoted—and it was justly urged—she having had access to the best sources of information, and particularly to Gen. Hull himself, the intimate friend of the Martyr Spy—that "so gloomy a circumstance as Capt.

Digitized by Google

Hale's being betrayed by his cousin, would not have failed to have been noticed" by her pen.

It is to be added here, that Hull himself, in his own published account of Hale, makes no mention whatever of such a circumstance. On the other hand he says expressly, that the British officer, who, under a flag of truce, informed Alexander Hamilton, then a captain of artillery, of Hale's execution, told him, Hull, that the *papers* found upon Hale —"the sketches of the British fortifications, and memoranda of their numbers and different positions"—were Hale's *betrayers.* "When apprehended," said this officer to Hull, "he was taken before Gen. Howe, and *the papers, found concealed about his person, betrayed his intentions!*" Not a word from this flag officer, who was perfectly familiar, as Hull informs us, with "the melancholy particulars" of Hale's fate, and "touched by the circumstances attending it," not one word, be it remarked, about his being betrayed by his cousin! Could so striking a circumstance, had it occurred, have escaped his notice, and report? Certainly not. The just and strong inference, therefore, from his entire silence about it, is that it *did not occur.*

In confirmation of the article from the Portsmouth Journal, we add here an extract from a letter written by Hon. William Hale, a son of Nathan's uncle, Samuel Hale of Portsmouth, and a gentleman who for six years represented New Hampshire in Congress, and was frequently a member

Digitized by Google

of the State Legislature. His letter, bearing date Dover, N. H., Sep. 21st, 1836, was addressed to Cyrus Bradley Esquire, at Hanover, N. H., at a time when the latter was interesting himself in collecting materials for a life of Capt. Hale, and the extract is as follows:

"When Capt. Nathan Hale visited my father at Portsmouth, more than sixty years since, I was too young to retain any knowledge of his person or conversation. I was the youngest son, and neither of my three elder brothers were in Portsmouth when Capt. Hale made his visit. Two of them have since died. – I had three sisters, who have all deceased. Two of my sisters were grown up when he made his visit, and I have heard them, and my father, frequently speak of Capt. Hale's interesting appearance and accomplishments; and I perfectly recollect the anguish experienced by my father, and sisters, when the account of his death was received. And I well recollect the great excitement of my father when he saw in a Newburyport newspaper an account alledging that Capt. Hale was betrayed at New York by his cousin, and his determination to fully investigate the subject. He wrote to his brother, Capt. Hale's father, at Coventry, and received a letter in reply, which, with the result of other inquiries, *fully satisfied him* that the account of Capt. Hale's being betrayed by his cousin was *wholly without foundation.* This letter I have seen,

Digitized by Google

and regret that it is not now to be found. My youngest sister lived upon the spot my father occupied in Portsmouth, and at the great fire in Portsmouth, her house was burnt, with my father's account books and most of his papers."

In still farther refutation of the charge in question, we have the positive and indignant denial of the party accused. But ere we introduce this, let the Reader get some idea of the man himself.

He had been tenderly reared, as we have already suggested, by his uncle at Portsmouth—there had been educated—there had been started upon a promising career as a barrister, and there had married. He was a man of decided intelligence, of enlarged information, and of an affectionate and honest heart. These characteristics are all plainly manifest from his correspondence—a portion of which has been politely placed in our hands through the courtesy of Mrs. Judge Elisabeth Hale Smith, of Lee, New Hampshire.

When the war broke out, like many others in the land, he remained, from habit, and upon conviction, a loyalist—a decided one—without concealment or prevarication—and he openly joined General Howe. "My affections as well as my allegiance," he wrote to his uncle at Portsmouth, "are due to another nation. I love the British government with filial fondness. I have never been actuated by any political rancor towards the Americans. My conduct has always

Digitized by Google

been fair, explicit, and open, and I may add, *some of your people have found it humane* at a time when affairs on our side wore the most flattering appearances. My veneration is as high, my friendship as warm, and my attachment as great as ever it was for many characters among you, tho' I have differed much from them in politics. In the justness of the reasoning which led to the principles that have guided me thro' life, I can suppose myself mistaken. The same thing may have been the case with my opponents. Our powers are so limited, our means of information so inadequate to the end, that common decency requires we should forgive each other when we have every reason to think each has acted honestly. Sure I am this is the case with me, and I hope it is the same with some of you. My conduct during this unhappy contest has been invariably uniform. I can in no sense be called a traitor to your State. I never owed it any allegiance, because I left it before it had assumed the form or even the name of an Independent State, and when I neither saw or felt any oppression. I must have been mad as well as wicked to have acted any other part than I did upon the principles I held. If I have been mistaken, I am sorry for the error, and if it be error, I still continue in it."

These sentences show the loyalist under review to have been honest and sincere in his political faith. The language of his letters in other respects shows him to have been

Digitized by Google

equally honest and sincere in his social and private attachments, especially to his own family and kindred—for whose happiness and prosperity he seems ever to have been solicitous and active. Indeed, in this view, there is a loving tenderness at times in the tone of his letters, which utterly forbids the idea of the treachery charged upon him.

The kindness of his uncle, particularly, he never forgot. "I owe everything to you," he wrote him from London, after he had left this country, as he did towards the close of the war—"because to you I owe my education, and if I have any character myself, it was formed under you."—"I took real pleasure," he adds, "in seeing your son John's name in the last year's Catalogue of Harvard University. I tho't the rogue had the seeds of genius and learning in him, and I knew that under your tuition he must make something."

The loss of his parents—first heard of by him after he had gone abroad—affected him most profoundly—and he leaned, in his bereavement, with yearning sensibility, upon the hearts of his relatives at Portsmouth. "I did not expect" he wrote his uncle not long after this event, "but I might at last have seen once more one of the authors of my being—but Providence has ordered otherwise, and it is our duty to submit. Alas, my poor mother—but I must forbear that subject, or even at this period my weakness would unman me. How does my good aunt and the children?

Digitized by Google

Make my best regards to them all, particularly to my aunt. Alas, she is now the only mother I have left!" His sister Mrs. Jane Denison dying, a widow, at Beverly, Massachusetts, expressed the wish that her brother Samuel should adopt her little daughter. "If my circumstances will permit," was his speedy response, "the poor little girl shall not want for a father in me." His sister Hannah, upon the death of her parents, was suffering, he feared, from pecuniary embarassment, and from melancholy. "Poor Hannah," he communicated to his uncle then—"I am apprehensive she will be in want. If that should be the case, write to either of my brothers, and beg them, for my sake, to extend more than a brother's care to her. If Providence does smile, as I wish it may, and have reasons to expect, they shall be amply repaid if their circumstances shall require it. I will write her myself the first opportunity." To his wife and child, whom he had left behind at Portsmouth, he sent constant tokens of his affection—and labored most earnestly, just after the close of the war, and before the Definitive Treaty of Peace was signed, to procure the repeal of a law of New Hampshire disallowing refugees from returning to that State—in order that he might go back there again himself, and enjoy the sweets of domestic life with his wife and boy.

It was to this wife, Lydia Parker Hale, that, September 10th, 1777—just when the charge against him of betraying

Digitized by Google

his cousin was rife—he wrote, stamping it, most explicitly, as a '*falsehood.*' His words, loyalist though he was—in view of his character as we have briefly portrayed it here—considering his well known sincerity, veracity, and family affection—are entitled to the fullest credit. We give the letter entire—for it helps to illustrate the man. It is as follows:

"My dear Girl.—This you will get by Mr. Hart's flag of Truce, who is coming to Boston for his family. I know the disposition of the Leaders at Boston so well, that I doubt not of his success. I would have come for you and the boy, but I thought you would leave your father with reluctance, nor am I sure that I could have obtained leave for you to come away, if you were disposed. I fear the resentment of the people against me may have injured you, but I hope not. I am sorry such a prejudice has arisen.

"*Depend upon it there never was the least truth in that infamous newspaper publication charging me with ingratitude, &c. I am happy that they have had recourse to falsehood to vilify my character. Attachment to the old Constitution of my country is my only crime with them—for which I have still the disposition of a primitive martyr.*

"I hope & believe you want no pecuniary assistance. If you should, you may apply to some of my friends or your relations. You may then use my name with confidence

Digitized by Google

that they shall be amply satisfied. I believe I shall have the power, I am sure I have the will, to recompense them again. I somewhat expect to see you in a few months—perhaps not before I have seen England. In the meanwhile, my dear Girl, take care of your own, and the Boy's health. He may live to be serviceable to his country in some distant period. Respect, Love, Duty, &c., await all my inquiring and real friends. I am, &c.,

"S. HALE."

"To Mrs. Hale.

It deserves to be added here, ere this article is closed, that at the time of the rumor under consideration, a story precisely opposite in its character also prevailed, viz., that Samuel Hale discovered, but *strove earnestly to save his cousin Nathan!* If he discovered him at all, his own nature, and the ties of relationship, we are fully justified in believing, would have undoubtedly prompted him to a course thus humane and affectionate.

Digitized by Google

J.

Page 155.

Hon. H. J. Raymond's Remarks on Hale.

In admirable consonance with our own views, and in most eloquent tribute also to the memory of Hale, Hon. H. J. Raymond of New York—in his Address, October seventh, 1853, at the Dedication of the Monument erected at Tarrytown to commemorate the spot where Major Andre was captured—says:

"At an earlier stage of the Revolution, Nathan Hale, Captain in the American army, which he had entered, abandoning brilliant prospects of professional distinction, for the sole purpose of defending the liberties of his country,—gifted, educated, ambitious,—the equal of Andre in talent, in worth, in amiable manners, and in every manly quality, and his superior in that final test of character,—the motives by which his acts were prompted, and his life was guided,—laid aside every consideration personal to himself, and entered upon a service of infinite hazard to life and honor, because Washington deemed it important to the

Digitized by Google

sacred cause to which both had been sacredly set apart. Like ANDRE he was found in the hostile camp; like him, though without a trial, he was adjudged a spy; and like him he was condemned to death. And here the likeness ends. No consoling word, no pitying or respectful look, cheered the dark hour of his doom. He was met with insult at every turn. The sacred consolations of the minister of God were denied him; his Bible was taken from him; with an excess of barbarity hard to be paralleled in civilized war, his dying letters of farewell to his mother and sister were destroyed in his presence; and uncheered by sympathy, mocked by brutal power, and attended only by that sense of duty, incorruptible, undefiled, which had ruled his life,—finding its fit farewell in the serene and sublime regret that he "had but *one* life to lose for his country,"—he went forth to meet the great darkness of an ignominious death. The loving hearts of his early companions have erected a neat monument to his memory in his native town; but beyond that little circle where stands his name recorded? While the Majesty of England, in the person of her Sovereign, sent an embassy across the sea to solicit the remains of ANDRE at the hands of his foes, that they might be enshrined in that sepulchre where she garners the relics of her mighty and renowned sons—"splendid in their ashes and pompous in the grave"—the children of WASHINGTON have left the body of HALE to sleep in its unknown tomb,

Digitized by Google

though it be on his own native soil, unhonored by any outward observance, unmarked by memorial stone. Monody, eulogy,—monuments of marble and of brass, and of letters more enduring than all,—have, in his own land and in ours, given the name and the fate of ANDRE to the sorrowing remembrance of all time to come. American genius has celebrated his praises, has sung of his virtues and exalted to heroic heights his prayer, manly but personal to himself, for choice in the manner of death,—and his dying challenge to all men to witness the courage with which he met his fate. But where, save on the cold page of history, stands the record for HALE? Where is the hymn that speaks to immortality, and tells of the added brightness and enhanced glory, when his equal soul joined its noble host? And where sleeps the Americanism of Americans, that their hearts are not stirred to solemn rapture at thought of the sublime love of country which buoyed him not alone 'above the fear of death,' but far beyond all thought of himself, of his fate and his fame, or of anything less than his country,—and which shaped his dying breath into the sacred sentence which trembled at the last upon his unquivering lip?*

It would not, perhaps, befit the proprieties of this occasion were I to push the inquiry into the causes of so great a difference in the treatment which ANDRE received at the hands

* "Like the soaring eagle," said General Hull of Hale, "the patriotic ardor of his soul 'winged the dart' which caused his destruction."

Digitized by Google

of his American captors, whose destruction he had come, not to conquer, but to betray,—and that which the British bestowed upon NATHAN HALE. Much of it was, doubtless, due to the difference in the composition of the opposing armies,—the one of hirelings in the service of power, seeking the conquest of freemen,—the other of freemen defending their liberties, and keenly alive to the sensibilities and affections—the love of home, of brethren, of fellow-men—which alone sustained them in the unequal strife. I have introduced it now, not for the sake of complaint, nor even for the worthier purpose of challenging as unpatriotic and un-American, the habit of allowing all our sympathy and all our tears to be engrossed by an accomplished and unhappy foe, who failed in a service of doubtful morality, undertaken for the sake of promotion and of personal glory, in oblivion of what is due to one of a nobler stamp,—our own countryman, who knew no object of love but his and our country, who judged "every kind of service honorable, which was necessary to the public good," and who by genius, by character, by patriotic devotion and by misfortune, has paramount claims upon the love and cherishing remembrance of American hearts."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Notices of the Work.

THE Publisher of this volume takes occasion to present here the following testimonials to its merits, from the Press, and from the pens of distinguished gentlemen:

FROM THE HARTFORD COURANT.

"This interesting work has proved one of the most successful and popular biographies ever published in this country. It is a glorious good book, written by one of the ablest pens in the State—clearly, simply, forcibly written. The story of Hale is almost new, absolutely new to nine out of ten who read it. It is the most thrilling authentic romance of the Revolution. * * Hale died with more than Roman firmness and heroism. He died with more sublimity, and under circumstances as tear-moving as Andre. We are glad that his life has fallen into hands well skilled to reanimate it. The work is a model, and can be securely used as a study by all those who are attempting historic portraiture."

FROM THE HARTFORD TIMES.

"Indeed this little volume is praised by everybody. It is beautifully written, presenting historic incidents in which the whole American people feel a lively interest, in a manner that is universally admired. The people of Connecticut especially, will ever feel grateful to Mr. Stuart for this act of justice to her valiant son, the Martyr-Spy."

Digitized by Google

FROM HON. GEORGE BANCROFT, THE HISTORIAN, TO THE AUTHOR.

"You have done an excellent and deserved service to the memory of an upright, disinterested patriot, who seems to have been guided by a sense of duty, and not by a desire for emolument or even for fame, but who, superior to all weakness, lived as in the eye of the great Taskmaster. On me you have an additional claim for gratitude, for the careful and attractive manner in which you have embodied all the information that was accessible on the subject, leaving nothing to be hunted up by the historic inquirer."

FROM JARED SPARKS, LL. D., TO THE SAME.

"I perused the volume with great satisfaction. It is a just tribute to the memory of a man, whose name will ever stand high on the list of those who have sacrificed their lives in the service of their country. You have been alike successful in collecting facts, and presenting them in an attractive form. The Diary has a peculiar interest as exhibiting the interior condition of the army at that time; and the entire narrative is a valuable contribution to our historical annals."

FROM HON. WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN, TO THE SAME.

"I am much obliged to you for your interesting and touching memoir of Captain Nathan Hale. Few of our historians have made the mention of him to which he is entitled by his personal merits and his unhappy fate. His name is as deserving of commemoration as that of Andre, who has been justly an object of so much sympathy with his countrymen. I think every American reader must feel grateful to you for the hearty tribute you have paid to the character of our unfortunate countryman."

Digitized by Google

FROM HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, TO THE SAME.

"I have read your life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr-Spy, with great interest. I am exceedingly glad that such a tribute has at length been paid to his memory. The Diary of poor Hale, and the account of his family, in the Appendix, render the work valuable as a permanent historical record."

FROM BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SENIOR, LL. D., TO THE SAME.

"I have read your Life of Nathan Hale through, and with deep interest. You have discharged an important duty to the memory of that eminently gallant, patriotic, and noble youth, and the record will not, I trust, be lost upon the youth of this generation, and of those that are to follow in all future time."

FROM HON. EDWARD EVERETT, TO THE SAME.

"I am gratified to hear that your life of Capt. Nathan Hale is passing to a second edition. His character is of a sterling cast, and his unhappy fate one of the most interesting events of the American Revolution. You have explored the subject with diligence, and arranged and described the facts, many of which are now for the first time narrated, with so much judgment, feeling, and spirit, as to make a work of permanent value."

FROM HON. NATHAN HALE, OF BOSTON, TO THE SAME.

"Accept my thanks for the service which you have rendered in rescuing from oblivion the memory of my uncle, Capt. Nathan Hale, whose chivalrous self-devotion brought him to a premature death, with my conviction that you

Digitized by Google

have executed a very difficult task, in a manner highly creditable to yourself, and satisfactory to the members of the family most deeply interested in the subject of the memoir. I feel under great obligations to you for having undertaken the work under circumstances so discouraging as regards the acquisition of materials, and for having executed it in a manner that gives a deep interest, as well as a historical value to the narrative."

FROM HON. G. H. HOLLISTER, THE HISTORIAN OF CONNECTICUT, TO THE SAME.

"It is a most interesting narrative. You have gathered all the materials that can throw any light upon the subject, and have arranged them with the hand of an artist. By doing so, you have placed thousands of your fellow-countrymen under lasting obligations to you. Allow me to congratulate you upon the success that must follow this noble work, which will live long after you are dead, and after the granite blocks of the Hale Monument shall have toppled down."

FROM HENRY ONDERDONK, JR., ESQ., AUTHOR OF "REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS OF LONG ISLAND," TO THE SAME.

"It is hardly worth while to waste words in praise of your book; for it seems to me all that could be desired, and the manner of treating the more uncertain topics eminently modest and in good taste. It is the best monument yet reared to Hale's memory. It contains many, very many precious facts that have not hitherto been presented to the public by any author. Henceforth Hale's fate must find a place in every history of the Revolution."

Digitized by Google

FROM THE NEW HAVEN PALLADIUM.

"This work is a faithful, earnest, and eloquent tribute to a man of noble daring, and of such other qualities as to make him entitled to universal admiration. Mr. Stuart, in his graphic and finished style of writing, gives more of the early history of Hale than we had supposed existed, and it is all interesting from his birth to the college, and from the college to the army, and alas! from thence to the fatal tree."

FROM THE BRIDGEPORT STANDARD.

"This work, by the Hon. I. W. Stuart, of Hartford, is a noble tribute to the memory of one whose name should be warmly cherished by every son of Connecticut. The effort, on the part of the author, has evidently been a labor of love. The memoir, valuable as a contribution to our historical literature, should everywhere be commended to the youth of our country—to all who would hold in lasting remembrance the virtue, the calm moral courage of *the Hero Spy*—the self-sacrifice of *the martyred Patriot.*"

FROM THE LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

"There is a loving tenderness in the whole story which must interest all readers alike. One may read it again and again with new emotions and sympathetic tears. The spirit in which the work is conceived is elevated and pure as its style. It ought to be put in the hands of every child in the State, for the lessons of industry, patriotism, courage, manliness, truth, and piety which it breathes."

FROM THE NEW LONDON CHRONICLE.

"The memory of Hale does indeed deserve this tribute, and it may be considered a fortunate circumstance that the

Digitized by Google

bestowment of it has fallen into such hands, those of one who has entered upon the duty with such distinguished qualifications for discharging it skillfully and well—who has written every word *con amore*, and with intense reverence for his subject."

FROM THE NEW LONDON STAR.

"It is only in centuries that men yield up their lives on the scaffold, with the regret, that they have but one to offer for their country, and the historian can not too widely hold out the patriotic language that escapes. Mr. Stuart gives a complete and accurate history of Nathan Hale, from his birth to his death, and we trust it will reach every family in Connecticut."

FROM THE NORWICH COURIER.

"Mr. Stuart's task was worthy of his well-known abilities, and he has executed it with a patient assiduity, and an ingenuity of research deserving of all praise."

FROM THE RELIGIOUS HERALD, CONN.

"The good people of Connecticut are largely indebted to Hon. Mr. Stuart for this volume, in which he has garnered up facts with diligent research, arranged them with consummate skill, and clothed them in a style graceful and free."

FROM THE HOMESTEAD, CONN.

"No one can read this book without feeling that he has gained a new name to chronicle among the great and good that his 'soul delighteth to honor.'"

FROM THE CALENDAR, CONN.

"Though the materials for the biography have been deemed few and scanty, the industry and perseverance of

Digitized by Google

the author has increased them vastly, and he seems to have employed them faithfully and judiciously. It only remains to say, that the style and manner of the work, both mechanically and intellectually, are a credit both to author and publisher."

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

"Every detail of the short life which thus ended, is narrated with zealous interest in Mr. Stuart's memoir of this young officer. And we are able to speak from considerable examination of the subject he has in hand, when we say that he has exhausted every source of information, and brought together every incident, in the short life of his hero, which can now be related with confidence."

FROM THE BOSTON TRAVELER.

"This book will serve to correct, in part at least, the strange and unaccountable injustice heretofore done to Capt. Hale, and will render his virtues, his accomplishments, and his disinterested bravery, familiar to his countrymen."

FROM THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

"We welcome this little volume with unusual pleasure, for it does an act of justice to the memory of a noble patriot, which had been too long neglected. Of such a man, the biography should be in every American's possession."

FROM THE WAVERLEY MAGAZINE, BOSTON.

"This interesting work is a valuable addition to our national standard biography. It is finely illustrated, and a genealogy of the Hale family is also appended. It is the most interesting biography we have ever read."

Digitized by Google

FROM THE WORCESTER ÆGIS, MASS.

"The style in which Mr. Stuart has performed his work can not be too highly commended, either for the care with which he has elaborated the historical matter, or the beauty of diction with which he has adorned each page."

FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN, MASS.

"It is a fitting tribute to the brave martyr-spy of the Revolution. The patriotism, the manliness, the noble devotion manifested by him, have placed his name immortally among the worthies of the Revolution, and very faithfully and very affectionately has Mr. Stuart followed him through the task he undertook, its trials and its terrible termination."

FROM THE VERMONT JOURNAL.

"This little volume will be hailed with pleasure by every American who cherishes the memory of the heroes of the Revolution. The life and death of HALE are depicted with a graphic pen. His amiability and piety seem to have been as remarkable as his genius and heroism. We recommend the book to all."

FROM THE NEW YORK COURIER AND ENQUIRER.

"The present volume is a fitting memorial of Hale, giving a complete and graphic account of his career and character; and it should be read by every one who cares to know one of the most gallant spirits of the Revolution."

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.

"The work has been accomplished in an earnest spirit, and will prove a valuable addition to the Revolutionary biography of the country."

Digitized by Google

FROM THE INDEPENDENT, NEW YORK.

"The work is complete in its collection of materials. The materials are exquisitely wrought by an artist's hand."

FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY TIMES.

"Of this man, worthy of all honor, we here have the life and death clearly narrated, from first to last, and a sad record it is—albeit most honorable to HALE'S memory. The volume contains nine well executed engravings, illustrative of HALE'S life. Mr. Stuart has made a valuable contribution, in this book, to the historical biography of the Revolution."

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

"By all who hold the name of Nathan Hale in grateful recollection—and who does not—this little volume, faithfully and laboriously prepared, and neatly published, with lithographic illustrations, will be received with welcome, and preserved as valuable."

FROM THE EVENING MIRROR, NEW YORK.

"If any life is worthy of record in letters of gold, surely that of Nathan Hale deserves to be engraven on the heart of every true American. The Hon. I. W. Stuart has, in a work recently published, relieved our country from a reproach, and eloquently and graphically given to the world an authentic narrative of his career, and we can commend it as an admirable and absorbing sketch of one deserving immortality of name."

FROM THE NEW YORK JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

"The book we are noticing is a worthy tribute to the memory of the heroic martyr."

Digitized by Google

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.

"This volume supplies, and *well* supplies, a very important desideratum in American Revolutionary history. From a great variety of authentic sources, there is now gathered together in the volume before us, a well-digested history of the 'Martyr-Spy of the Revolution.'"

FROM THE ALBANY ARGUS, NEW YORK.

"The author of this work has at length given us the result of his laborious research in one of the most attractive and exciting volumes that we have seen in many a day. He traces Hale's history from the commencement to the close of life with great simplicity and beauty, and brings out the appalling details with which the scene closes so vividly and impressively as to be almost an overmatch for weak nerves. We can not but regard the work as alike creditable to the subject and the author, and as a most valuable contribution to our Revolutionary history."

FROM THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL, NEW YORK.

"The history of Nathan Hale, 'the Martyr-Spy,' is one of those romantic episodes of our Revolutionary struggle, of which the American public are never weary."

FROM THE TROY DAILY WHIG, NEW YORK.

"Mr. Stuart has given us a beautiful and reliable memoir which will become as familiar as household words in our homes, and thrown such deep interest around the narrative that we return to it many times and oft with increased gratification."

Digitized by Google

FROM THE EVENING CHRONICLE, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

"Well assured are we, that if the glowing, pathetic, and truthful recital from the masterly pen of Mr. Stuart be read, there will never fail heart throbs of pride, and never cease to flow tears of sympathy, to keep the turf green upon the memory of Nathan Hale, the Martyr-Spy."

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN, MISSOURI.

"A biography long needed in American history, and which is now furnished in the most authentic and pleasing form. Capt. HALE was one of the first martyrs of the revolutionary struggle. For the first time, the facts connected with his services and sufferings are connected in a continuous narrative. The resemblance between HALE and ANDRE, in youth, accomplishments, bravery, condemnation, and the sad termination of life, is remarkable. War but seldom furnishes two such victims to its relentless demands. The work is beautifully printed and illustrated."

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, D. C.

"This work has its origin in a praiseworthy attempt on the part of its author, to throw around the name of HALE that pitying tenderness and regret which have embalmed alike in the hearts of friends and foes the memory of the unfortunate Andre. The present memoir in his honor has been compiled with evident carefulness, and with a genial appreciation of its subject, which shows its preparation to have been a labor of love on the part of its author. * * We commend this biography to all who desire to acquaint themselves in clearer outlines with the character of him who

Digitized by Google

in meeting an ignominious death, 'regretted only that he had but one life to lose for his country.'"

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL, KENTUCKY.

"The story of Captain Hale is perhaps the most heroic and thrilling that belongs to our history, and we can pronounce no higher eulogy upon the author than to say that he has fitly enshrined it in the national literature. His life of Captain Hale is beyond question among the most finished and enchanting biographical sketches in the language. It possesses all the fascination and freshness of fiction combined with the far deeper and more exquisite charm of idealized fact. It is living and breathing truth, and therefore more bewitching as well as stranger than fiction. After perusing it, none can wonder that this single performance should have placed the author high among the classic writers of our language. What splendid achievements may not American literature anticipate hereafter from so ripe, and elegant, and triumphant a pen."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google